

Royal Children
of
English
History



Royal Children of English History

From Alfred the Great to
Edward Seventh

TOLD FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

A True and Instructive Story of England's
Royal Princes Who Became Famous. A
History of Nearly One Thousand Years.
Edited and Arranged From the Writings of
Charles Dickens and Others by

CHARLES MORRIS,

Author of "Child's Story of Nineteenth Century," "Young People's History of
World," and Many Other Books for Young People.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

With Nearly One Hundred Pictures, including Beautiful Colored Litho-
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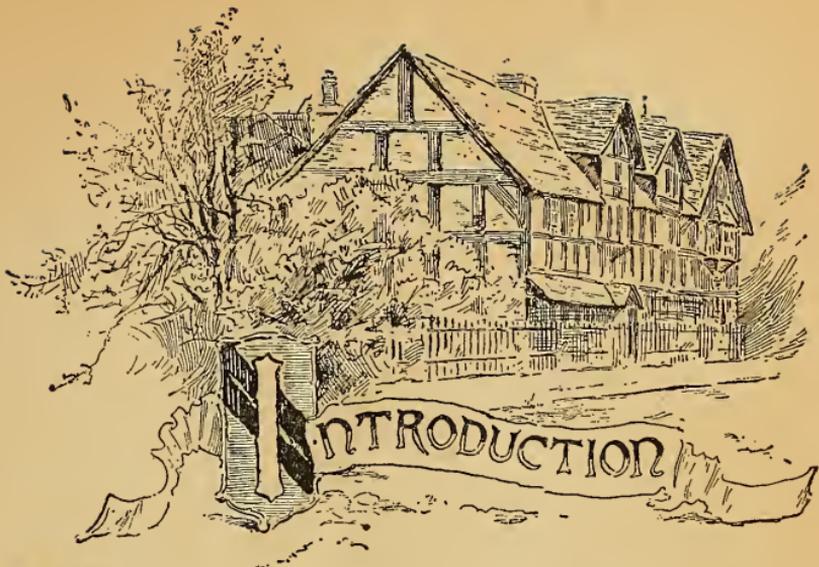
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THE purpose of this book is to interest the children in the History of their Fatherland—Old England. It is the grandest History in the world. It is full of romance and adventure which never grow old. We have selected for this volume the most interesting stories which center around the boys and girls who were born to high places. Their position in life was due to inheritance which they could not help, but the boys and girls of to-day do not owe their fortune to inheritance—but to inheritance and individual effort. Although it was thus with them, it will teach the lesson of contentment to those of us who are not born in royal purple, but who have greater opportunities than birth, to rise by our own struggles to places of eminence, and to earn, by living noble lives, the true purple, which is the symbol of royal worth. Every boy and girl may in this way become a royal child and have a career of usefulness.

INTRODUCTION

The stories told in this book are, as far as possible, arranged in chronological order, and told in connection with bits of history, which will create an interest in knowing more of the remarkable growth of the English nation, not only in the British Islands, but in the four quarters of the earth. The children of Canada, of Australia, of the United States, and all who are descended from English stock wherever they may live, will always have an abiding interest in the royal families who have, through a directing Providence, been the means of perpetuating the best and noblest of English customs, which are now the heritage of the twentieth century.

It is intended that these stories should interest boys and girls even before they can read them for themselves. They are told in simple language and short sentences. They will be read and re-read by their older brothers and sisters, who will then be ready for the larger and more complete story of England and her people.

THE EDITOR.



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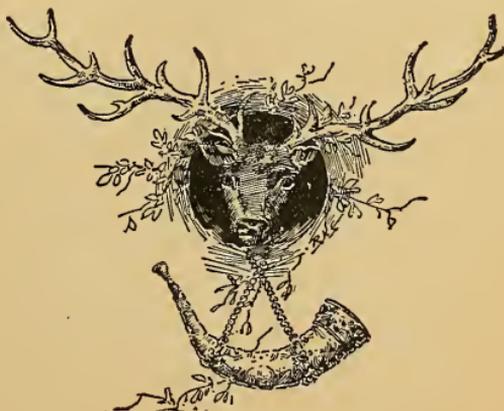
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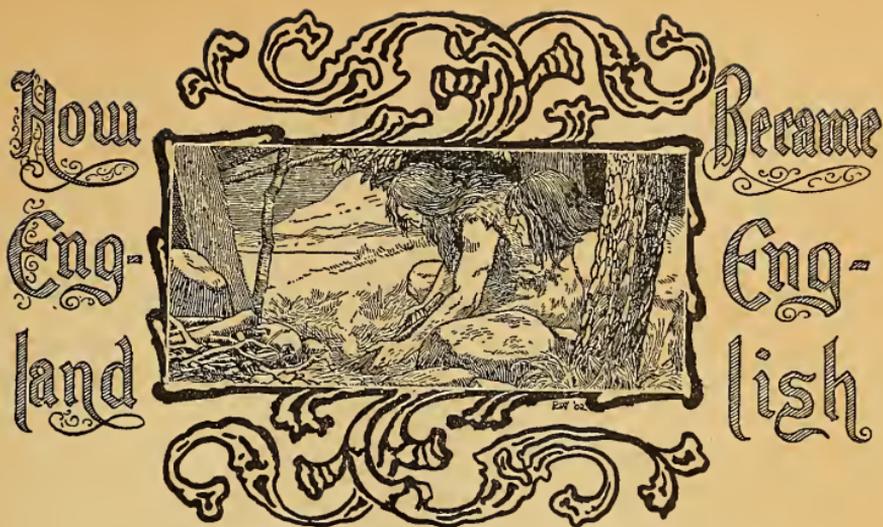
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England Two Thousand Years Ago.

BEFORE we tell you of the Royal Children in whom you are interested, and speak of their adventures, we are sure your curiosity is sufficient to ask who lived in England long before there were any Royal Children. We know that here in America before the white man came, the red men lived, whom we know as Indians. They were governed by chiefs, and lived in tents, and most of the tribes wandered from place to place obtaining a living as best they could. We also know that when the European came to America he drove the Indian from his home and took possession of his land, built houses and started villages and cities for white men. This was only four or five centuries ago, but how was it in England?

Let us begin by looking at a map of the world, where we will discover in the upper left hand corner of the eastern

hemisphere two tiny islands. One of them we know as England and Scotland and the other as Ireland. These islands, surrounded as they are by several smaller islands, were there at the time of Christ, but they did not have the cities and fine harbors, which we know, and into which the merchandise of



A BRITISH WARRIOR WHEN
CÆSAR CAME TO ENGLAND.

the world sails. They were inhabited bypoorsavages, who went about almost naked, and only dressed in the rough skins of beasts. The first people to discover them were said to be the Phœnicians, who were celebrated travelers and traders. They found on the islands tin and lead, which were very valuable, and that the natives, although called savages, had mined the ore and were making useful implements out of the metals. Soon after the French and Belgians came over to England and settled in what is now Kent, and no doubt other peoples came from Spain to Ireland and settled there.

The whole country was covered with forests and swamps. There were no roads, no bridges, no streets, and no houses that you would think deserving of the name. After the French and Belgians had settled in England, and lived there a while, the natives became bolder and stronger, and learned a great many things which helped them. They soon began to be known as Britons. They were very fond of horses, which were so well trained that they could run at full gallop over the most stony places and even through the woods. They

drew war chariots, which had scythes, or long sharp blades, fastened to their wheels, and when they drove through the enemy's ranks would wound or kill them. In this way the native Britons grew brave and bold in fighting among themselves, or in driving back people who came from the mainland to take their country.

But we cannot tell you all of the heroes who appeared during this time. However, we must not forget to mention that even before the time of Christ, Julius Cæsar, a great Roman general, invaded England with his army and war chariots. He conquered it, of course, which you will all learn more about when you go to school and read the books which he wrote in Latin, and which tell of his wars in Gaul and in Britain. After Julius Cæsar, many other Roman generals came to England and waged war. There are still found there many roads which the Romans built. These are curious places, which the boys and girls will want to visit when they go to England. Almost all of the towns, whose names end in *Chester* were begun by the Romans, and bits of their houses are to be seen still, built of very small bricks, and sometimes people dig up a bit of colored tile, which used to be the floors of their houses, or a piece of money, or one of their ornaments.

There is a little incident told of the time of the Roman invasion which we might mention here. One of the Roman emperors, whose name was Claudius, sent his soldiers to conquer the islands, and afterwards he himself came to see it. In honor of the conquest another emperor called himself Britannicus. There was a British chief whose name was Caractacus, who had fought very bravely against the Romans. He was brought to Rome and set before the Emperor. As he looked at the great buildings of stone and marble in the

streets, he said he could not think why the Romans should want to take away the poor rough stone huts of the Britons. The poor wife of the British chief had also been brought a prisoner to Rome. She fell upon her knees before the Emperor and implored pity, and that her husband and she might not be punished. For her sake Claudius, the Emperor,



CARACTACUS LED IN CHAINS.

was kind to Caractacus; but nevertheless, the Emperor went on conquering and taking possession of the islands, very much the same as the Europeans took possession of America.

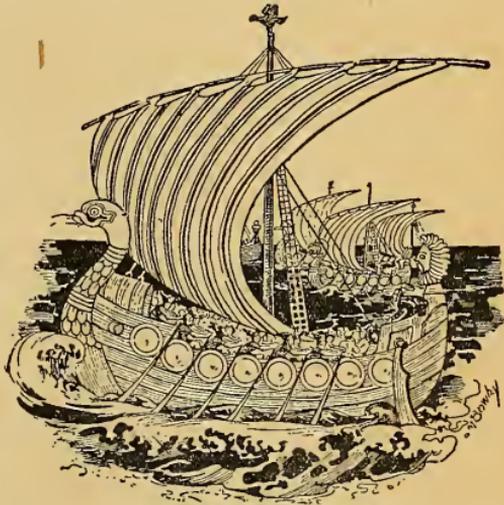
What we have told you of the Romans all occurred a century before and after the Birth of Christ, and by that time the Britons had grown strong enough, or else the Romans had grown so weak, that the islands

were left to the Britons and the Romans had to leave.

But now we come to speak of the people from which most of us are descended, and who are called English. On the borders of the North Sea, which you can find on your map of Europe, lived a tribe of people who were bold and brave sailors, full of the spirit of adventure. They were neighbors to the Germans, but were far ahead of them in the arts of

workmanship and their manner of living. They lived in comfortable huts, they tilled their soil skillfully, and enjoyed the hardy sports such as American boys and girls enjoy. This made the boys and girls strong and healthy, and when they came to be men and women they were bold warriors, ready to defend their country and to attack their neighbors. They were called Angles.

In the fifth century, and after the Romans had been compelled to leave England, the native Britons got to conquering many places, and one bold chief, whose name is rather hard to pronounce, but you will know it when you see it; it was Vortigern. He had fought the Romans and had learned how to manage armies. But when his tribe got into trouble with other tribes, and was likely to be beaten, he invited these strangers over from the North Sea to help, among whom were the Angles. They, together with the Saxons and Jutes who came with them, not only helped Vortigern against his enemies, but later turned and conquered him and got a foothold in England. So Vortigern in bringing in these strangers had done the worst thing possible for the independence of the Britons, for he had brought to Great Britain a race that was to overspread and rule it. The strangers came over the sea in two gigantic boats under two great chiefs, Hengist and Horsa. Their boats were queerly shaped



A SHIP OF THE NORTHMEN.

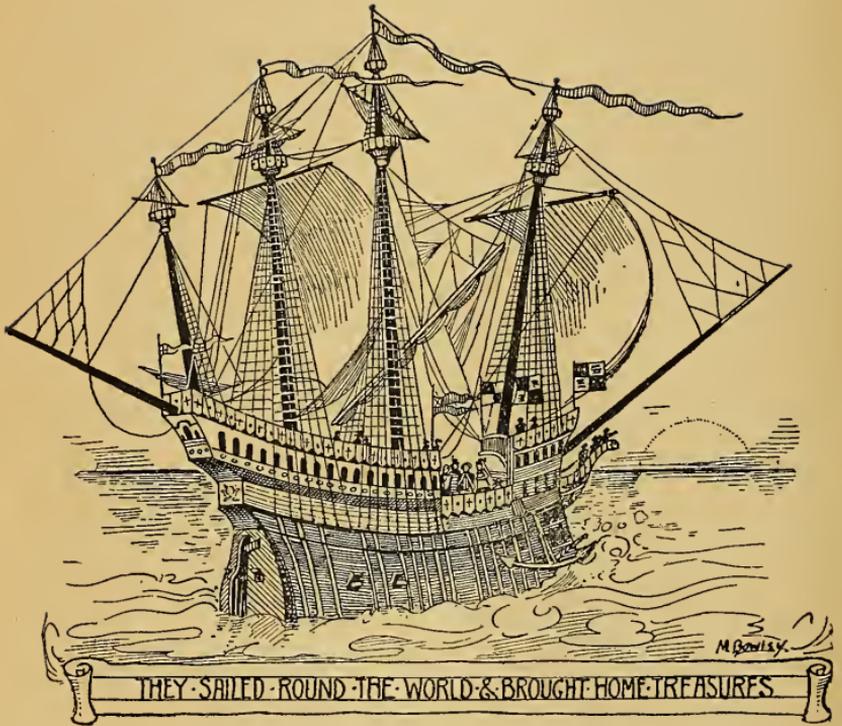
and propelled by oars. These people belonged to the tribe which early discovered America, and which we call Norsemen or Northmen, the ancient inhabitants of Scandinavia.

These Angles, from whom we get the word English, were heathens and believed in many false gods. From their gods we get many of the names of our days in the week. The Sun, whom they worshipped, made Sunday sacred. The Moon, another of their gods, gives us Monday. Wednesday from Woden, Thursday from Thor or the god of thunder, and so on. Those old Angles did many cruel things, and their worship included many ceremonies which are too horrible to mention. When the Angles and their neighbors, the other Northmen, came into power and ruled the islands, there were seven kings, and the islands were divided up into as many kingdoms. They fought one another, it is sad to say, and sold their captives to merchants who came from the south of Europe. Some of the children, who had been made slaves, were taken to Rome and sold in the market place. When Gregory, who was a good priest and interested in strangers, saw the beautiful captives, with their fair faces, blue eyes, and long light hair, he inquired who they were. "Angles from the Island of Britain," was the reply. "Angles" said he, "from the Island of Britain? They have angel faces, and they ought to be heirs with the angels in heaven." After that he did not rest easy until he had sent teachers to the islands to convert the heathens to the Christian faith. He afterwards became Pope and learned that one of the English kings, Ethelbert of Kent, had married Bertha, the daughter of the King of France. She was a Christian, and was to have a priest to take with her to Britain. So the Pope Gregory sent Augustine and gave him a letter to King Ethelbert and Queen Bertha. When the priest came to England the King

Ethelbert met him under a tree at Canterbury and listened to him while he spoke of the true God. The King then gave up worshipping his heathen gods, accepted Christianity and was baptized. Thus Christianity came to be the worship of the English. Schools were opened, and the boys and girls were taught reading, writing, singing and Latin.

Now that we have learned of the first English king who became a Christian, and how the island began to be ruled by Englishmen, we are ready to learn more of the boys and girls who were called Royal Children. Our story begins in the next chapter.







EDWARD OF CAERNARVÖN, THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES.

He was always very fond of hunting and, when only a small boy, slew a deer in the forest, and his attendants found him as seen in the picture. His title came from his principality—Wales.



HENRY VI THE BABY KING.

His father was Henry V, the greatest of the Plantagenet Kings. He was not a year old when he succeeded to the throne. His guardians and mother ruled for him.



The Beginning of Old England's History, A.D., 827.

WHEN I was very, very little, I hated history more than all my other lessons put together, because I had to learn it out of a horrid little book, called somebody's "Outlines of English History"; and it seemed to be all the names of the kings and dates of battles, and, believing it to be nothing else, I hated it accordingly.

I hope you do not think anything so foolish, because, really, history is a story, a story of things that happened to real live people in England—which is the motherland of all our boys and girls—years ago; and the things that are happening here and now, and that are put in the newspapers, will be history for little children one of these days.

The people in those old times were the same kind of people who live now. Mothers loved their children then, and fathers worked for them, just as mothers and fathers do now, and children then were good or bad, as the case might be, just as little children are now. And the people you read about in history were real live people, who were good and bad, and glad and sorry, just as people are now-a-days.

You know that if you were to set out on a journey from one end of England to another, wherever you went, through fields and woods and lanes, you would still be in the kingdom of King Edward. When you travel through Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and then cross the great ocean to Australia, and, perchance, go on to India, and back home by the Suez Canal, you are all the time in the larger Empire of good King Edward.

But once upon a time, hundreds of years ago, if a child had set out to ride on horseback, he might have begun his ride in the morning in one kingdom, and finished it in the evening in another, because England was not one great kingdom then as it is now, but was divided up into seven pieces, with a king to look after each, and these seven kings were always quarreling with each other and trying to take each other's kingdom away, just as you might see seven naughty children, each with a plot of garden, trying to take each other's gardens and spoiling each other's flowers in their wicked quarrels.

But presently (A. D. 827) came one King, named Egbert, who was stronger than all the others; so he managed to put himself at the head of all the kingdoms, and he was the first King of *all* England. But though he had got the other kings to give in to him, he did not have at all a peaceful time. There were some very fierce wild pirates, called Danes,

who used to come sailing across the North Sea in ships with carved swans' heads at the prow, and hundreds of fighting men aboard. Their own country was bleak and desolate, and they were greedy and wanted the pleasant English land. So they used to come and land in all sorts of places along the sea-shore, and then they would march across the fields and kill the peaceful farmers, and set fire to their houses, and take their sheep and cows. Or sometimes they would drive them out, and live in the farm-houses themselves. Of course, the English people were not going to stand this; so they were always fighting to drive the Danes away when they came here.

Egbert's son allowed the Danes to grow very strong in England, and when he died he left several sons

like the kings in the fairy tales; and the first of these princes was made King, but he could not beat the Danes, and then the second one was made King, but he could not beat the Danes. In the fairy tales, you know, it is always the youngest prince who has all the good fortune, and in this story the same thing happened. This prince did what none of his brothers could do. He drove out the Danes from England, and gave his people a chance of being quiet and happy and good. His name was Alfred. This happened about A. D., 871.

Like most great men, this King Alfred had a good



KING ALFRED LEARNING TO READ.

mother. She used to read to him, when he was little, out of a great book with gold and precious stones on the cover, and inside beautiful songs and poetry. And one day she said to the young princes, who were all very fond of being read to out of this splendid book—

“Since you like the book so much, I will give it to the one who is first able to read it, and to say all the poetry in it by heart.”

The eldest prince tried to learn it, but I suppose he did not try hard enough; and the other princes tried, but I fear they were too lazy. But you may be quite sure the youngest prince did the right thing. He learnt to read, and then he set to work to learn the poems by heart; and it was a proud day for him and for the Queen when he was able to say all the beautiful poetry to her. She put the book into his hands for his very own, and they kissed each other with tears of pride and pleasure.

You must not suppose that King Alfred drove out the Danes without much trouble, much thought, and much hard work. Trouble, thought, and hard work are the only three spells the fairies have left us, so of course he had to use them. He was made King just after the Danes had gained a great victory, and for the first eight years of his reign he was fighting them continually. At one time they had conquered almost the whole of England, and they would have killed Alfred if they could have found him.

You know, a wise prince always disguises himself when danger becomes very great. So Alfred disguised himself as a farm laborer, and went to live with a farmer, who used to make him feed the beasts and help about the farm, and had no idea that this laborer was the great King himself.

One day the farmer's wife went out—perhaps she went

out to milk the cows; at any rate it was some important business—and she had made some cakes for supper, and she saw Alfred sitting idle in the kitchen, so she asked him to look after the cakes, to see they did not burn. Alfred said he would. But he had just received some news about the Danes, and he was thinking, and thinking and thinking over this, and he forgot all about the cakes, and when the farmer's wife came in she found them burnt black as coal.



"OH, YOU SILLY, GREEDY FELLOW!"

"Oh, you silly, greedy fellow," she said, "you can eat cakes fast enough; but you can't even take the trouble to bake them when other people take the trouble to make them for you."

And I have heard that she even slapped his face. He bore it all very patiently.

"I am very sorry," he said, "but I was thinking of other things."

Just at that moment her husband came in followed by several strangers, and, to the good woman's astonishment,

they all fell on their knees and greeted her husband's laborer as their King.

"We have beaten the Danes," they said, "and everyone is asking where is King Alfred? You must come back with us."

"Forgive me," cried the woman. "I didn't think of your being the King."

"Forgive me," said Alfred, kindly. "I didn't think of your cakes being burnt."

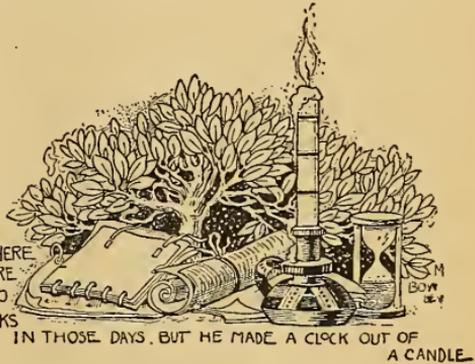
The Danes had more fighting men than Alfred; so he was obliged to be very cautious and wise, or he could never have beaten them at all. In those days very few people could read; and the evenings used to seem very long sometimes, so that anybody who could tell a story or sing a song was made much of, and some people made it their trade to go about singing songs and telling stories and making jokes to amuse people who could not sing songs or tell stories or make jokes themselves. These were called gleemen, and wherever they went they were always welcomed and put at a good place at table, and treated with respect and kindness; and in time of war no one ever killed a gleeman, so they could always feel quite safe whatever was going on.

Now Alfred once wanted to know how many Danes there were in a certain Danish camp, and whether they were too strong for him to beat. So he disguised himself as a gleeman and took a harp, for his mother had taught him to sing and play very prettily, and he went and sang songs to the Danes and told stories to them. But all the time he kept his eyes open, and found out all he wanted to know. And he saw that the Danes were not expecting to be attacked by the English people, so that, instead of keeping watch, they were feasting and drinking and playing all their time.

Then he went back to his own soldiers, and they crept up to the Danish camp and fell upon it while the Danes were feasting and making merry, and as the Danes were not expecting a fight, the English were easily able to get much the best of it.

At last, after many fights, King Alfred managed to make peace with the Danes, and then he settled down to see what he could do for his own people. He saw that if he was to keep out the wicked Danes he must be able to fight them by sea as well as by land. So he learned how to build ships

and taught his people how to build them, and that was the beginning of the great English navy, which you ought to be proud of if you are big enough to read this book. Alfred was wise enough to see that knowledge is power, and, as he wanted his



people to be strong, he tried to make them learned. He built schools, and at University College, Oxford, there are people that will tell you that that college was founded by Alfred the Great.

He used to divide up his time very carefully, giving part to study and part to settling disputes among his people, and part to his shipbuilding and his other duties. They had no clocks and watches in those days, and he used sometimes to get so interested in his work as to forget that it was time to leave it and go on to something else, just as you do sometimes when you get so interested in a game of rounders that you forget that it is time to go on with your lessons. The

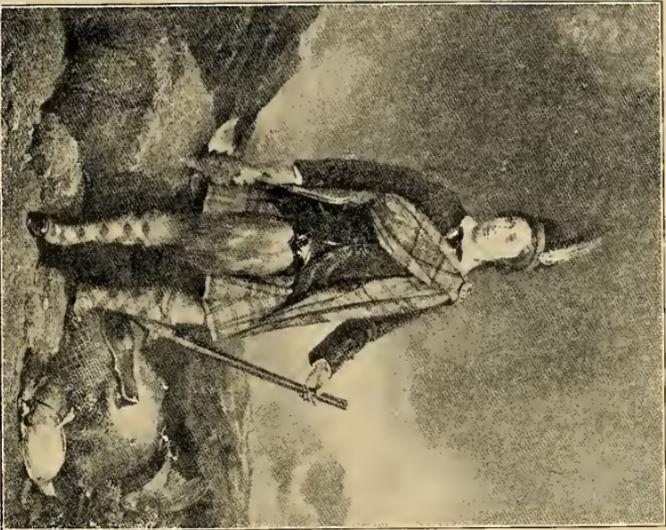
idea of a clock never entered into Alfred's head, at least not a clock with wheels, and hands on its face, but he was so clever that he made a clock out of a candle. He painted rings of different colours round the candle, and when the candle had burnt down to the first ring it was half an hour gone, and when it was burnt to the next ring it was another half-hour, and so on. So he could tell exactly how the time went.



He was called Alfred the Great, and no king has better deserved such a title.

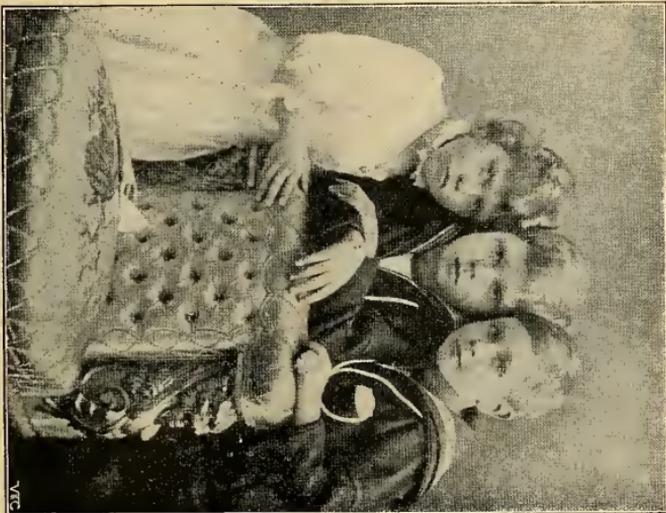
"So long as I have lived," he said, "I have striven to live worthily." And he longed, above all things, to leave "to the men that came after a remembrance of him in good works."

He did many good and wise things, but the best and wisest thing he ever did was to begin to write the History of



EDWARD VII, PRINCE OF WALES, AGED SIXTEEN.

This picture shows him, as he appeared in his Highland costume, when as a lad he accompanied his father on a hunting expedition in Scotland.

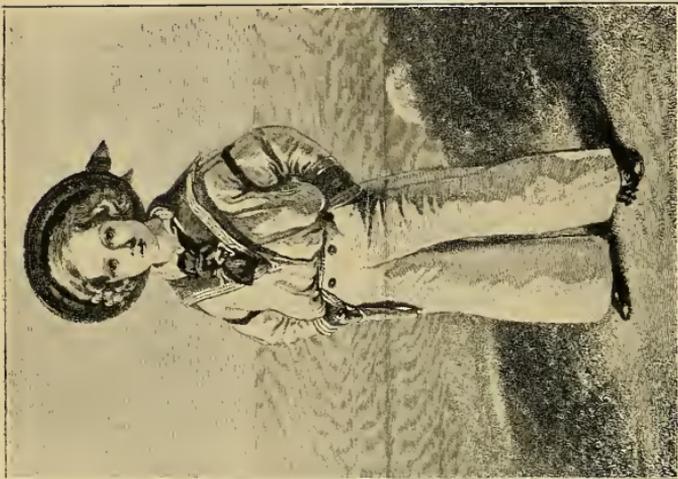


THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES PRINCE EDWARD, PRINCE ALBERT AND PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES

Children of George, Prince of Wales.



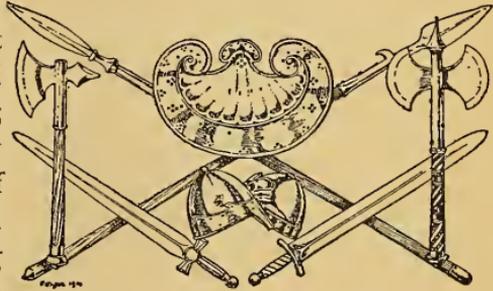
ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, AGED FIVE
Represents the Prince as feeding a pet rabbit.



**ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, AT THE
AGE OF SEVEN**
In Sailor's Dress.

England. There had been English poems before this, but no English stories that were not written in poetry. So that Alfred's book was the first of all the thousands and thousands of English books that you see on the shelves of the big libraries. His book is generally called the Saxon Chronicle, and was added to by other people after his death.

So many abbeys had been burnt and the monks killed by the Danes, that there were hardly any books to be had, or scholars to read them. King Alfred invited learned men from abroad, and wrote and translated books himself for them; and he had a school in his house, where he made the young nobles learn with his own sons. He built up the churches, and gave also to the poor; and he was always ready to hear the troubles of any poor man. Though he was always working so hard, he had a disease that used to cause him



OLD DANISH ARMS.

terrible pain almost every day. His last years were less peaceful than the middle ones of his reign, for the Danes tried to come again; but he beat them off by his ships at sea, and when he died at fifty-two years old, in the year 901, he left England at rest and quiet, and we always think of him as one of the greatest and best kings who ever reigned in England, or in any other country. As long as his children after him and his people went on in the good way he had taught them, all prospered with them, and no enemies hurt them; and this was all through the reigns of his son, his grandson, and great-grandsons. Their council of great men was called by a long

word that is in our English, "Wise Men's Meeting," and there they settled the affairs of the kingdom. The king's wife was not called queen, but lady, and what do you think lady means? It means "loaf-giver"—giver of bread to her household and the poor. So a lady's great work is to be charitable.

Alfred made a number of wise laws. It is believed that it was he who first ordained that an Englishman should be tried not only by a judge but also by a jury of people like himself.

Though he had fought bravely when fighting was needed to defend his kingdom, yet he loved peace and all the arts of peace. He loved justice and kindness, and little children; and all folk loved and wept for him when he died, because he was a good King who had always striven to live worthily, that is to say, he had always tried to be good.

His last words to his son, just before he died, were these—"It is just that the English people should be as free as their own thoughts."

You must not think that this means that the English people should be free to think as they like or to do as they like. What it means is, that an Englishman and his descendants should be as free to do good deeds as he is to think good thoughts.

Six

Boy

Kings



England in the Middle Ages.

ATHELSTAN, the son of Edward the Elder, and grandson of Alfred the Great, succeeded his father. He reigned only fifteen years; but he remembered the glory of his grandfather, the great Alfred, and governed England well. He reduced the turbulent people of Wales, and obliged them to pay him a tribute in money, and in cattle, and to send him their best hawks and hounds. He was victorious over the Cornish men, who were not yet quiet under the Saxon government. He restored such of the old laws as were good, and had fallen into disuse; made some wise new laws, and took care of the poor and weak. A strong alliance, made against him by Anlaf, a Danish prince, Constantine King of the Scots, and the people of North Wales he broke and defeated in one great battle, long famous for the vast numbers slain in it. After that, he had a quiet reign; the lords and ladies about him had leisure to become polite and agreeable; and foreign princes were glad (as they have sometimes been since) to come to England on visits to the English court.

When Athelstan died, at forty-seven years old, his brother Edmund, who was only eighteen, became king. He was the first of six boy-kings, as you will presently know.

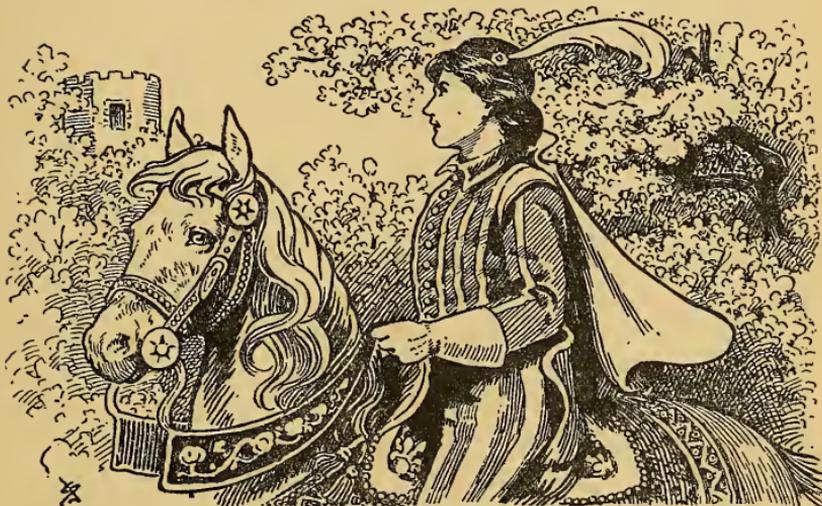
They called him the Magnificent, because he showed a taste for improvement and refinement. But he was beset by the Danes, and had a short and troubled reign, which came to a troubled end. One night, when he was feasting in his hall, and had eaten much and drunk deep, he saw among the company a noted robber named Leof, who had been banished from England. Made very angry by the boldness of this man, the king turned to his cup-bearer, and said: "There is a robber sitting at the table yonder, who, for his crimes, is an outlaw in the land,—a hunted wolf, whose life any man may take, at any time. Command that robber to depart!" "I will not depart!" said Leof. "No?" cried the king. "No, by the Lord!" said Leof. Upon that the king rose from his seat, and, making passionately at the robber, and seizing him by his long hair, tried to throw him down. But the robber had a dagger underneath his cloak, and in the scuffle stabbed the king to death. That done, he set his back against the wall, and fought so desperately, that, although he was soon cut to pieces by the king's armed men, and the wall and pavement were splashed with his blood, yet it was not before he had killed and wounded many of them. You may imagine what rough lives the kings of those times led, when one of them could struggle, half drunk, with a public robber in his own dining-hall, and be stabbed in presence of the company who ate and drank with him.

Then succeeded the boy-king Edred, who was weak and sickly in body, but of a strong mind. And his armies fought the Northmen,—the Danes and Norwegians, or the sea-kings,

as they were called,—and beat them for the time. And in nine years Edred died, and passed away.

Then came the boy-king Edwy, fifteen years of age; but the real king, who had the real power, was a monk named Dunstan,—a clever priest, a little mad, and not a little proud and cruel.

Dunstan was then Abbot of Glastonbury Abbey, whither



EDWY, THE BOY-KING.

the body of King Edmund the Magnificent was carried to be buried. While yet a boy, he had got out of his bed one night (being then in a fever), and walked about Glastonbury Church when it was under repair; and because he did not tumble off some scaffolds that were there, and break his neck, it was reported that he had been shown over the building by an angel. He had also made a harp that was said to play of itself; which it very likely did, as Æolian harps, which are played by the

wind, and are understood now, always do. For these wonders he had been once denounced by his enemies, who were jealous of his favor with the late King Athelstan, as a magician; and he had been waylaid, bound hand and foot, and thrown into a marsh. But he got out again, somehow, to cause a great deal of trouble yet.

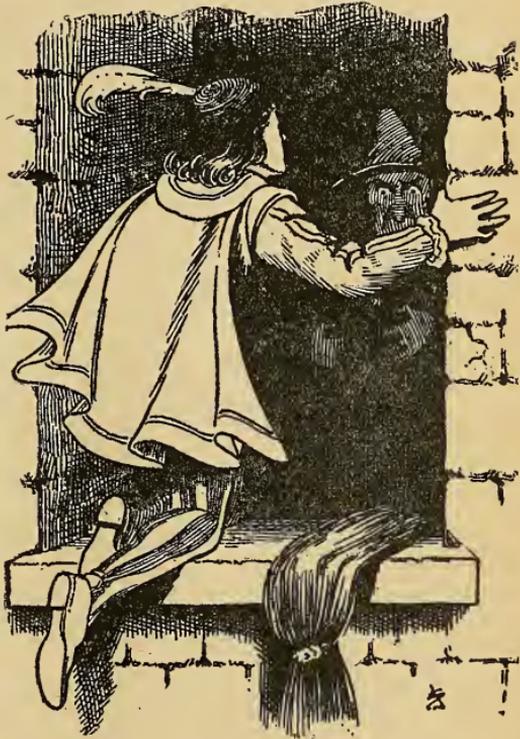
The priests of those days were, generally, the only scholars. They were learned in many things. Having to make their own convents and monasteries on uncultivated grounds that were granted to them by the Crown, it was necessary that they should be good farmers and good gardeners, or their lands would have been too poor to support them. For the decoration of the chapels where they prayed, and for the comfort of the refectories where they ate and drank, it was necessary that there should be good carpenters, good smiths, good painters among them. For their greater safety in sickness and accident, living alone by themselves in solitary places, it was necessary that they should study the virtues of plants and herbs, and should know how to dress cuts, burns, scalds, and bruises, and how to set broken limbs. Accordingly, they taught themselves, and one another, a great variety of useful arts; and became skillful in agriculture, medicine, surgery, and handicraft. And when they wanted the aid of any little piece of machinery, which would be simple enough now, but was marvelous then, to impose a trick upon the poor peasants, they knew very well how to make it; and *did* make it many a time and often, I have no doubt.

Dunstan, Abbot of Glastonbury Abbey, was one of the most sagacious of these monks. He was an ingenious smith, and worked at a forge in his little cell. This cell was made too short to admit of his lying at full length when he went to

sleep—as if *that* did any good to anybody!—and he used to tell the most extraordinary lies about demons and spirits, who, he said, came there to persecute him. For instance, he related that, one day when he was at work, the devil, in the form of a beautiful youth, looked in at the little window, and tried to tempt him to lead a life of idle pleasure; whereupon, having his pincers in the fire, red hot, he seized the devil by the nose, and put him to such pain, that his bellowings were heard for miles and miles. Some people are inclined to think this nonsense a part of Dunstan's madness (for his head never quite recovered the fever), but I think not.

I observe that it induced the ignorant people to consider him a holy man, and that it made him very powerful, which was exactly what he always wanted to be.

On the day of the coronation of the handsome boy-king Edwy, it was remarked by Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury (who was a Dane by birth), that the king quietly left the coronation feast, while all the company was there. Odo, much displeased, sent his friend Dunstan to seek him. Dunstan



finding him in the company of his beautiful young wife Elgiva, and her mother Ethelgiva, a good and virtuous lady, not only grossly abused them, but dragged the young king back into the feasting-hall by force. Some, again, think Dunstan did this because the young king's fair wife was his own cousin, and the monks objected to people marrying their own cousins; but I believe he did it because he was an imperious, audacious, ill-conditioned priest, who, having loved a young lady himself before he became a sour monk, hated all love now, and everything belonging to it.

The young king was quite old enough to feel this insult. Dunstan had been treasurer in the last reign, and he soon charged Dunstan with having taken some of the last king's money. The Glastonbury Abbot fled to Belgium (very narrowly escaping some pursuers who were sent to put out his eyes, as you will wish they had, when you read what follows), and his abbey was given to priests who were married; whom he always, both before and afterwards, opposed. But he quickly conspired with his friend, Odo the Dane, to set up the king's young brother, Edgar, as his rival for the throne; not content with this revenge, he caused the beautiful queen Elgiva, though a lovely girl of only seventeen or eighteen, to be stolen from one of the Royal Palaces, branded in the cheek with a red-hot iron, and sold into slavery in Ireland. But the Irish people pitied and befriended her; and they said, "Let us restore the girl-queen to the boy-king, and make the young lovers happy!" And they cured her of her cruel wound, and sent her home as beautiful as before. But the villain, Dunstan, and that other villain, Odo, caused her to be waylaid at Gloucester as she was joyfully hurrying to join her husband, and to be hacked and hewn with swords, and to be barbarously maimed and lamed, and left to die. When Edwy

the Fair (his people called him so because he was so young and handsome) heard of her dreadful fate, he died of a broken heart ; and so the pitiful story of the poor young wife and husband ends. Ah ! Better to be two cottagers in these better times, than king and queen of England in those bad days, though never so fair !

Then came the boy-king Edgar, called the Peaceful, fifteen years old. Dunstan being still the real king, drove all married priests out of the monasteries and abbeys, and replaced them by solitary monks like himself, of the rigid order called the Benedictines. He made himself Archbishop of Canterbury, for his greater glory ; and exercised such power over the neighboring British princes, and so collected them about the king, that once, when the king held the court at Chester, and went on the River Dee to visit the monastery of St. John, the eight oars of his boat were pulled (as the people used to delight in relating in stories and songs) by eight crowned kings, and steered by the king of England. As Edgar was very obedient to Dunstan and the monks, they took great pains to represent him as the best of kings ; but he was really profligate, debauched, and vicious. He once forcibly carried off a young lady from the convent at Wilton ; and Dunstan, pretending to be very much shocked, condemned him not to wear his crown upon his head for seven years, no great punishment, I dare say, as it can hardly have been a more comfortable ornament to wear than a stewpan without a handle. His marriage with his second wife, Elfrida, is one of the worst events of his reign. Hearing of the beauty of this lady, he despatched his favorite courtier, Athelwold, to her father's castle in Devonshire, to see if she were really as charming as fame reported. Now, she was so exceedingly beautiful, that Athelwold fell in love with her himself, and

married her; but he told the king that she was only rich, not handsome. The king, suspecting the truth when they came home, resolved to pay the newly married couple a visit; and suddenly told Athelwold to prepare for his immediate coming. Athelwold, terrified, confessed to his young wife what he had said and done, and implored her to disguise her beauty by some ugly dress or silly manner, that he might be safe from the king's anger. She promised that she would; but she was a proud woman, who would far rather have been a queen than the wife of a courtier. She dressed herself in her best dress, and adorned herself with her richest jewels; and when the king came presently, he discovered the cheat. So he caused his false friend Athelwold to be murdered in a wood, and married his widow, this bad Elfrida. Six or seven years afterwards he died, and was buried (as if he had been all that the monks said he was) in the abbey of Glastonbury, which he—or Dunstan for him—had much enriched.

England, in one part of this reign, was so troubled by wolves, which, driven out of the open country, hid themselves in the mountains of Wales, when they were not attacking travelers and animals, that the tribute payable by the Welsh people was forgiven them, on condition of their producing every year three hundred wolves' heads. And the Welshmen were so sharp upon the wolves, to save their money, that in four years there was not a wolf left.

Then came the boy-king Edward, called the Martyr, from the manner of his death. Elfrida had a son, named Ethelred, for whom she claimed the throne; but Dunstan did not choose to favor him, and he made Edward king. The boy was hunting one day down in Dorsetshire, when he rode near to Corfe Castle, where Elfrida and Ethelred lived. Wishing to see them kindly, he rode away from his attendants, and galloped

to the castle gate, where he arrived at twilight, and blew his hunting-horn. "You are welcome, dear king," said Elfrida, coming out with her brightest smiles. "Pray you dismount and enter." "Not so, dear madam," said the king. "My company will miss me, and fear that I have met with some harm. Please you to give me a cup of wine, that I may drink here in the saddle to you and to my little brother, and so ride away with the good speed I have made in riding here." Elfrida, going in to bring the wine, whispered to an armed servant, one of her attendants, who stole out of the darkening gate way, and

crept round behind the king's horse. As the king raised the cup to his lips, saying, 'Health' to the wicked woman who was smiling on him, and to his innocent brother



"SHE PROMISED THAT SHE WOULD."

whose hand she held in hers, and who was only ten years old, this armed man made a spring and stabbed him in the back. He dropped the cup and spurred his horse away; but, soon fainting with loss of blood, dropped from the saddle, and, in his fall, entangled one of his feet in the stirrup. The frightened horse dashed on; trailing his rider's curls upon the ground; dragging his smooth young face through ruts, and stones, and briars, and fallen leaves, and mud; until the hunters, tracking the animal's course by the king's blood, caught his bridle, and released his disfigured body.

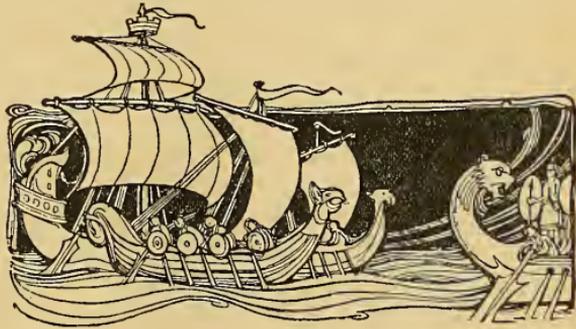
Then came the sixth and last of the boy-kings, Ethelred, whom Elfrida, when he cried out at the sight of his murdered brother riding away from the castle gate, unmercifully beat with a torch which she snatched from one of the attendants. The people so disliked this boy, on account of his cruel mother, and the murder she had done to promote him, that Dunstan would not have had him for king, but would have made Edgitha, the daughter of the dead King Edgar, and of the lady whom he stole out of the convent at Wilton, Queen of England, if she would have consented. But she knew the stories of the youthful kings too well, and would not be persuaded from the convent where she lived in peace; so Dunstan put Ethelred on the throne, having no one else to put there, and gave him the nickname of "The Unready"—knowing that he wanted resolution and firmness.

At first, Elfrida possessed great influence over the young king, but as he grew older and came of age, her influence declined. The infamous woman, not having it in her power to do any more evil, then retired from court, and, according to the fashion of the time, built churches and monasteries, to expiate her guilt. As if a church, with a steeple reaching to the very stars, would have been any sign of true repentance for the blood of the poor boy, whose murdered form was trailed at his horse's heels! As if she could have buried her wickedness beneath the senseless stones of the whole world, piled up one upon another, for the monks to live in!

About the ninth or tenth year of this reign, Dunstan died. He was growing old then, but was as stern and artful as ever. Two circumstances that happened in connection with him, in this reign of Ethelred, made a great noise. Once, he was present at a meeting of the Church, when the question was discussed whether priests should have

permission to marry, and, as he sat with his head hung down, apparently thinking about it, a voice seemed to come out of a crucifix in the room, and warn the meeting to be of his opinion. This was some juggling of Dunstan's, and was probably his own voice disguised. But he played off a worse juggle than that, soon afterwards; for, another meeting being held on the same subject, and he and his supporters being seated on one side of a great room, and their opponents on the other, he rose and said, "To Christ himself, as Judge, do I commit this cause!" Immediately on these words being spoken, the floor where the opposite party sat gave way; some were killed and many wounded.

You may be pretty sure it had been weakened under Dunstan's directions, and that it fell at Dunstan's signal. *His* part of the floor did not go down. No, no! He was too good a workman for that.



Ethelred the Unready was glad enough, I dare say, to be rid of this holy saint; but, left to himself, he was a poor weak king, and his reign was a reign of defeat and shame. The restless Danes, led by Sweyn, a son of the king of Denmark, who had quarreled with his father, and had been banished from home, again came into England, and year after year attacked and despoiled large towns. To coax these sea-kings away, the weak Ethelred paid them money; but the more money he paid, the more money the Danes wanted. At first

he gave them ten thousand pounds ; on their next invasion, sixteen thousand pounds ; on their next invasion, four-and-twenty thousand pounds, to pay which large sums, the unfortunate English people were heavily taxed. But as the Danes still came back and wanted more, he thought it would be a good plan to marry into some powerful foreign family that would help him with soldiers. So in the year 1002, he courted and married Emma, the sister of Richard, Duke of Normandy,—a lady who was called the Flower of Normandy.

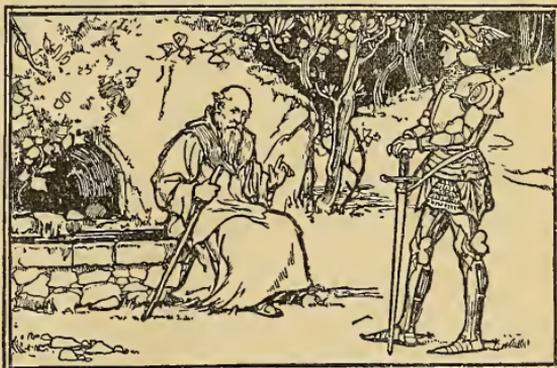
And now a terrible deed was done in England, the like of which was never done on English ground before or since. On the 13th of November, in pursuance of secret instructions sent by the king over the whole country, the inhabitants of every town and city armed, and murdered all the Danes who were their neighbors. Young and old, babies and soldiers, men and women,—every Dane was killed. No doubt there were among them many ferocious men, who had done the English great wrong, and whose pride and insolence, in swaggering in the houses of the English, and insulting their wives and daughters, had become unbearable ; but, no doubt, there were also among them many peaceful Christian Danes, who had married English women, and become like English men. They were all slain, even to Gunhilda, the sister, of the King of Denmark, married to an English lord ; who was first obliged to see the murder of her husband and her child, and then was killed herself.

When the king of the sea-kings heard of this deed of blood, he swore that he would have a great revenge. He raised an army, and a mightier fleet of ships than ever yet had sailed to England. And in all his army there was not a slave nor an old man ; but every soldier was a free man, and the son of a free man, and in the prime of life, and sworn

to be revenged upon the English nation, for the massacre of that dread 13th of November, when his countrymen and countrywomen, and the little children whom they loved, were killed by fire and sword. And so the sea-kings came to England in many great ships, each bearing the flag of its own commander. Golden eagles, ravens, dragons, dolphins, beasts of prey, threatened England from the prows of those ships, as they came onward through the water; and were reflected in the shining shields that hung upon their sides. The ship that bore the standard of the king of the sea-kings was carved and painted like a

mighty serpent; and the king in his anger prayed that the gods in whom he trusted might all desert him, if his serpent did not strike its fangs into England's heart.

And indeed it did. For, the great



"DO WITH ME WHAT YOU PLEASE."

army landing from the great fleet, near Exeter, went forward, laying England waste, and striking their lances in the earth as they advanced, or throwing them into rivers, in token of their making all the island theirs. In remembrance of the black November night when the Danes were murdered, wheresoever the invaders came, they made the Saxons prepare and spread for them great feasts; and when they had eaten those feasts, and had drunk a curse to England with wild rejoicings, they drew their swords, and killed their Saxon entertainers, and marched on. For six long years they carried on this war; burning

the crops, farm-houses, barns, mills, granaries; killing the laborers in the fields; preventing the seed from being sown in the ground; causing famine and starvation; leaving only heaps of ruin and smoking ashes, where they had found rich towns. To crown this misery English officers and men deserted, and even the favorites of Ethelred the Unready, becoming traitors, seized many of the English ships, turned pirates against their own country, and aided by a storm occasioned the loss of nearly the whole English navy.

There was but one man of note, at this miserable pass, who was true to his country and the feeble king. He was a priest, and a brave one. For twenty days, the Archbishop of Canterbury defended that city against its Danish besiegers; and when a traitor in the town threw the gates open and admitted them, he said, in chains, "I will not buy my life with money that must be extorted from the suffering people. Do with me what you please!" Again and again, he steadily refused to purchase his release with gold wrung from the poor.

At last, the Danes being tired of this, and being assembled at a drunken merry-making, had him brought into the feasting-hall.

"Now, Bishop," they said, "we want gold."

He looked round on the crowd of angry faces,—from the shaggy beards close to him, to the shaggy beards against the walls, where men were mounted on tables and forms to see him over the heads of others,—and he knew that his time was come.

"I have no gold," said he.

"Get it, bishop!" they all thundered.

"That I have often told you I will not," said he.

They gathered closer round him, threatening; but he stood unmoved. Then one man struck him; then another;

then a cursing soldier picked up from a heap in the corner of the hall, where fragments had been rudely thrown at dinner, a great ox-bone, and cast it at his face, from which the blood came spurting forth; then others ran to the same heap, and knocked him down with other bones, and bruised and battered him; until one soldier whom he baptized (willing, as I hope for the sake of that soldier's soul, to shorten the sufferings of the good man) struck him dead with his battle-axe.

If Ethelred had had the heart to emulate the courage of this noble archbishop, he might have done something yet. But he paid the Danes forty-eight thousand pounds, instead; and gained so little by the cowardly act, that Sweyn soon afterwards came over to subdue all England. So broken was the attachment of the English people by this time, to their incapable king and their forlorn country, which could not protect them, that they welcomed Sweyn on all sides as a deliverer. London faithfully stood out as long as the king was within its walls; but when he sneaked away, it also welcomed the Dane. Then all was over; and the king took refuge abroad with the Duke of Normandy, who had already given shelter to the king's wife (once the Flower of that country), and to her children.

Still the English people, in spite of their sad sufferings, could not quite forget the great King Alfred and the Saxon race. When Sweyn died suddenly, in little more than a month after he had been proclaimed king of England, they generously sent to Ethelred, to say that they would have him for their king again, "if he would only govern them better than he had governed them before." The Unready, instead of coming himself, sent Edward, one of his sons, to make promises for him. At last, he followed, and the English declared him king. The Danes declared Canute, the son of

Sweyn, king. Thus, direful war began again, and lasted for three years, when the Unready died. And I know of nothing better that he did, in all his reign of eight and thirty years.

Was Canute to be king now? Not over the Saxons, they said; they must have Edmund, one of the sons of the Unready, who was surnamed Ironside, because of his strength and stature. Edmund and Canute thereupon fell to, and fought five battles—O unhappy England, what a fighting-ground it was!—and then Ironside, who was a big man, proposed to Canute, who was a little man, that they two should fight it out in single combat. If Canute had been the big man, he would probably have said yes, but, being the little man, he decidedly said no. However, he declared that he was willing to divide the kingdom—to take all that lay north of Watling Street, as the old Roman military road from Dover to Chester was called, and to give Ironside all that lay south of it. Most men being weary of so much bloodshed, this was done. But Canute soon became sole King of England; for Ironside died suddenly within two months. Some think that he was killed, and killed by Canute's orders. No one knows.



And What Happened to Four of Them.

BECAUSE boys had royal blood in their veins this did not make them good. In fact, they often were disobedient and wicked. Henry II was the fourth king after William the Conqueror, and reigned from 1154 to 1189, a period of thirty-five years. This was a good long time for one king. He was the first king of the Plantagenet family, also called the House of Anjou. The meaning of Plantagenet I shall explain further on. He was a very clever, brisk, spirited man, who hardly ever sat down, but was always going from place to place, and who would let no one disobey him. A rather unpleasant sort of a man he was. He kept everybody in order, pulled down almost all the castles the wicked barons had built, and would not let the barons ill-treat the people. The Normans who spoke and thought in the French language, and who had come over with William the Conqueror, were now quite English in their feelings. French was, however, chiefly spoken at court. King Henry was really a Frenchman, and he married a French wife,

Eleanor, the lady of Aquitaine, one of the four ancient divisions of France, now forming two departments of that country.

Henry was a most powerful king; but his latter years were very unhappy. His wife was not a good woman, and her four sons, were all disobedient and rebellious.

Henry, now aged eighteen—his secret crowning of whom had given such offence to Thomas à Becket; Richard, aged sixteen; Geoffrey, fifteen; and John, his favorite, a young boy, whom the courtiers named Lackland, because he had no



inheritance, but to whom the king meant to give the Lordship of Ireland. All these misguided boys, in their turn, were unnatural sons to him, and unnatural brothers to each other. Prince Henry, stimulated by the French king, and by his bad mother, Queen Eleanor, began the undutiful history.

First, he demanded that his young wife Margaret, the French king's daughter, should be crowned as well as he. His father, the king, consented, and it was done. It was no sooner done, than he demanded to have a part of his father's

dominions, during his father's life. This being refused, he made off from his father in the night, with his bad heart full of bitterness, and took refuge at the French king's court. Within a day or two, his brothers, Richard and Geoffrey, followed. Their mother tried to join them—escaping in men's clothes—but she was seized by King Henry's men and immured in prison, where she lay, deservedly, for sixteen years. Every day, however, some grasping English noblemen, to whom the king's protection of his people from their avarice and oppression had given offence, deserted him and joined the princes. Every day, he heard some fresh intelligence of the princes levying armies against him; of Prince Henry's wearing a crown before his own ambassadors at the French court, and being called the Junior King of England; of all the princes swearing never to make peace with him, their father, without the consent and approval of the barons of France. But, with his fortitude and energy unshaken, King Henry met the shock of these disasters with a resolved and cheerful face. He called upon all royal fathers, who had sons, to help him, for his cause was theirs; he hired, out of his riches, twenty thousand men to fight the false French king, who stirred his own blood against him; and he carried on the war with such vigor, that Louis soon proposed a conference to treat for peace.

The conference was held beneath an old wide-spreading green elm tree, upon a plain in France. It led to nothing. The war recommenced. Prince Richard began his fighting career, by leading an army against his father; but his father beat him and his army back; and thousands of his men would have rued the day in which they fought in such a wicked cause, had not the king received news of an invasion of England by the Scots, and promptly come home through a great storm to repress it. And whether he really began to fear that

he suffered these troubles because à Becket, the stern priest, had been murdered by his command, or whether he wished to rise in the favor of the Pope, who had now declared à Becket to be a saint, or in the favor of his own people, of whom many believed that even à Becket's senseless tomb could work miracles, I don't know; but the king no sooner landed in England than he went straight to Canterbury; and when he came within sight of the distant Cathedral, he dismounted from his horse, took off his shoes, and walked with bare and bleeding feet to à Becket's grave. There, he lay down on the ground, lamenting, in the presence of many people; and by-and-by he went into the Chapter House, and, removing his clothes from his back and shoulders, submitted himself to be beaten with knotted cords (not beaten very hard, I dare say) by eighty priests, one after another. It chanced that on the very day when the king made this curious exhibition of himself, a complete victory was obtained over the Scots; which very much delighted the priests, who said that it was won because of his great example of repentance. For the priests in general had found out, since à Becket's death, that they admired him of all things—though they had hated him very cordially when he was alive.

The Earl of Flanders, who was at the head of the base conspiracy of the king's undutiful sons, and their foreign friends, took the opportunity of the king being thus employed at home, to lay siege to Rouen, the capital of Normandy. But the king, who was extraordinarily quick and active in all his movements, was at Rouen, too, before it was supposed possible that he could have left England; and there he so defeated the said Earl of Flanders, that the conspirators proposed peace, and his bad sons Henry and Geoffrey submitted.

Richard resisted for six weeks ; but, being beaten out of castle after castle, and his followers deserting him, he at last submitted too, and his father forgave him.

To forgive these unworthy princes was only to afford them breathing time for new acts of disobedience. They were so false, disloyal, and dishonorable, that they were no more to be trusted than common thieves. In the very next year, Prince Henry rebelled again, and was again forgiven. In eight years more, Prince Richard rebelled against his elder brother ; and Prince Geoffrey infamously said that the brothers could never agree well together, unless they were united against their father. In the very next year after their reconciliation by the king, Prince Henry again rebelled against his father ; and again submitted, swearing to be true ; and was again forgiven ; and again rebelled with Geoffrey, and so on.



ASKING THE WAY TO BECKET'S TOMB.

But the end of this perfidious prince was come. He fell sick at a French town ; and his conscience terribly reproaching him with his baseness, he sent messengers to the king his father, imploring him to come and see him, and to forgive him for the last time on his bed of death. The generous king, who had a royal and forgiving mind towards his children always, would have gone ; but this prince had been so unnatural, that the noblemen about the king suspected treachery, and represented to him that he could not safely trust his life with such a traitor, though his own eldest son. Therefore

the king sent him a ring from off his finger as a token of forgiveness ; and when the prince had kissed it, with much grief and many tears, and had confessed to those around him how bad, and wicked, and undutiful a son he had been ; he said to the attending priests : “ O, tie a rope about my body, and draw me out of bed, and lay me down upon a bed of ashes, that I may die with prayers to God in a repentant manner ! ” And so he died, at twenty-seven years old.



PRINCE RICHARD.

Three years afterwards, Prince Geoffrey, being unhorsed at a tournament, had his brains trampled out by a crowd of horses passing over him. So, there only remained Prince Richard, and Prince John—who had grown to be a young man, now, and had solemnly sworn to be faithful to his father. Richard soon rebelled again, encouraged by his friend the French king, and soon submitted and was again forgiven, swearing on the New Testament never to rebel again ; and, in another year or so, rebelled again ; and, in the presence of his father, knelt down on his knee before the King of France ; and did the French king homage ; and declared that with his aid he would possess himself, by force, of all his father's French dominions.

Sick at heart, wearied out by the falsehood of his sons, and almost ready to lie down and die, the unhappy king who had so long stood firm began to fail. But the Pope, to his honor, supported him ; and obliged the French king and Richard, though successful in fight, to treat for peace. Richard wanted to be crowned King of England, and pretended that

he wanted to be married (which he really did not) to the French king's sister, his promised wife, whom King Henry detained in England. King Henry wanted, on the other hand, that the French king's sister should be married to his favorite son John; the only one of his sons (he said) who never rebelled against him. At last King Henry, deserted by his nobles one by one, distressed, exhausted, broken-hearted, consented to establish peace.

One final heavy sorrow was reserved for him, even yet. When they brought him the proposed treaty of peace, in writing, as he lay very ill in bed, they brought him also the list of the deserters from their allegiance, whom he was required to pardon. The first name upon this list was John, his favorite son, in whom he had trusted to the last.

"O John! child of my heart!" exclaimed the king in a great agony of mind. "O John, whom I have loved the best! O John, for whom I have contended through these many troubles! Have you betrayed me too?" And then he lay down with a heavy groan, and said, "Now let the world go as it will. I care for nothing more!"

After a time, he told his attendants to take him to the French town of Chinon—a town he had been fond of, during many years. But he was fond of no place now; it was too true that he could care for nothing more upon this earth. He wildly cursed the hour when he was born, and cursed the children whom he left behind him; and expired.

As, one hundred years before, the servile followers of the Court had abandoned the Conqueror in the hour of his death, so they now abandoned his descendant. The very body was stripped, in the plunder of the royal chamber; and it was not easy to find the means of carrying it for burial to the abbey church of Fontevraud.

Richard was said in after years, by way of flattery, to have the heart of a lion. It would have been far better, I think, to have had the heart of a man. His heart, whatever it was, had cause to beat remorsefully within his breast, when he came—as he did—into the solemn abbey, and looked on his dead father's uncovered face. His heart, whatever it was, had been a black and perjured heart, in all its dealings with the deceased king, and more deficient in a single touch of tenderness than any wild beast's in the forest.



FAIR ROSAMOND.

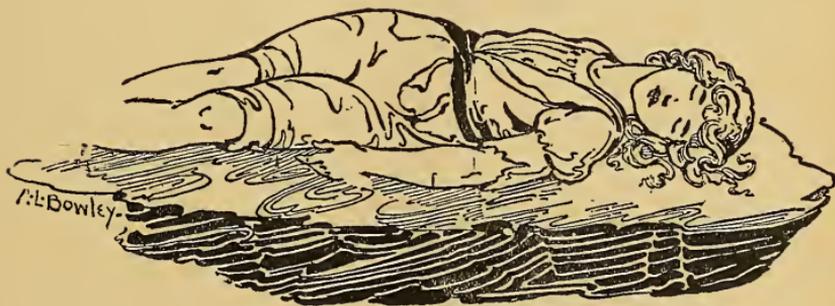
There is a pretty story told of this reign, called the Story of Fair Rosamond. It relates how the king doted on Fair Rosamond, who was the loveliest girl in all the world ; and how he had a beautiful bower built for her in a park at Woodstock ; and how it was erected in a labyrinth, and could only be found by a clue of silk. How the bad Queen Eleanor, becoming jealous of the Fair Rosa-

mond, found out the secret of the clue, and appeared before her, one day, with a dagger and a cup of poison, and left her to the choice between those deaths. How Fair Rosamond, after shedding many piteous tears and offering many useless prayers to the cruel Queen, took the poison, and fell dead in the midst of the beautiful bower, while the unconscious birds sang gaily all around her.

Now, there *was* a fair Rosamond, and she was (I dare say) the loveliest girl in all the world, and the king was

certainly very fond of her, and the bad Queen Eleanor was certainly made jealous. But I am afraid—I say afraid, because I like the story so much—that there was no bower, no labyrinth, no silken clue, no dagger, no poison. I am afraid fair Rosamond retired to a nunnery near Oxford, and died there, peaceably; her sister-nuns hanging a silken drapery over her tomb, and often dressing it with flowers, in remembrance of the youth and beauty that had enchanted the king when he too was young, and when his life lay fair before him.

It was dark and ended now; faded and gone. Henry Plantagenet lay quiet in the abbey church of Fontevraud, in the fifty-seventh year of his age—never to be completed—after governing England well, for nearly thirty-five years.





How
a Wicked
Prince



Made
a Wicked
King

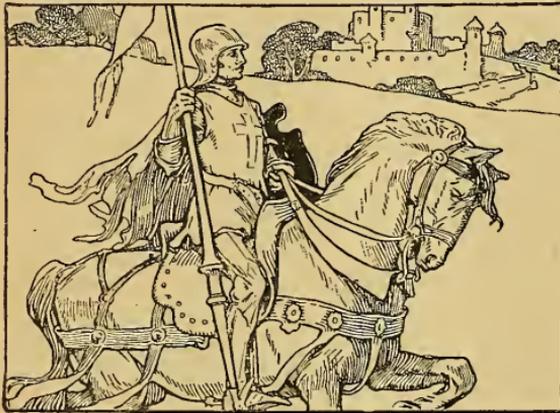
England Under Richard the First.

IN the year 1189, one of the disobedient sons of whom we have read, Richard of the Lion Heart, succeeded to the throne of King Henry the Second, whose paternal heart he had done so much to break. He had been, as we have seen, a rebel from his boyhood; but the moment he became a king against whom others might rebel, he found out that rebellion was a great wickedness. In the heat of this pious discovery, he punished all the leading people who had befriended him against his father. He could scarcely have done anything that would have been a better instance of his real nature, or a better warning to fawners and parasites not to trust in lion-hearted princes.

He likewise put his late father's treasurer in chains, and locked him up in a dungeon from which he was not set free until he had relinquished, not only all the crown treasure, but all his own money too. So, Richard certainly got the Lion's share of the wealth of this wretched treasurer, whether he had a Lion's heart or not.

He was crowned King of England with great pomp at Westminster; walking to the Cathedral under a silken canopy stretched on the tops of four lances, each carried by a great

lord. On the day of his coronation, a dreadful murdering of the Jews took place, which seems to have given great delight to numbers of savage persons calling themselves Christians. The King had issued a proclamation forbidding the Jews (who were generally hated, though they were the most useful merchants in England) to appear at the ceremony ; but as they had assembled in London from all parts, bringing presents to show their respect for the new Sovereign, some of them ventured down to Westminster Hall with their gifts, which were very



A KNIGHT OF THE CRUSADES.

readily accepted. It is supposed, now, that some noisy fellow in the crowd, set up a howl at this, and struck a Jew who was trying to get in at the Hall door with his present. A riot arose. The Jews who had got into the Hall were

driven forth ; and some of the rabble cried out that the new king had commanded the unbelieving race to be put to death. Thereupon the crowd rushed through the narrow streets of the city, slaughtering all the Jews they met ; and when they could find no more out of doors (on account of their having fled to their houses, and fastened themselves in), they ran madly about breaking open all the houses where the Jews lived, rushing in and stabbing or spearing them, sometimes even flinging old people and children out of window into blazing fires they had lighted up below. This great cruelty lasted

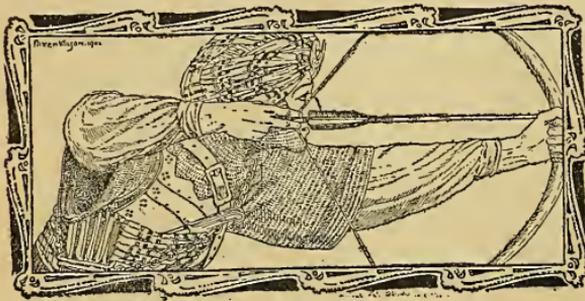
four-and-twenty hours, and only three men were punished for it. Even they forfeited their lives not for murdering and robbing the Jews, but for burning the houses of some Christians.

King Richard, who was a strong restless burly man, with one idea always in his head, and that the very troublesome idea of breaking the heads of other men, was mightily impatient to go on a Crusade to the Holy Land, with a great army. As great armies could not be raised to go, even to the Holy Land, without a great deal of money, he sold the crown domains, and even the high offices of State; recklessly appointing noblemen to rule over his English subjects, not because they were fit to govern, but because they could pay high for the privilege. In this way, and by selling pardons at a dear rate, and by varieties of avarice and oppression, he scraped together a large treasure. He then appointed two bishops to take care of his kingdom in his absence, and gave great powers and possessions to his brother John, to secure his friendship. John would rather have been made Regent of England; but he was a sly man, and friendly to the expedition; saying to himself, no doubt, "The more fighting, the more chance of my brother being killed; and when he is killed, then I become King John!"

Richard, having completed his plans, with his troops went on, in no very good manner, with the Holy Crusade. It was undertaken jointly by the King of England and his old friend Philip of France. They commenced the business by reviewing their forces, to the number of one hundred thousand men. Afterwards, they severally embarked their troops for Messina, Sicily, which was appointed as the next place of meeting.

King Richard's sister had married the king of this place, but he was dead; and his uncle, Tancred, had usurped the crown, cast the royal widow into prison, and possessed

himself of her estates. Richard fiercely demanded his sister's release, the restoration of her lands, and (according to the royal custom of the island) that she should have a golden chair, a golden table, four-and-twenty silver cups and four-and-twenty silver dishes. As he was too powerful to be successfully resisted, Tancred yielded to his demands; and then the French King grew jealous, and complained that the English King wanted to be absolute in the Island of Sicily and everywhere else. Richard, however, cared little or nothing for this complaint, and in consideration of a present of twenty



SARACEN ARCHER.

thousand pieces of gold, promised his pretty little nephew, Arthur, then a child two years old, in marriage to the daughter of Tancred. Of this little Arthur,

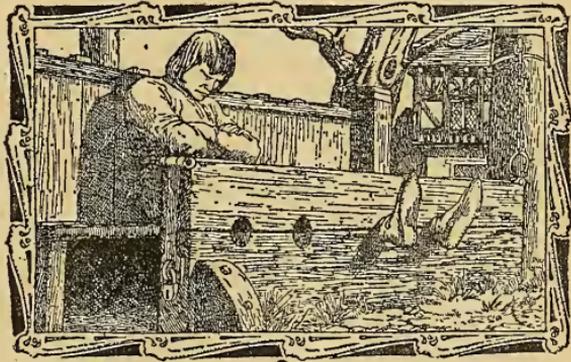
who was put to death by his uncle John, we shall hear again.

This Sicilian affair arranged without anybody's brains being knocked out (which must have rather disappointed him), King Richard took his sister away, and also a fair lady named Berengaria, with whom he had fallen in love in France, and whom his mother, Queen Eleanor, had brought out there to be his wife; and sailed with them to Cyprus.

He soon had the pleasure of fighting the king of the Island of Cyprus, for allowing his subjects to pillage some of the English troops who were shipwrecked on the shore; and easily conquering this poor monarch, he seized his only daughter, to be a companion to the lady Berengaria, and put

the king himself into silver fetters. He then sailed away again with his mother, sister, wife and the captive princess; and soon arrived before the town of Acre, which the French King with his fleet was besieging from the sea. But the French King was in no triumphant condition, for his army had been thinned by the swords of the Saracens, and wasted by the plague; and Saladin, the brave Sultan of the Turks, at the head of a numerous army, was at that time gallantly defending the place from the hills that rise above it.

Wherever the united army of the Crusaders went, they agreed in few points except in gaming, drinking and quarrelling, in a most unholy manner; in debauching the people with whom they tarried whether they were friends or foes, and in carrying disturbance and ruin into quiet places.



STOCKS—TWELFTH CENTURY.

The French King was jealous of the English King, and the English King was jealous of the French King, and the disorderly and violent soldiers of the two nations were jealous of one another; consequently, the two Kings could not at first agree, even upon a joint assault on Acre; but when they did make up their quarrel for that purpose, the Saracens promised to yield the town, to give up to the Christians the wood of the Holy Cross, to set at liberty all their Christian captives, and to pay two hundred thousand pieces of gold. All this

was to be done within forty days; but, not being done, King Richard ordered some three thousand Saracen prisoners to be brought out in the front of his camp, and there, in full view of their own countrymen, to be butchered.

The French King had no part in this crime, for he was by this time traveling homeward with the greater part of his men, being offended by the overbearing conduct of the English King, being anxious to look after his own dominions, and being ill, besides, from the unwholesome air of that hot and sandy country. King Richard carried on the war without him, and remained in the East, meeting with a variety of adventures, nearly a year and a half. Every night when his army was on the march, and came to a halt, the heralds cried out three times, to remind all the soldiers of the cause in which they were engaged, "Save the Holy Sepulchre!" and then all the soldiers knelt, and said, "Amen!" Marching or encamping, the army had continually to strive with the hot air of the glaring desert, or with the Saracen soldiers animated and directed by the brave Saladin, or with both together. Sickness and death, battle and wounds, were always among them, but through every difficulty King Richard fought like a giant and worked like a common laborer. Long and long after he was quiet in his grave, his terrible battle-axe, with twenty English pounds of English steel in its mighty head, was a legend among the Saracens; and when all the Saracen and Christian hosts had been dust for many a year, if a Saracen horse started at any object by the wayside, his rider would exclaim, "What dost thou fear, Fool? Dost thou think King Richard is behind it?"

No one admired this king's renown for bravery more than Saladin himself, who was a generous and gallant enemy. When Richard lay ill of a fever, Saladin sent him fresh fruits

from Damascus and snow from the mountain-tops. Courtly messages and compliments were frequently exchanged between them—and then King Richard would mount his horse and kill as many Saracens as he could, and Saladin would mount his horse and kill as many Christians as he could. In this way King Richard fought to his heart's content at Arsoof and at Jaffa ; and finding himself with nothing exciting to do at Ascalon, except to rebuild, for his own defence, some fortifications there which the Saracens had destroyed, he kicked his ally, Duke Leopold of Austria, for being too proud to work at the fortifications,

The army at last came within sight of the Holy City of Jerusalem ; but, being then a mere nest of jealousy, and quarreling, and fighting, soon retired, and agreed with the Saracens upon a truce for three years, three months, three days and three hours. Then the English Christians, protected by the noble Saladin from Saracen revenge, visited our Saviour's tomb ; and then King Richard embarked with a small force at Acre to return home.

But he was shipwrecked in the Adriatic Sea, and was fain to pass through Germany under an assumed name. Now, there were many people in Germany who had served in the Holy Land under that proud Duke of Austria who had been kicked, and some of them easily recognizing a man so remarkable as King Richard, carried their intelligence to the kicked Duke, who straightway took him prisoner at a little inn near Vienna.

The Duke's master, the Emperor of Germany, and the King of France, were equally delighted to have so troublesome a monarch in safekeeping. Friendships which are founded on a partnership in doing wrong are never true, and the King of France was now quite as heartily King Richard's

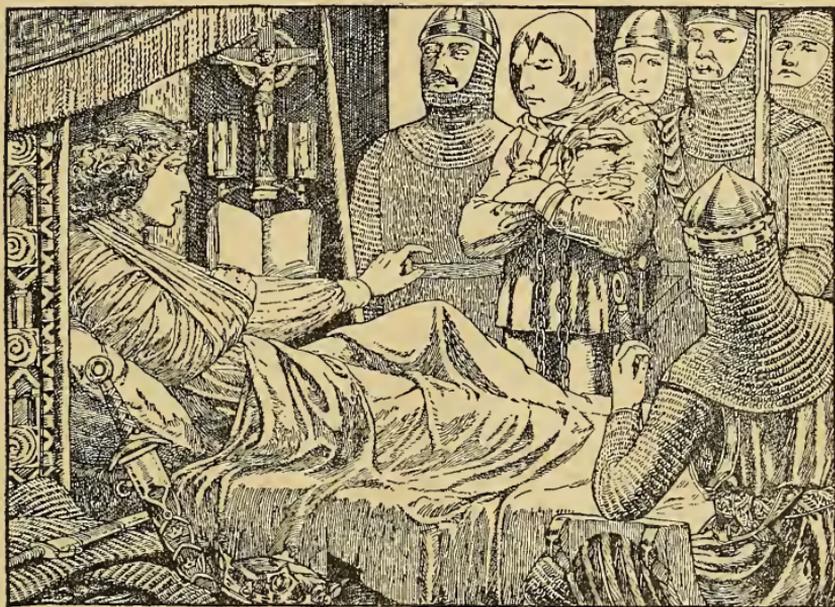
foe as he had ever been his friend in his unnatural conduct to his father. He monstrosly pretended that King Richard had designed to poison him in the East; he charged him with having murdered, there, a man whom he had in truth befriended; he bribed the Emperor of Germany to keep him close prisoner; and, finally, through the plotting of these two princes, Richard was brought before the German legislature, charged with the foregoing crimes, and many others. But he defended himself so well, that many of the assembly were moved to tears by his eloquence and earnestness. It was decided that he should be treated, during the rest of his captivity, in a manner more becoming his dignity than he had been, and that he should be set free on the payment of a heavy ransom. This ransom the English people willingly raised. When Queen Eleanor took it over to Germany, it was at first evaded and refused. But she appealed to the honor of the princes of all the German Empire in behalf of her son, and appealed so well that it was accepted, and the king released. Thereupon, the King of France wrote to Prince John—“Take care of thyself. The devil is unchained!”

King Richard had no sooner been welcomed home by his enthusiastic subjects with great display and splendor, and had no sooner been crowned afresh at Winchester, than he resolved to show the French King that the devil was unchained indeed, and made war against him with great fury.

The French war, delayed occasionally by a truce, was still in progress, when a certain lord named Vidomar, Viscount of Limoges, chanced to find in his ground a treasure of ancient coins. As the king's vassal, he sent the king half of it; but the king claimed the whole. The lord refused to yield the whole. The king besieged the lord in his castle, swore that

he would take the castle by storm, and hang every man of its defenders on the battlements.

Bertrand de Gourdon, a young man who was one of the defenders of the castle, saw, from his post upon the ramparts, the king, attended only by his chief officer, riding below the walls surveying the place. He drew an arrow to the head,



DEATH OF KING RICHARD FIRST FROM THE ARROW OF BERTRAND DE GOURDON.

took steady aim, said between his teeth, "Now I pray God speed thee well, arrow!" discharged it, and struck the king in the left shoulder.

Although the wound was not at first considered dangerous, it was severe enough to cause the king to retire to his tent, and direct the assault to be made without him. The castle was taken; and every man of its defenders was hanged,

as the king had sworn all should be, except Bertrand de Gourdon, who was reserved until the royal pleasure respecting him should be known.

By that time unskillful treatment had made the wound mortal, and the king knew that he was dying. He directed Bertrand to be brought into his tent. The young man was brought there heavily chained. King Richard looked at him steadily. He looked steadily at the king,

“Knave!” said King Richard, “what have I done to thee, that thou shouldst take my life?”

“What hast thou done to me?” replied the young man. “With thine own hands thou hast killed my father and my two brothers. Myself thou wouldst have hanged. Let me die, now, by any torture thou wilt. My comfort is, that no torture can save thee. Thou, too, must die; and through me the world is quit of thee.”

Again the king looked at the young man steadily. Again the young man looked steadily at him. Perhaps some remembrance of his generous enemy Saladin, who was not a Christian, came into the mind of the dying king.

“Youth,” he said, “I forgive thee. Go unhurt!”

Then turning to the chief officer who had been riding in his company when he received the wound, King Richard said:

“Take off his chains, give him a hundred shillings, and let him depart.”

He sunk down on his couch, and a dark mist seemed in his weakened eyes to fill the tent wherein he had so often rested, and he died. His age was forty-two; he had reigned ten years. His last command was not obeyed; for the chief officer flayed Bertrand de Gourdon alive, and hanged him.



The Story of an Awful Crime.

THE Danes never succeeded in conquering England and in making it their own, though many of them settled in England and married English wives. But some relations of the Danes, called the Normans, were bolder and stronger and more fortunate. And William, who was called the Conqueror, became King of England, and left his son to rule after him. And when four Norman Kings had reigned in England, the Count of Anjou was made the English King, because his mother was the heiress of the English crown.

His great-grandfather, Ingeger, the first Count of Anjou, must have been a very brave man. When he was quite a boy he was page to his godmother, who was a great lady. It was the custom then for boys of noble family to serve noble ladies as pages.

One morning this lady's husband was found dead in his bed, and the poor lady was accused by a nobleman, named Gontran, of murdering him. Gontran said he was quite sure of her guilt, and that he was ready to stake his life on it, that is to say, he offered to fight anyone who should say that the lady was innocent. This seems a curious way of finding out



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

a person's innocence or guilt, but it was the custom of the times.

The poor lady could find no one who believed in her enough to risk his life, and she began to despair, when suddenly her boy-page rushed forward and begged that, though he was not yet a knight, and so had really no right to fight, yet that he might be allowed to do combat in her defence. "The whole Court were spectators. The Duke Charles was on his throne, and the accused widow in

a litter curtained with black. Prayers were offered that God would aid the right. The trumpets sounded, and the champions rode in full career against each other. At the first onset Gontran's lance pierced his adversary's shield so that he could not disengage it, and Ingeger was thus enabled to close with him, hurl him to the ground, and despatch him with a dagger. Then, while the lists rang with applause, the brave boy rushed up to



FLIGHT OF QUEEN MARGARET AND PRINCE EDWARD.

After the Battle of Northampton the King was taken prisoner, but Queen Margaret with the little Prince Edward got away to Scotland. In their flight they were caught by two robbers, one of whom said, "Give me your jewels and money, or I will have your life."



THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

These were the two little boys who were heirs to the throne of England, and whom their wicked uncle strangled in the tower, hoping in that way to become King himself. This was the most cruel deed told in history.

his godmother and threw himself into her arms in a transport of joy."

When William conquered England he became King of England and still owned his own possessions in Normandy, and the Count of Anjou, when he became king, still held the lands he had held as count, so that the kings of England held a great part of France as well as England. The counts of Anjou used to wear a sprig of broom, or *planta genista*, in their helmets, and from this they were called the Plantagenet Kings.

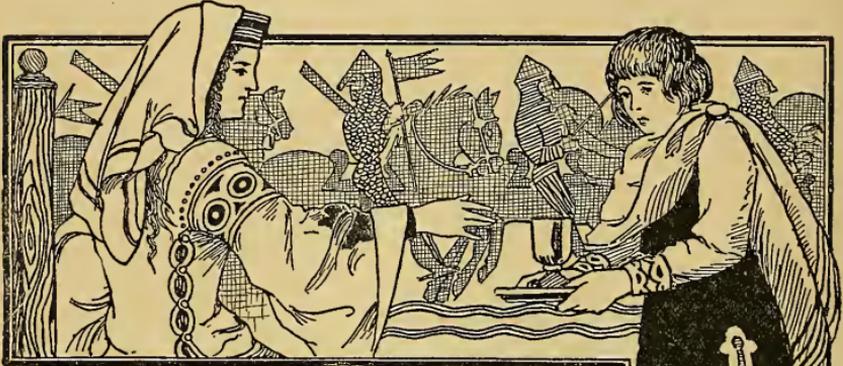
The first of them was brave and clever, and the second was brave, but the third, John, was mean and cruel and cowardly, and had really no right to the throne at all. His nephew, Prince Arthur of Brittany, ought to have been King, because he was the son of John's elder brother

The French King, Philip, refused to acknowledge the right of John to his new dignity, and declared in favor of Arthur. You must not suppose that he had any generosity of feeling for the fatherless boy; it merely suited his ambitious schemes to oppose the King of England. So John and the French King went to war about Arthur.

He was a handsome boy, at that time only twelve years old. He was not born when his father, Geoffrey, had his brains trampled out at the tournament; and, besides the misfortune of never having known a father's guidance and protection, he had the additional misfortune to have a foolish mother (Constance by name), lately married to her third husband. She took Arthur, upon John's accession, to the French King, who pretended to be very much his friend, and who made him a knight, and promised him his daughter in marriage; but, who cared so little about him in reality, that finding it his interest to make peace with King John for a time, he did

so without the least consideration for the poor little Prince, and heartlessly sacrificed all his interests.

Young Arthur, for two years afterwards, lived quietly ; and in the course of that time his mother died. But the French King then finding it his interest to quarrel with King



THE BOY PAGE WHO BECAME A KNIGHT.

John again, again made Arthur his pretence, and invited the orphan boy to court. "You know your rights, Prince," said the French King, "and you would like to be a king. Is it not so?" "Truly," said Prince Arthur, "I should greatly like to be a king." "Then," said Philip, "you shall have two hundred gentlemen who are knights of mine, and with them you shall go to win back the provinces belonging to you, of which your uncle, the usurping King of England, has taken possession. I myself, meanwhile, will head a force against him in Normandy." Poor Arthur was so flattered and so grateful that he signed a treaty with the crafty French King, agreeing to consider him his superior lord, and

that the French King should keep for himself whatever he could take from King John.

Now, King John was so bad in all ways, and King Philip was so perfidious, that Arthur, between the two, might as well have been a lamb between a fox and a wolf. But, being so young, he was ardent and flushed with hope; and, when the people of Brittany (which was his inheritance) sent him five hundred more knights and five thousand foot soldiers, he believed his fortune was made. The people of Brittany had been fond of him from his birth, and had requested that he might be called Arthur, in remembrance of that dimly-famous English Arthur, the hero of so many wonderful deeds, whom they believed to have been the brave friend and companion of an old king of their own. They had tales among them about a prophet called Merlin (of the same old time), who had foretold that their own king should be restored to them after hundreds of years; and they believed that the prophecy would be fulfilled in Arthur; that the time would come when he would rule them with a crown of Brittany upon his head; and when neither King of France nor King of England would have any power over them. When Arthur found himself riding in a glittering suit of armor, on a richly caparisoned horse, at the head of his train of knights and soldiers, he believed this too, and considered old Merlin a superior prophet.

He did not know—how could he, being so innocent and inexperienced?—that his little army was a mere nothing against the power of the King of England. The French king knew it; but the poor boy's fate was little to him, so that the King of England was worried and distressed. Therefore, King Philip went his way into Normandy; and Prince Arthur went his way towards Mirebeau, a French town near Poitiers, both very well pleased.

Prince Arthur went to attack the town of Mirebeau, because his grandmother Eleanor, who has so often made her appearance in this history (and who had always been his mother's enemy), was living there, and because his knights said, "Prince, if you can take her prisoner, you will be able to bring the king, your uncle, to terms!" But she was not to be easily taken. She was old enough by this time—eighty; but she was as full of stratagem as she was full of years and wickedness. Receiving intelligence of young Arthur's approach, she shut herself up in a high tower, and encouraged her soldiers to defend it like men. Prince Arthur with his little army besieged the high tower. King John, hearing how matters stood, came up to the rescue with *his* army. So here was a strange family party; the boy-prince besieging his grandmother, and his uncle besieging him.

This position of affairs did not last long. One summer night King John, by treachery, got his men into the town, surprised Prince Arthur's force, took two hundred of his knights, and seized the prince himself in his bed. The knights were put in heavy irons, and driven away in open carts drawn by bullocks, to various dungeons, where they were most inhumanly treated, and where some of them were starved to death. Prince Arthur was sent to the Castle of Falaise.

One day while he was in prison at that castle, mournfully thinking it strange that one so young should be in so much trouble, and looking out of the small window in the deep dark wall, at the summer sky and the birds, the door was softly opened, and he saw his uncle, the king, standing in the shadow of the archway, looking very grim.

"Arthur," said the king, with his wicked eyes more on the stone floor than on his nephew, "will you not trust to the

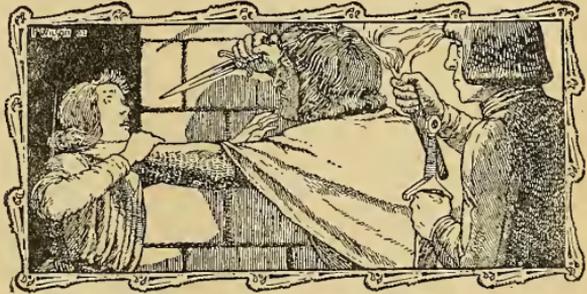
gentleness, the friendship, and the truthfulness of your loving uncle?"

"I will tell my loving uncle that," replied the boy, "when he does me right. Let him restore to me my kingdom of England, and then come to me and ask the question."

The king looked at him and went out. "Keep that boy close prisoner," said he to the warden of the castle.

One dark night, as Prince Arthur lay sleeping, dreaming perhaps of rescue by those unfortunate gentlemen who were obscurely suffering and dying in his cause, he was roused, and bidden by his jailer to come down the staircase to the foot of the tower.

He hurriedly dressed himself and obeyed. When they came to the bottom of the winding stairs, and the night air from



the river blew upon their faces, the jailer trod upon his torch and put it out. Then, Arthur, in the darkness was hurriedly drawn into a solitary boat. In that boat, he found his uncle and one other man, and in the dark night, as they passed along by the river, the wicked king stabbed the young prince with his own hand, and pushed him into the swift-flowing water. "There," he cried, "that is the kingdom I promised you."

And the poor young Prince sank into the dark flood, never to rise again.

Shakespeare tells another story of Prince Arthur's death, which you will read for yourselves one day; this is the story:

After King John had taken the young Prince prisoner, he shut him up in the Castle of Northampton, and ordered Hubert de Burgh, the Governor of the Castle, to put poor Arthur's eyes out, because he thought that no one would want a blind boy to be King of England. So Hubert went into the room where the little Prince was shut up.



"Good morning," said the Prince. "You are sad, Hubert."

"Indeed, I have been merrier," said Hubert, who, though he did not like to disobey the king, was yet miserable at the wicked deed he had been asked to do.

"Nobody," said Arthur, "should be sad but I. If I were out of prison and kept sheep I should be as merry as the day

is long. And so I would be here but for my uncle. He is afraid of me, and I of him. Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son? Indeed it is not, and I would to heaven I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert."

"If I talk to him," said Hubert to himself, "I shall never have the courage to do this wicked deed."

"Are you ill, Hubert?" Arthur went on. "You look pale to-day. If you were ill I would sit all night and watch you, for I believe I love you more than you do me."

Hubert dared not listen. He felt he must do the king's wicked will, so he pulled out the paper on which the king had written his cruel order, and showed it to the young prince. Arthur read it calmly and then turned to Hubert. "So you are to put out my eyes with hot irons."

"Young boy, I must," said Hubert.

"And you will?" asked Arthur. MAGNA CHARTA SEAL.

And Hubert answered, "And I will."

"Have you the heart?" cried Arthur. "Do you remember when your head ached how I tied it up with my own handkerchief, and sat up with you the whole night holding your hand and doing everything I could for you! Many a poor man's son would have lain still and never have spoke a loving word to you; but you, at your sick service, had a prince. Will you put out my eyes—those eyes that never did, nor never shall, so much as frown on you?"

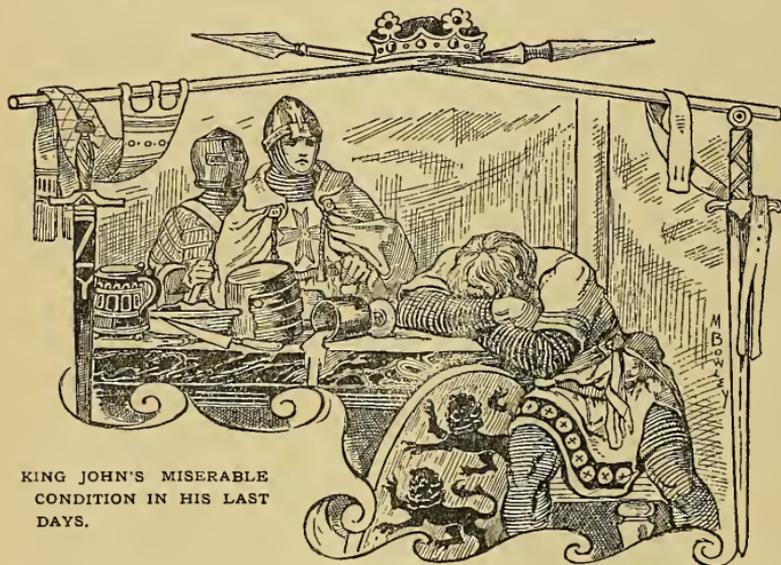
"I have sworn to do it," said Hubert. He called two



men, who brought in the fire and the hot irons, and the cord to bind the little Prince.

"Give me the irons," said Hubert, "and bind him here."

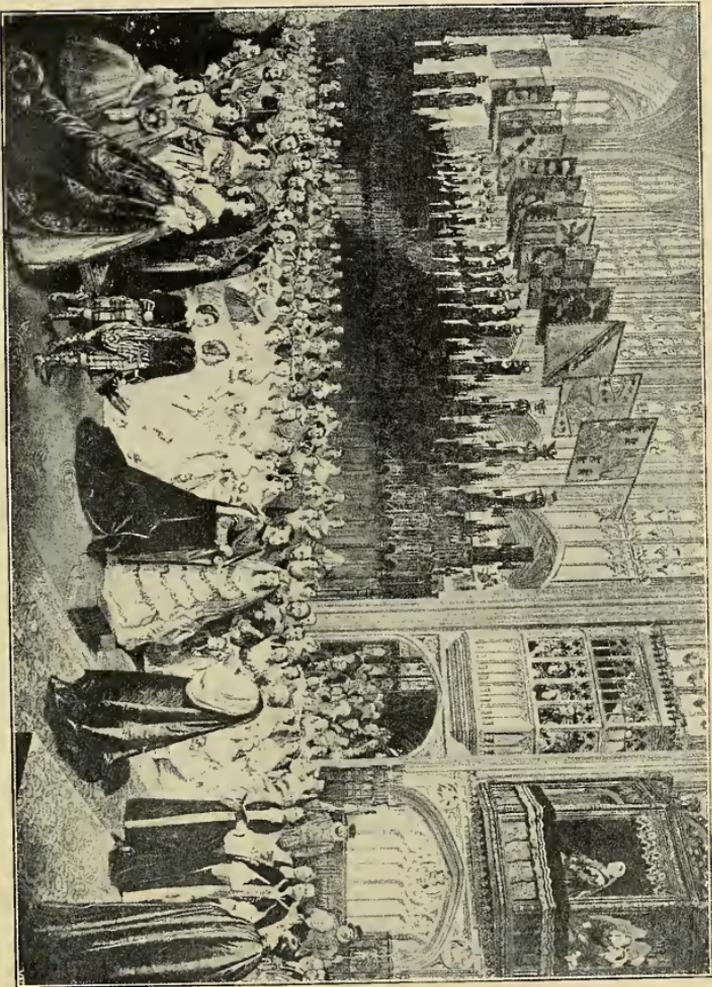
"For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound," cried Arthur. "I will not struggle—I will stand stone still. Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away and I will sit as quiet as a lamb, and I will forgive you whatever torment you may put me to."



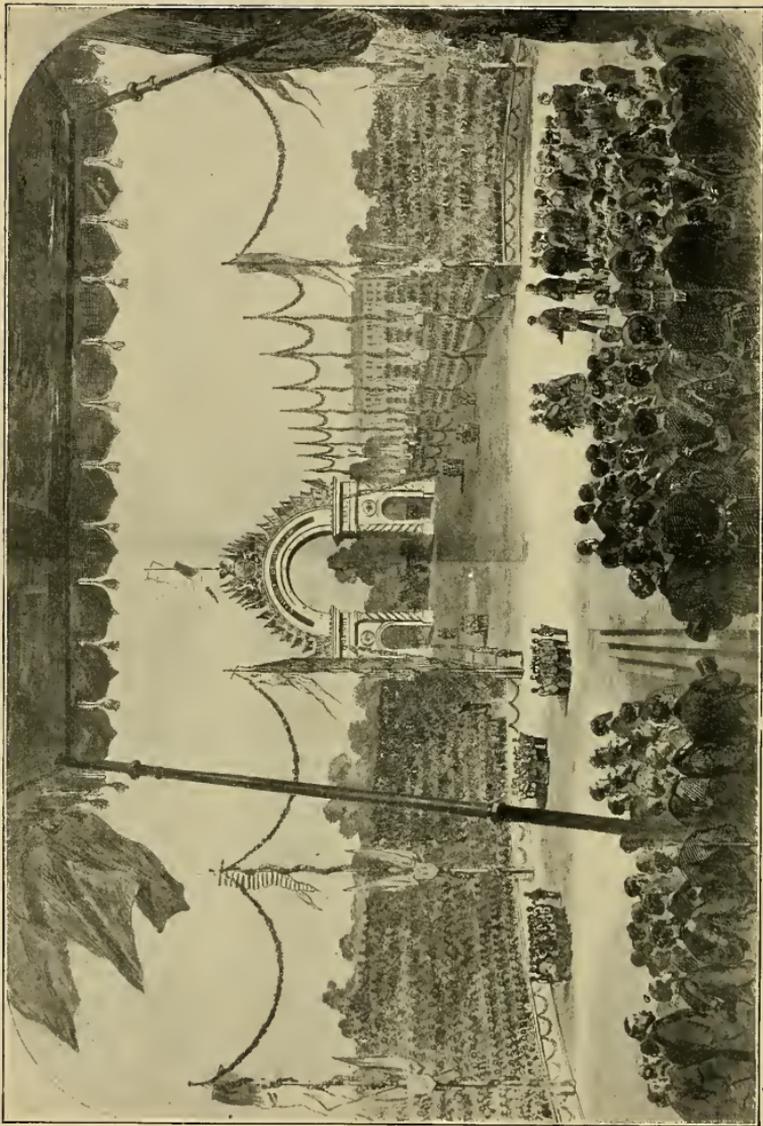
KING JOHN'S MISERABLE
CONDITION IN HIS LAST
DAYS.

And Hubert was moved by his pleading, and told the men to go; and as they went they said—"We are glad to have no part in such a wicked deed as this."

Then Arthur flung his arms round Hubert and implored him to spare his eyes, and at last Hubert consented, for all the time his heart had been sick at the cruel deed he had promised to do. Then he took Prince Arthur away and hid him, and told the king he was dead.



MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, 1863
From a painting at Windsor by W. P. Frith, R. A.



GRAND RECEPTION GIVEN TO THE PRINCE OF WALES, AFTERWARDS EDWARD VII.

This was given at Toronto in 1860 during the Prince's tour of America and was one of the many great receptions given him. He traveled throughout Canada and the United States.

But King John's lords were so angry when they heard that Arthur was dead, and John seemed so sorry for having given the order to Hubert, that Hubert thought it best to tell him that Arthur had not been killed at all, but was still alive and safe. John was now so terrified at the anger of his lords on Arthur's account that Arthur might from that time have been safe from him. But the poor boy was so frightened by what he had gone through that he made up his mind to risk his life in trying to escape. So he decided to leap down from the top of the tower as his only means of escape. Then he thought he could get away in disguise without being recognized.

"The wall is high, and yet will I leap down," he said. "Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not."

So he leaped, but the tower was high, and the fall killed him. And before he died, he murmured—"Heaven take my soul and England keep my bones."

That is the story as Shakespeare gives it.

Almost every one in England hated King John, even before this dreadful affair of Prince Arthur's death. The King of France took Normandy away from him, and his own people would not help him to fight for it.

He was very cruel and revengeful, and often put people in prison or killed them without giving any reason for it, or having them properly tried. So the great nobles of England joined together and said that they would not let John be king any longer in England unless he would give them a written promise to behave better in future. At first he laughed at the idea, and said he should do as he chose, and that he would fight the lords and keep them in their proper place. But he had to give in when he found that only seven of the lords of England were on his side and all the rest against

him. So then he asked the barons and the bishops to meet him at Runnymede, and there he put his big seal to a writing, promising what they wished. He did not sign his name to it, but you can see that very parchment, called *Magna Charta*,

sealed in the British Museum with the King's big seal to it.

But though he fixed his seal to the paper he did not keep the promises that were in it, and the barons grew so angry that they asked the King of France to help them to fight John, and to turn him out.

John ran away when he heard that the French were coming. He left his friends to fight his battles, and went off, wrecking the castles of the barons who had asked the French Prince to come over, and who were now with him. Then some one told the barons that the French Prince was determined to cut off all their heads as soon as he had got England for his own. So they saw how foolish they had

been to ask him to come and help them. John was in Lincolnshire, and was coming across the sands at the Wash, but the tide suddenly came in and swept away his crown, his treasure, his food, and everything was lost in the sea. King John was very miserable at losing all his treasures, and he tried to drown his sorrows by drinking a lot of beer and eating



much more than was good for him. This brought on a fever, and he died miserably, with no one at all to be sorry for him. He was and is the best-hated of all our English kings.

There was much danger in traveling in those days, for robbers used to hide in the woods and lonely places, and so attack and rob travelers. Many of the nobles themselves who were in attendance on the king, being often unable to get their proper pay, either belonged to these robber bands or secretly helped them, and shared with them the plunder they took from those they robbed. The best known of these robbers was the famous Robin Hood, who lived in the time of King Richard and King John. He is supposed to have been a nobleman, and to have had his hiding place in Sherwood Forest, and he is said to have been kind and merciful to the poor, and to have helped them out of the money and good things he stole from the rich. Many songs about him have come down to us. The poor suffered in those old days many and great hardships at the hands of the nobles of England, who indeed robbed and oppressed them very cruelly. So they were ready enough to sing the praises of one who stole only from the rich and who gave to the poor.





England in the Year, A. D., 1216.

HENRY THE THIRD was crowned at Gloucester when he was only nine years old. You remember that King John's crown had been lost in the Wash with his other treasures, so they crowned Henry with a gold bracelet of his mother's. The lords who attended the coronation banquet wore white ribbons round their heads as a sign of their homage to the innocent, helpless child. They made him swear to do as his father had promised in the great charter sealed in Runnymede; and the Earl of Pembroke was appointed to govern the kingdom till Henry grew up.

Henry grew up unlike his cruel father. He was gentle, tenderhearted, fond of romance, music and poetry, sculpture, painting and architecture. Some of the most beautiful churches we have were built in his reign. But, though he had so many good qualities, he had no bravery, no energy and perservance. He was fond of pleasure and of the beautiful things of this world, and cared too little for the beautiful things of the soul. He was fond of gaiety, and his young

queen was of the same disposition. She was one of four sisters. Two of them married kings, and two married counts, and the kings' wives were so proud of being queens that they used to make their sisters, the countesses, sit on little low stools while they themselves sat on handsome high chairs.

Henry's time passed in feasts and songs and dancing. Romances and curious old Breton ballads were translated into English, and recited at the Court with all sorts of tales of love and battle and chivalry.

The object of chivalry was to encourage men in noble and manly exercises, and to teach them to succor the oppressed, to uphold the dignity of women, and to help the Christian faith. And chivalry was made attractive by all sorts of gay and pretty devices. Knights used to wear in their helmets a ribbon or a glove that some lady had given them, and it was supposed that, while they had the precious gift of a good lady in their possession, they would do nothing base or disloyal that should dishonor the gift they carried.

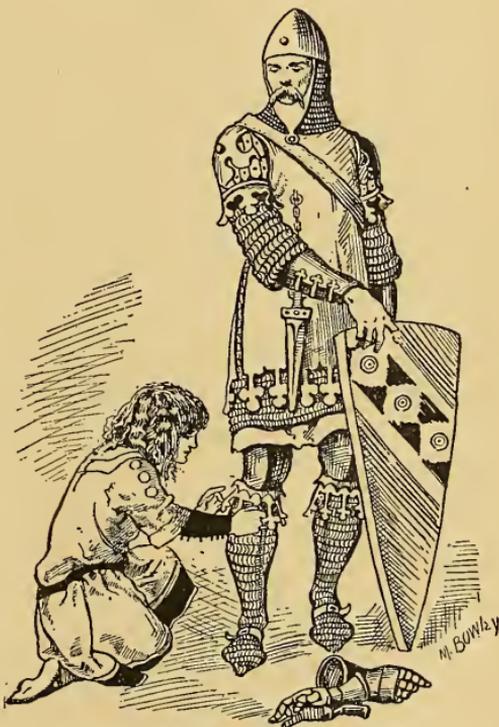
Each young noble at twelve years old was placed as page in some other noble household. There, for two years, he learned riding and fencing, and the use of arms. When the lord killed a deer the pages skinned it and carried it home. At a feast the pages carried in the chief dishes and poured the wine for their lords to drink. They helped the ladies of the house in many ways, and carried their trains on state occasions.

At fourteen a page became a squire. He helped his lord to put on his armor, carried his shield to battle, cleaned and polished his lord's armor and sharpened his sword, and he was allowed to wear silver spurs instead of iron ones, such as the common people wore.

When he was considered worthy to become a knight he

went through a ceremony which dedicated him to the service of God. We will tell you what it was.

The day before he was to become a knight the young man stripped and bathed. Then he put on a white tunic—the white as a promise of purity; a red robe—the red meant the blood he was to shed in fighting for the right; and he put on a black doublet (which is a sort of jacket), and this was black in token of death, of which a knight was never to be afraid. Then he went into the church, and there he spent the night in prayer. He heard the priests singing their chant in the darkness of the big church, and he thought of his sins, and steadfastly purposed to lead a new life. In the morning he confessed his sins, walked up to the altar, laid down his belt and sword, and



AT FOURTEEN HE BECAME A SQUIRE.

then knelt at the foot of the altar steps. He received the Holy Communion, and then the lord who was to make him a knight gave him the accolade—three strokes on the back of the bare neck with the flat side of the sword—and said:

“In the name of Saint George I make thee a knight,”—and

bade him take back his sword—"in the name of God and Saint George, and use it like a true knight as a terror and a punishment for evil-doers, and a defence for widows and orphans, and the poor, and the oppressed, and the priests—the servants of God."

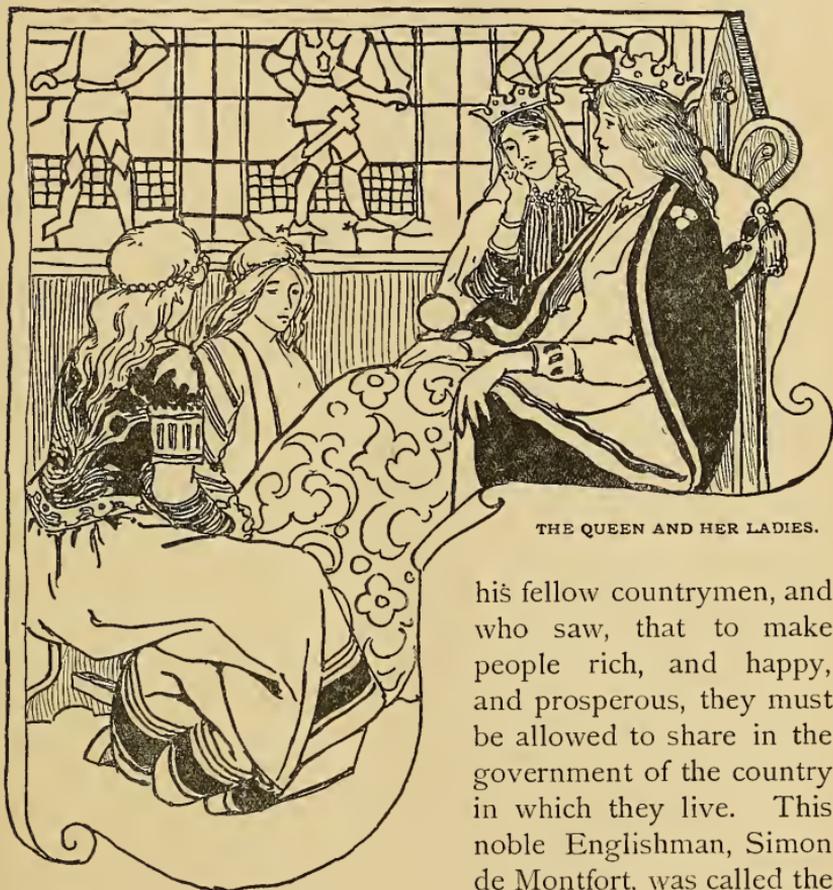
The priests and the ladies came round him and put on his gilt spurs, and his coat of mail, and his breastplate, and armpieces, and gauntlets, and took the sword and girded it on him. Then the young man swore to be faithful to God, the king, and woman; his squire brought him his helmet, and his horse's shoes rang on the church pavement and under the tall arches as his squire led the charger up the aisle. In the presence of priests, and knights, and ladies assembled, the young knight sprang upon his horse and caracoled before the altar, brandishing his lance and his sword. And then away to do the good work he was sworn to.

Many, of course, forgot their promises and broke their vows, but in those wild times many a rough man was made gentle, many a cruel man less cruel, and many a faint-hearted one made bold by the noble thoughts from which the idea of chivalry sprang.

Now, you know, England is governed by the king and Parliament. But in those old days England was ruled by kings and by such nobles as had money and strength enough to be able to rule by force. These nobles were indeed a terror to the people. They lived in strong, stoutly-built castles, with a great moat or ditch round them, and having always many retainers and armed servants, they were often able to resist the king himself. It was the growing power and riches of the king which they most dreaded, for he only could do them harm. It was then for their own sakes—to guard their own persons, to protect their own property against

the king—rather than from any desire to help the people, that the barons resisted first John and then Henry.

But among them was a noble, unselfish man, who loved



THE QUEEN AND HER LADIES.

his fellow countrymen, and who saw, that to make people rich, and happy, and prosperous, they must be allowed to share in the government of the country in which they live. This noble Englishman, Simon de Montfort, was called the

great Earl, and it was he who headed the resistance to Henry the Third, when that king tried to escape from keeping the promises contained in the Great Charter which he had bound himself to obey.

It would require a great deal of writing on my part, and a great deal of reading on yours, to follow the king through his disputes with the barons, and to follow the barons through their disputes with one another—so I will make short work of it for both of us, and only relate the chief events that arose out of these quarrels. The good King of France was asked to decide between them. He gave it as his opinion that the king must maintain the Great Charter, and that the barons must give up the Committee of Government, and all the rest that had been done by the Parliament at Oxford; which the Royalists, or king's party, scornfully called the Mad Parliament. The barons declared that these were not fair terms, and they would not accept them. Then they caused the great bell of St. Paul's to be tolled, for the purpose of rousing up the London people, who armed themselves at the dismal sound and formed quite an army in the streets. I am sorry to say, however, that instead of falling upon the king's party with whom their quarrel was, they fell upon the miserable Jews, and killed at least five hundred of them. They pretended that some of these Jews were on the king's side, and that they kept hidden in their houses, for the destruction of the people, a certain terrible composition called Greek Fire, which could not be put out with water, but only burned the fiercer for it. What they really did keep in their houses was money; and this their cruel enemies wanted, and this their cruel enemies took, like robbers and murderers.

The Earl of Leicester put himself at the head of these Londoners and other forces, and followed the king to Lewes in Sussex, where he lay encamped with his army. Before giving the king's forces battle here, the Earl addressed his soldiers, and said that King Henry the Third had broken so many oaths, that he had become the enemy of God, and

therefore they would wear white crosses upon their breasts, as if they were arrayed, not against a fellow-Christian, but against a Turk. White-crossed accordingly, they rushed into the fight. They would have lost the day—the king having on his side all the foreigners in England; and from Scotland, John Comyn, John Baliol, and Robert Bruce, with all their men—but for the impatience of Prince Edward, who in his hot desire to have vengeance on the people of London, threw the whole of his father's army into confusion. He was taken prisoner; so was the king; so was the king's brother the king of the Romans; and five thousand Englishmen were left dead upon the bloody grass.

For this success, the Pope excommunicated the Earl of Leicester; which neither the Earl nor the people cared at all about. The people loved him and supported him, and he became the real king; having all the power of the government in his own hands, though he was outwardly respectful to King Henry the Third, whom he took with him wherever he went, like a poor old limp coat-card. He summoned a Parliament (in the year one thousand two hundred and sixty-five) which was the first Parliament in England that the people had any real share in electing; and he grew more and more in favor with the people every day, and they stood by him in whatever he did.

Many of the other barons, and particularly the Earl of Gloucester, who had become by this time as proud as his father, grew jealous of this powerful and popular Earl, who was proud too, and began to conspire against him. Since the battle of Lewes, Prince Edward had been kept as a hostage, and, though he was otherwise treated like a prince, had never been allowed to go out without attendants appointed by the Earl of Leicester, who watched him. The conspiring lords

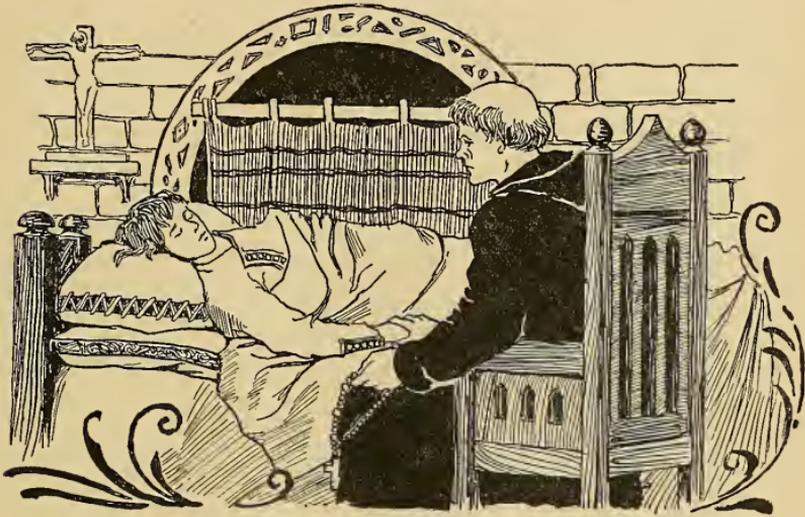
found means to propose to him, in secret, that they should assist him to escape, and should make him their leader; to which he very heartily consented.

So, on a day that was agreed upon, he said to his attendants after dinner (being then at Hereford), "I should like to ride on horseback, this fine afternoon, a little way into the country." As they, too, thought it would be very pleasant to have a canter in the sunshine, they all rode out of the town together in a gay little troop. When they came to a fine level piece of turf, the prince fell to comparing their horses one with another, and offering bets that one was faster than another; and the attendants, suspecting no harm, rode galloping matches until their horses were quite tired. The prince rode no matches himself, but looked on from his saddle, and staked his money. Thus they passed the whole merry afternoon. Now, the sun was setting, and they were all going slowly up a hill, the prince's horse very fresh, and all the other horses very weary, when a strange rider mounted on a gray steed appeared at the top of the hill, and waved his hat. "What does the fellow mean?" said the attendants one to another. The prince answered on the instant, by setting spurs to his horse, dashing away at his utmost speed, joining the man, riding into the midst of a little crowd of horsemen who were then seen waiting under some trees, and who closed around him; and so he departed in a cloud of dust, leaving the road empty of all but the baffled attendants, who sat looking at one another, while their horses drooped their ears and panted.

The prince joined the Earl of Gloucester at Ludlow. The Earl of Leicester, with a part of the army and the stupid old king was at Hereford. One of the Earl of Leicester's sons, Simon de Montfort, with another part of the army was in

Sussex. To prevent these two parts from uniting was the prince's first object. He attacked Simon de Montfort by night, defeated him, seized his banners and treasure, and forced him into Kenilworth Castle, in Warwickshire, which belonged to his family.

His father, the Earl of Leicester, in the meanwhile, not knowing what had happened, marched out of Hereford with his part of the army and the king, to meet him. He came,



THE PRIESTS ATTENDED THE SICK.

on a bright morning in August, to Evesham, which is watered by the pleasant river Avon. Looking rather anxiously across the prospect towards Kenilworth, he saw his own banners advancing ; and his face brightened with joy. But it clouded darkly when he presently perceived that the banners were captured, and in the enemy's hands ; and he said, "It is over. The Lord have mercy on our souls, for our bodies are Prince Edward's !"

He fought like a true knight, nevertheless. When his horse was killed under him he fought on foot. It was a fierce battle, and the dead lay in heaps everywhere. The old king, stuck up in a suit of armor on a big war-horse, which didn't mind him at all, and which carried him into all sorts of places where he didn't want to go, got into everybody's way, and very nearly got knocked on the head by one of his own son's men. But he managed to pipe out, "I am Harry of Winchester!" and the prince, who heard him, seized his bridle, and took him out of peril. The Earl of Leicester still fought bravely, until his best son Henry was killed, and the bodies of his best friends choked his path; and then he fell, still fighting, sword in hand. They mangled his body, and sent it, as a present to a noble lady—but a very unpleasant lady, I should think—who was the wife of his worst enemy. They could not mangle his memory in the minds of his faithful people, though. Many years afterwards, they loved him more than ever, and regarded him as a saint, and always spoke of him as "Sir Simon the Righteous."

And even though he was dead, the cause for which he had fought still lived, and was strong, and forced itself upon the king in the very hour of victory. Henry found himself obliged to respect the Great Charter, however much he hated it, and to make laws similar to the laws of the Great Earl of Leicester, and to be moderate and forgiving towards the people at last—even toward the people of London, who had so long opposed him. There were more risings before all this was done, but they were set at rest by these means, and Prince Edward did his best in all things to restore peace. One Sir Adam de Gourdon was the last dissatisfied knight in arms; but the prince vanquished him in single combat in a wood, and nobly gave him his life, and became his

friend, instead of slaying him. Sir Adam was not ungrateful. He ever afterwards remained devoted to his generous conquerer.

Some of the priests in England had grown very wicked and greedy. They neglected their duties and thought only of feasting and making themselves comfortable. But some good monks came over from Rome, and determined to try to show the English priests what a Christian's duty was. They made a vow to be poor, and to deny themselves everything, except just enough food to keep body and soul together. They would not even have books at first, but spent all the money they could collect on the poor. They nursed the sick and helped the unfortunate. They would not wear pretty clothes or beautiful vestments, but were dressed in plain grey or black serge, with a rope round the waist, and bare feet. Although they were foreigners and could speak but little English, they encouraged people to write in the English language instead of in Latin or French.

It was a favorite dream of the early English and French kings to take Jerusalem and the Holy Land from the hands of the Saracens, and to let Christians be the guardians of the place where Christ lived and died. To do this they were constantly making war on the Saracens, and these wars were called Crusades, and the knights who went to them Crusaders. Crusaders carried a red cross on their banners and on their shields. The Saracens' banners and shields had a crescent like a new moon. For two hundred years this fighting went on, and the last of our English princes to take part in it was Prince Edward. He had only three hundred knights with him, and was not able to attack Jerusalem, because he could not get together more than seven thousand men. His knights went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, but he stayed in his camp

at Acre. One day a messenger came into his tent with letters, and while he was reading them, the wicked messenger stabbed him. He had been sent to do so by the Saracens, because they were afraid of this brave prince. The prince caught the blow on his arm, and kicked the messenger to the ground, but the man rose and rushed at him again with the knife. The dagger just grazed the prince's forehead, and seizing a wooden footstool Prince Edward dashed out the messenger's brains. His wife, the Princess Eleanor, was afraid the dagger was poisoned. So she sucked the blood from the wound with her own lips, and so most likely saved his life. But he was very ill in spite of this, and England nearly lost one of her best and bravest princes.

As the king, his father, had sent entreaties to him to return home, he now began the journey. He had got as far as Italy, when he met messengers who brought him intelligence of the king's death. Hearing that all was quiet at home, he made no haste to return to his own dominions, but paid a visit to the Pope, and went in state through various Italian towns, where he was welcomed with acclamations as a mighty champion of the Cross from the Holy Land, and where he received presents of purple mantles and prancing horses, and went along in pomp and triumph. The shouting people little knew that he was the last English monarch who would ever embark in a crusade, or that within twenty years every conquest which the Christians had made in the Holy Land, at the cost of so much blood, would be won back by the Turks. But all this came to pass.

There was, and there is, an old town standing in a plain in France, called Châlons. When the king was coming toward this place on his way to England, a wily French lord, called the Count of Châlons, sent him a polite challenge

to come with his knights and hold a fair tournament with the Count and *his* knights, and make a day of it with sword and lance. It was represented to the king that the Count of Châlons was not to be trusted, and that, instead of a holiday fight for mere show and in good humor, he secretly meant a real battle, in which the English should be defeated by superior force.

The king, however, nothing afraid, went to the appointed place on the appointed day with a thousand followers. When

the count came with two thousand and attacked the English in earnest, the English rushed at them with such valor that the count's men and the count's horses soon began to be tumbled down all over the field. The count himself seized the king round the neck, but the king tumbled



him out of his saddle in return for the compliment, and, jumping from his own horse, and standing over him, beat away at his iron armor like a blacksmith hammering on his anvil. Even when the count owned himself defeated and offered his sword, the king would not do him the honor to take it, but made him yield it up to a common soldier. There had been such fury shown in this fight, that it was afterwards called the battle of Châlons.

The English were very well disposed to be proud of their king after these adventures; so, when he landed at Dover in the year one thousand two hundred and seventy-four

(being then thirty-six years old), and went on to Westminster where he and his good queen were crowned with great magnificence, splendid rejoicings took place. For the coronation-feast there were provided, among other eatables, four hundred oxen, four hundred sheep, four hundred and fifty pigs, eighteen wild boars, three hundred fitches of bacon and twenty thousand fowls. The fountains and conduits in the streets flowed with red and white wine instead of water; the rich citizens hung silks and cloths of the brightest colors out of their windows to increase the beauty of the show, and threw out gold and silver by whole handfuls to make scrambles for the crowd. In short, there was such eating and drinking, such music and capering, such a ringing of bells and tossing up of caps, such a shouting, and singing, and reveling, as the narrow overhanging streets of old London City had not witnessed for many a long day. All the people were merry—except the poor Jews, who, trembling within their houses, and scarcely daring to peep out, began to foresee that they would have to find the money for this joviality sooner or later.

To dismiss this sad subject of the Jews for the present, I am sorry to add that in this reign they were most unmercifully pillaged. They were hanged in great numbers, on accusations of having clipped the King's coin—which all kinds of people had done. They were heavily taxed; they were disgracefully badged; they were, on one day, thirteen years after the coronation, taken up with their wives and children and thrown into beastly prisons, until they purchased their release by paying to the king twelve thousand pounds. Finally, every kind of property belonging to them was seized by the king, except so little as would defray the charge of their taking themselves away into foreign countries. Many years

elapsed before the hope of gain induced any of their race to return to England, where they had been treated so heartlessly and had suffered so much.

If King Edward the First had been as bad a king to Christians as he was to Jews, he would have been bad indeed. But he was, in general, a wise and great monarch, under whom the country much improved. He had no love for the Great Charter—few kings had, through many, many years—but he had high qualities. The first bold object that he conceived when he came home, was to unite under one sovereign England, Scotland and Wales; the two last of which countries had each a little king of its own, about whom the people were always quarreling and fighting and making a prodigious disturbance—a great deal more than he was worth. In the course of King Edward's reign he was engaged, besides, in a war with France. Let us tell about his troubles with the Welsh.

Llewellyn was the Prince of Wales. He had been on the side of the barons in the reign of the stupid old king, but had afterwards sworn allegiance to him. When King Edward came to the throne, Llewellyn was required to swear allegiance to him also, which he refused to do. The king, being crowned and in his own dominions, three times more required Llewellyn to come and do homage, and three times more Llewellyn said he would rather not. He was going to be married to Eleanor de Montfort, and it chanced that this young lady, coming from France with her youngest brother, Emeric, was taken by an English ship, and was ordered by the English king to be detained. Upon this, the quarrel came to a head. The king went, with his fleet, to the coast of Wales, where, so encompassing Llewellyn, that he could only take refuge in the bleak mountain region of Snowdon,

in which no provisions could reach him, he was soon starved into an apology, and into a treaty of peace, and into paying the expenses of the war. The king, however, forgave him some of the hardest conditions of the treaty and consented to his marriage. And he now thought he had reduced Wales to obedience. But the Welsh, although they were naturally a gentle, quiet, pleasant and hospitable people, were of great spirit when their blood was up. So they went to war and for reasons we shall speak of in the next chapter.

King Edward had bought over Prince David, Llewellyn's brother, by heaping favors upon him; but he was the first to revolt, being perhaps troubled in his conscience. One stormy night he surprised the Castle of Hawarden, killed the whole garrison and carried off the nobleman a prisoner to Snowdon. Upon this, the Welsh people rose like one man. King Edward with his army, marching from Worcester to the Menai Strait, crossed it—near to where the wonderful tubular iron bridge now, in days so different, makes a passage for railway trains—by a bridge of boats that enabled forty men to march abreast. He subdued the Island of Anglesea, and sent his men forward to observe the enemy. The sudden appearance of the Welsh created a panic among them, and they fell back to the bridge. The tide had in the meantime risen and separated the boats; the Welsh pursuing them, they were driven into the sea, and there they sunk, in their heavy iron armour, by thousands. After this victory Llewellyn, helped by the severe winter weather of Wales, gained another battle; but the King ordering a portion of his English army to advance through South Wales, and catch him between two foes, and Llewellyn bravely turning to meet this new enemy, he was surprised and killed—very meanly, for he was unarmed and defenceless. But of this we shall hear more in a few moments.



England in the Year, A. D., 1300.

THERE were Welsh princes long before there were English kings, and the Welsh princes could not bear to be subject to the kings of England. So they were always fighting to get back their independence. But the English kings could not let them be free as they wished, because England could never have been safe with an independent kingdom so close to her. So there were constant wars between the two countries, and sometimes the fortune of battle went one way and sometimes the other.

But at last the Welsh Prince Llewellyn was killed. He had gone to the south of Wales to cheer up his subjects there, and he had crossed the river Wye into England, when a small band of English knights came up. A young knight named Adam Frankton met with a Welsh chief as he came out of a barn to join the Welsh army. Frankton at once attacked him, and after a struggle, wounded the Welsh chief to death. Then he rode on to battle, and when he came back he tried to find out what had become of the Welshman. He heard that he was already dead, and then they found that the dead man was the great Welsh Prince Llewellyn. His

head was taken off and sent to London, where it was placed on the battlements of the Tower and crowned, in scorn, with ivy. This was because an old Welsh magician, years before, had said that when English money became round, the Welsh princes should be crowned in London. And money had become round in this way :—

Before this there were silver pennies, and when anyone wanted a half-penny, he chopped the silver penny in two, and if he wanted a farthing he chopped the silver penny in four, so that money was all sorts of queer shapes. But Edward the First had caused round copper half-pennies and farthings to be made, and when the Welsh prince had heard of this he had believed that the old magician's words were coming true, and that he should defeat Edward and become king of England himself. Instead of this, the poor man's head was cut off, and, in mockery of his hopes and dreams, they crowned the poor dead head with a wreath of ivy.

Now the Welsh wanted another prince, and King Edward said : "If you will submit to me and not fight any more, you shall have a prince who was born in Wales, can speak never a word of English, and never did wrong to man, woman, or child." The Welsh people agreed that if they could have such a prince as that, they would be contented and quiet, and give up fighting. And so one day the leaders of the Welsh met King Edward at his castle in Caernarvon, and asked for the Prince he had promised them, and he came out of his castle with his little son, who had only been born a week before, in his arms.

"Here is your Prince," he said, holding up the little baby. "He was born in Wales, he cannot speak a word of English, and he has never done harm to man, woman or child."

Instead of being angry at the trick the king had played them, the Welsh people were very pleased. Welsh nurses took care of the baby, so that he really did learn to speak in Welsh before he could speak in English. And the Welsh were so pleased with their baby king that from that time Edward the First had no more trouble with them.

There are many stories told of this prince's boldness as a child. He promised them to grow up as brave as his



"HERE IS YOUR PRINCE. HE WAS BORN IN WALES, HE CANNOT SPEAK A WORD OF ENGLISH, AND HE HAS NEVER DONE HARM TO MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD."

father, and it would have been better for him if he had done so. He was always very fond of hunting, and once when he was quite young, he and his servants were hunting the deer. His servants lost the trace of the deer, and presently, when they reined up their horses, they found that the young prince was no longer with them. They looked everywhere for him, very frightened lest he should have fallen into the hands of robbers; and at last they heard a horn blown in the forest.

They followed the sound of it and presently found that the young prince had seen which way the deer went, and had followed it and killed it all by himself.

Now King Edward the First had great trouble with his Scotch nobles, and many were the battles he fought with them, until at last he forced the Scottish king Balliol to declare himself his vassal, and he became the over-lord of Scotland. But there arose a brave Scot named William Wallace, who longed to see his country free from England, and he drove the English back, and again and again he beat them.

But in a few years Edward got together another army, and leading them into Scotland he beat the Scots and took Wallace prisoner. Wallace was tried and found guilty of treason, and when he had been beheaded, they crowned his head with laurel and placed it on London Bridge, for all the passers-by, by road or river, to see.

Then two men claimed the Scottish crown, Robert Bruce and John, who was called the Red Comyn. They were jealous of each other, and Bruce thought that Comyn had betrayed him. They met in a church to have an explanation.

"You are a traitor," said Bruce.

"You lie," said Comyn.

And Bruce in a fury struck at him with his dagger, and then, filled with horror, rushed from the church. "To horse, to horse," he cried. One of his attendants, named Kirkpatrick, asked him what was the matter.

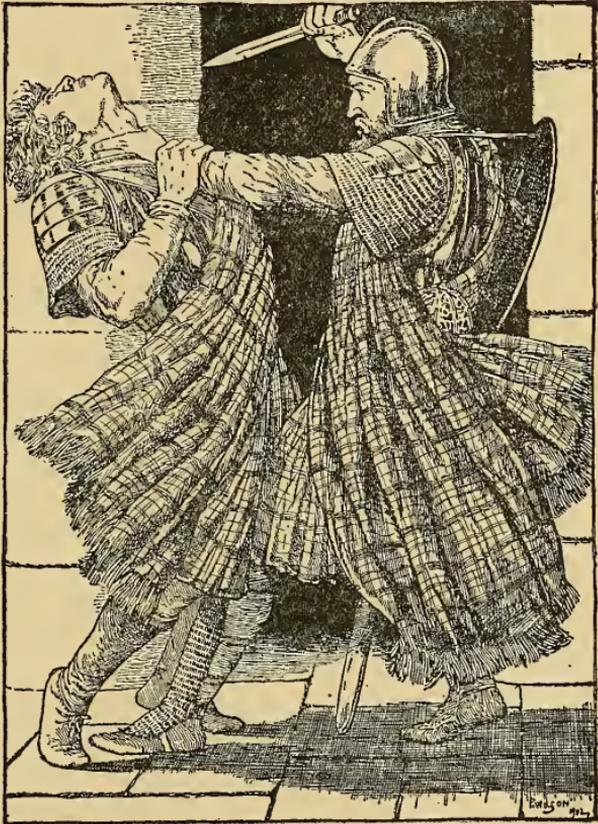
"I doubt," said Bruce, "that I have slain the Red Comyn,"

"You doubt!" said Kirkpatrick. "I will make sure."

So saying, Kirkpatrick ran hurriedly back into the church, and ruthlessly dealt the wounded man his deathblow.

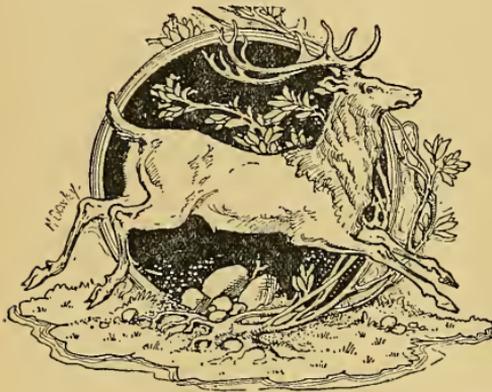
And now the task of defending Scotland against Edward was left to Robert Bruce. King Edward was so angry when he heard of this murder, that at the feast, when his son was made a knight, he swore over the swan, which was the chief dish and which was the emblem of truth and constancy, that he would never rest two nights in the same place till he had chastised the Scots. And for some time the Scots and English were at bitter war, and when King Edward died, he made his son promise he would go on fighting.

But Edward the Second was not a man like his father. He was more like his grandfather Henry the Third, caring



COMYN STABBED BY BRUCE.

for pretty colors and pretty things, rich clothes, rich feasts, rich jewels, and surrounding himself with worthless favorites. Robert Bruce said he was more afraid of the dead bones of Edward the First than of the living body of Edward of Caernarvon, and that it was easier to win a kingdom from his son than a foot of land from the father. Gradually the castles the English had taken in Scotland were won back from them. For twenty years the English had held the castle of Edinburgh, and at the end of that time, Randolph, a Scottish noble, and a cousin of Robert Bruce, came to besiege it.



The siege was long, and the brave English showed no signs of giving in. Randolph was told that it was possible to climb up the south face of the rock on which the castle stood, and steep as the rock was, Randolph and some others began to climb it one dark

night. When they were part of the way up, and close to the wall of the castle, they heard a soldier above them cry out: "Away, I see you," and down came stone after stone. Had many more been thrown Randolph and his companions must have been dashed to the ground and killed, for it was only on a very narrow ledge that they had found a footing. But the soldier was only in joke, trying to frighten his fellows. He had not really seen them at all, and he passed on. When all was quiet again, the daring Scots climbed up till they reached the top of the wall, and when

they had fixed a rope ladder the rest of their men came up. Then they fell upon the men of the garrison and killed them, and the castle was taken by the Scots.

Intelligence was brought that Bruce was then besieging Stirling Castle, and that the governor had been obliged to pledge himself to surrender it, unless he should be relieved before a certain day. Hereupon, the king ordered the nobles and their fighting men to meet him at Berwick; but, the nobles cared so little for the king, and so neglected the summons, and lost time, that only on the day before that appointed for the surrender, did the king find himself at Stirling, and even then with a smaller force than he had expected. However, he had, altogether, a hundred thousand men, and Bruce had not more than forty thousand; but, Bruce's army was strongly posted in three square columns, on the ground lying between the Burn or Brook of Bannock and the walls of Stirling Castle.

On the very evening, when the king came up, Bruce did a brave act that encouraged his men. He was seen by a certain Henry de Bohun, an English knight, riding about before his army on a little horse, with a light battle-axe in his hand and a crown of gold on his head. This English knight, who was mounted on a strong war-horse, cased in steel, strongly armed, and able (as he thought) to overthrow Bruce by crushing him with his mere weight, set spurs to his great charger, rode on him, and made a thrust at him with his heavy spear. Bruce parried the thrust, and with one blow of his battle-axe split his skull.

The Scottish men did not forget this, next day when the battle raged. Randolph, Bruce's valiant nephew, rode, with the small body of men he commanded, into such a host of the English, all shining in polished armor in the sunlight,

that they seemed to be swallowed up and lost, as if they had plunged into the sea. But they fought so well, and did such dreadful execution, that the English staggered. Then came Bruce himself upon them, with all the rest of his army. While they were thus hard pressed and amazed, there appeared upon the hills what they supposed to be a new Scottish army, but what were really only the camp followers, in number fifteen thousand, whom Bruce had taught to show themselves at that place and time. The Earl of Gloucester, commanding the English horse, made a last rush to change the fortune of the day; but Bruce (like Jack the Giant-killer in the story) had had pits dug in the ground, and covered over with turfs and stakes. Into these, as they gave way beneath the weight of the horses, riders and horses rolled by hundreds. The English were completely routed; all their treasure, stores and engines, were taken by the Scottish men; so many wagons and other wheeled vehicles were seized, that it is related that they would have reached, if they had been drawn out in a line, one hundred and eighty miles. The fortunes of Scotland were, for the time, completely changed; and never was a battle won, more famous upon Scottish ground, than this great battle of Bannockburn.

Edward with difficulty saved his life, and throughout England there were bitter lamentings at the loss and shame the country had suffered. Scotland was free from the English yoke, and of all the great conquests the first Edward had won, only Berwick-on-Tweed remained to the English.

Edward II was never loved by his subjects. He made favorites of silly and wicked persons, and so gave much offence to good folk.

There was a certain favorite of his, a young man from Gascony, named Piers Gaveston, of whom his father had so

much disapproved that he had ordered him out of England, and had made his son swear by the side of his sick bed, never to bring him back. But, the prince no sooner found himself king, than he broke his oath, as so many other princes and kings did (they were far too ready to take oaths), and sent for his dear friend immediately.

Now, this same Gaveston was handsome enough, but was a reckless, insolent, audacious fellow. He was detested by the proud English lords, not

only because he had such power over the king, and made the court such a dissipated place, but, also, because he could ride better than they at tournaments, and was used, in his impudence, to cut very bad jokes on them; calling one, the old hog; another, the stage-player; another, the Jew; another, the black dog of Ardenne. This was as poor wit as need be, but it made those lords very wroth; and the surly Earl of Warwick, who was the black dog, swore that the time



THE LOVELY FRENCH PRINCESS.

should come when Piers Gaveston, this proud, insolent and detested favorite of the king, should feel the black dog's teeth.

It was not come yet, however, nor did it seem to be coming. The king made him Earl of Cornwall, and gave him vast riches; and, when the king went over to France to marry the French Princess Isabella, daughter of Philip le Bel, who was said to be the most beautiful woman in the world, he made Gaveston regent of the kingdom. His splendid marriage ceremony in the church of Our Lady at Boulogne, where

there were four kings and three queens present (quite a pack of coat cards, for I dare say the knaves were not wanting), being over, he seemed to care little or nothing for his beautiful wife ; but was wild with impatience to meet Gaveston again.

When he landed at home, he paid no attention to anybody else, but ran into the favorite's arms before a great concourse of people, and hugged him, and kissed him, and called him his brother. At the coronation, which soon followed, Gaveston was the richest and brightest of all the glittering company there, and had the honor of carrying the crown. This made the proud lords fiercer than ever ; the people, too, despised the favorite, and would never call him Earl of Cornwall, however much he complained to the king and asked him to punish them for not doing so, but persisted in styling him plain Piers Gaveston.

The barons were so unceremonious with the king, in giving him to understand that they would not bear this favorite, that the king was obliged to send him out of the country. The favorite himself was made to take an oath (more oaths !) that he would never come back, and the barons supposed him to be banished in disgrace, until they heard that he was appointed governor of Ireland. Even this was not enough for the besotted king, who brought him home again in a year's time, and not only disgusted the court and the people by his doting folly, but offended his beautiful wife, too, who never liked him afterwards.

He had now the old royal want—of money—and the barons had the new power of positively refusing to let him raise any. He summoned a Parliament at York ; the barons refused to make one, while the favorite was near him. He summoned another Parliament at Westminster, and sent Gaveston away. Then, the barons came, completely armed,

and appointed a committee of themselves to correct abuses in the state and in the king's household. He got some money on these conditions, and directly set off with Gaveston for the border country, where they spent it in idling away the time, and feasting, while Bruce made ready to drive the English out of Scotland. For, though the old king had even made this poor weak son of his swear (as some say) that he would not bury his bones, but would have them boiled clean in a caldron, and carried in front of the English army until Scotland was entirely subjugated, the second Edward was so unlike the first Edward that Bruce gained increasing strength and power daily.

The committee of nobles, after some months of deliberation, ordained that the king should henceforth call a Paroliment together, once every year, and even twice if necessary, instead of summoning it only when he chose. Further, that Gaveston should once more be banished, and, this time, on pain of death if he ever came back. The king's tears were of no avail; he was obliged to send his favorite to Flanders. As soon as he had done so, however, he dissolved the Parliament, with the low cunning of a mere fool, and set off to the



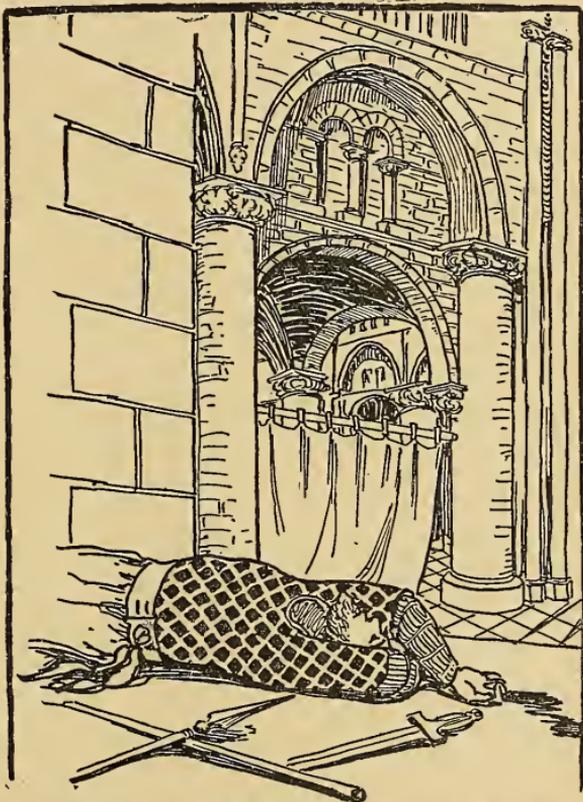
north of England, thinking to get an army about him to oppose the nobles. And once again he brought Gaveston home, and heaped upon him all the riches and titles of which the barons had deprived him.

The lords saw, now, that there was nothing for it but to put the favorite to death. They could have done so, legally, according to the terms of his banishment; but they did so, I am sorry to say, in a shabby manner. Led by the Earl of Lancaster, the king's cousin, they first of all attacked the king and Gaveston at Newcastle. They had time to escape by sea, and the mean king, having his precious Gaveston with him, was quite content to leave his lovely wife behind. When they were comparatively safe, they separated; the king went to York to collect a force of soldiers; and the favorite shut himself up, in the meantime, in Scarborough Castle overlooking the sea. This was what the barons wanted. They knew that the castle could not hold out; they attacked it, and made Gaveston surrender. He delivered himself up to the Earl of Pembroke—that lord whom he had called the Jew—on the earl's pledging his faith and knightly word, that no harm should happen to him and no violence be done him.

Now, it was agreed with Gaveston, that he should be taken to the Castle of Wallingford, and there kept in honorable custody. They traveled as far as Dedington, near Banbury, where, in the castle of that place, they stopped for a night to rest. Whether the Earl of Pembroke left his prisoner there, knowing what would happen, or really left him thinking no harm, and only going (as he pretended) to visit his wife, the countess, who was in the neighborhood, is no great matter now; in any case, he was bound as an honorable gentleman to protect his prisoner, and he did not do it. In the morning, while the favorite was yet in bed, he was

required to dress himself and come down into the courtyard. He did so without any mistrust, but started and turned pale when he found it full of strange armed men. "I think you know me?" said their leader, also armed from head to foot. "I am the black dog of Ardenne!"

The time had come when Piers Gaveston was to feel the black dog's teeth, indeed. They set him on a mule, and carried him, in mock state and with military music, to the black dog's kennel—Warwick Castle—where a hasty council, composed of some great noblemen, considered what should be done with him. Some were for sparing



RANDOLPH WAS DASHED TO THE GROUND AND KILLED.

him, but one loud voice—it was the black dog's bark, I dare say—sounded through the castle hall, uttering these words: "You have the fox in your power. Let him go now, and you must hunt him again."

They sentenced him to death. He threw himself at the feet of the Earl of Lancaster—the old hog—but the old hog was as savage as the dog. He was taken out upon the pleasant road, leading from Warwick to Coventry, where the beautiful river Avon, by which, long afterwards, William Shakespeare was born and now lies buried, sparkled in the bright landscape of the beautiful May day; and there they struck off his head, and stained the dust with his blood.

When the king heard of this black deed, in his grief and rage he denounced relentless war against the barons, and both sides were in arms for half a year. But, it then became necessary for them to join their forces against Bruce, who had used the time well while they were divided, and had now a great power in Scotland.

Edward II was wasteful and extravagant, and did not even try to govern the country wisely and well, while his favorites made themselves hated more and more by their dishonesty and wickedness. The last of his favorites was named Despenser, and he was as much hated by the Queen Isabella as by the lords and people of England. Despenser not only made himself hated by the queen, but he managed also to make her dislike her husband, the king, with whom she had long been on unfriendly terms. At last Isabella, disgusted with her husband and his favorite, ran away to France, and there, with the help of the Count of Hainault and other friends in England, she raised an army and attacked and defeated her husband and his favorite. The young Despenser was hanged on a gibbet fifty feet high, and a Parliament was called to decide what should be done with the king.

The Parliament declared its right to make or unmake kings, and ordered that Edward should not be king any more. Some members went to Edward at Kenilworth to tell him

what they had decided, and Edward, clad in a plain black gown, received them and quietly promised to be king no more. Then he was taken to Berkeley Castle, and a few months after the people learned that he was dead.

There has always been much doubt whether he died a natural death or was murdered. The queen was certainly not a good woman, and she hated her husband bitterly, and, perhaps for these reasons, people were ready to believe that she had helped to kill the wretched king. At any rate there was some ground for suspecting that some of her greatest friends in England caused Edward to be murdered.

The Bishop of Hereford, who had always been on the queen's side, is said to have sent to two wicked men the following message written in Latin: "*Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum est.*" Now this message had two meanings according to the way the stops were put in. The first was: "Be unwilling to fear to kill Edward—it is good."



The other was: "Be unwilling to kill Edward—it is good to fear." So you see that, if this message fell into any one's hands for whom it was not intended, the bishop would have been able to say he meant to warn people not to kill the king, while Gurney and Maltravers, who received the message, could say that the paper was an order to kill him.

The story goes, as told by Marlowe, a great English poet, that they came to the castle and there found the poor king in a dungeon. He was standing in mire and puddle, and, although he was a king, they gave him only bread and water, and when he tried to sleep they beat loudly upon a drum so that he could get no rest. Then the poor king thought of his former greatness and how brave and galant a show he had made as a knight in many a tournament, and he cried out:

"Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont."

He was too weak to resist these wicked men, and they had no mercy in their hearts, but murdered him.



England in the Year, A. D., 1340.

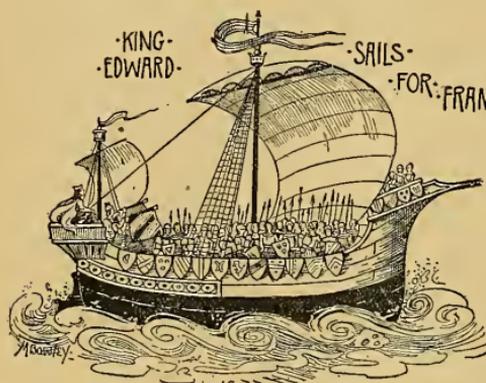
THE name of Edward the Black Prince will always be remembered with love and admiration by all brave boys and girls, because he was by all accounts a very brave, gallant, and courteous prince, feared by his foes and by his friends beloved. His father, Edward the Third, had not given up his hopes of regaining his lost possessions in France, so he spent two long years in getting together money and ships and an army. He fought the French fleet near Sluys. Both sides fought fiercely, and at last the English won. The French had thought that they were quite sure to get the best of it, and they were afraid to tell the King of France how the English had beaten them, for hundreds of the French had been either killed or been forced to jump into the sea to escape the swords of the English.

Now, at this time every king kept a jester to make

jokes and amuse him and his friends at their feasts, and the jester was a privileged person, who could say anything he liked. So now they told the jester of the King of France that he must tell the king the bad news, because he could say what he liked and no one would punish him for it. So the jester said—

“Oh ! what dastardly cowards the English are !”

“How so?” said the king, who expected to hear that the cowardly English had been driven away by his men.



“Because,” answered the jester, “they have not jumped into the sea as our brave men had to do.”

So then the king asked him what he meant, and then the courtiers came forward and told the sad story of the English victory.

Then Edward besieged a town called Tournay, but he had not enough money to get provisions for his men, so he had to make friends with the king of France for a little while and go back to England.

Six years later he pawned his crown and his queen's jewels, and at last got together enough money to go and fight with the French again. He landed at La Hogue, and as he landed he fell so violently that his nose began to bleed.

“Oh, this is a bad sign,” said his courtiers, “that your first step on French soil should be a fall.”

“Not so,” said the king. “It is a good sign. It shows that the land desires me ; so she takes me close to her.”

He had thirty-two thousand men with him, and his son, the Black Prince. Some say he was called the Black Prince because he wore black armor, but others say it was because he made himself as great a terror to the French as a black night is to foolish children who are by themselves in a room.

Then Edward marched towards the French, and the French marched to meet him, and as they marched they broke down all the bridges, so that the English could not advance by them. But Edward had made up his mind to get across the river Seine and fight with his enemies; and he was no more to be stopped by the water than a dog



THE BRAVE ENGLISH KNIGHT.

would have been who wanted to get over to the other side to fight another dog. He got a poor man to show him a place where the river was shallow at low tide, and there he plunged into the river, crying, "Let him who loves me follow me," and the whole army followed and got safely to the other side.

Edward arranged his soldiers well, and went himself to the top of a little hill where there was a windmill. From this he could see everything that went on. The French had a far larger army than the English, and when they came in sight of Edward's army and saw how well placed it was, the wiser Frenchmen said, "Do not let us fight them to-day, for our men and horses are tired. Let us wait for to-morrow and then we can drive them back." So the foremost of the French army turned back, but those behind were discontented and thought the fighting had begun and that they had not had a chance. So they pushed forward till the whole French army was close to the English.

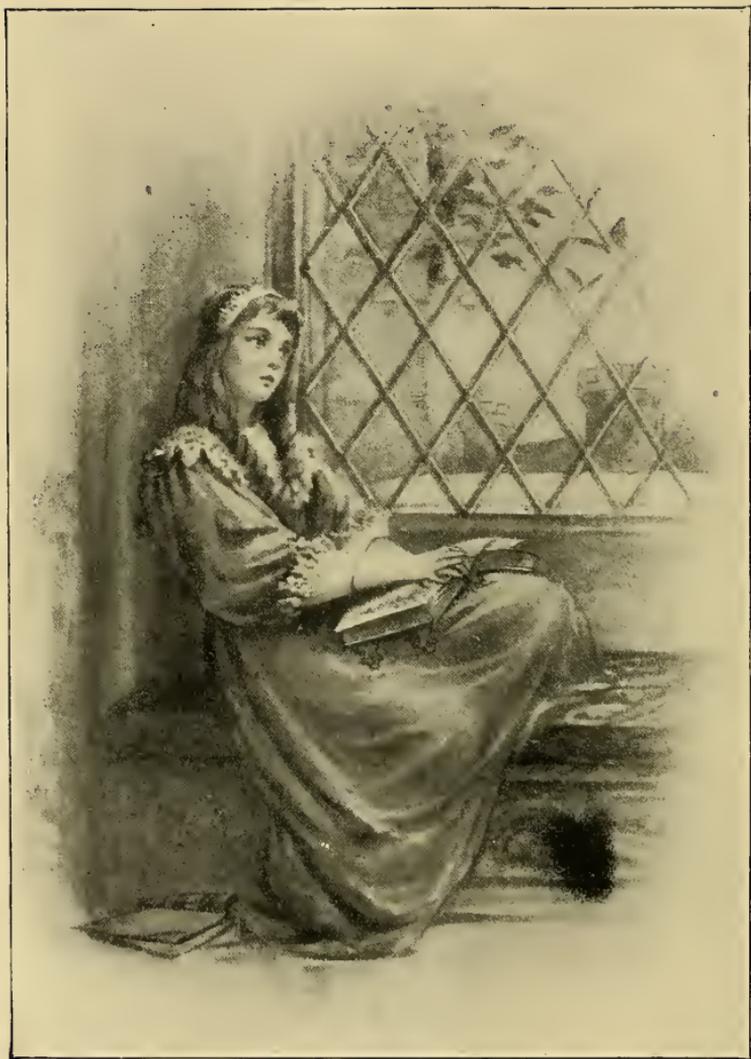
King Edward had made all his soldiers sit on the grass and eat and drink. Mounted on his horse he rode among them telling them to be brave, for that they were now going to win a glorious victory and cover themselves with eternal glory. At three in the afternoon the first French soldiers came face to face with the Englishmen, and the battle began. Some soldiers from Genoa who had been paid to fight for the French King, said they did not want to fight; they were too tired and could not fight as good soldiers should, but the men behind pressed them on, and they were beaten. A heavy rain fell, with thunder, and a great flight of crows hovered in the air over all the battalions, making a loud noise. Shortly afterwards it cleared up and the sun shone very bright. But the French had it in their faces and the English at their backs. This was about the year 1346.

When the Genoese drew near, they approached the English with a loud noise to frighten them; but the English remained entirely quiet, and did not seem to mind it. They then set up a second shout and advanced a little forward. The English never moved. Still they hooted a third time,



EDWARD VI KEEPING HIS DIARY.

This young Prince was the son of Henry VIII. His education began so early that at six years of age he had two tutors, and when only eight years old he was able to write Latin letters to his father.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH—AFTERWARDS THE GREAT QUEEN.

In her girlhood days Princess Elizabeth was treated very rudely by Queen Mary who was jealous of her. This made her very unhappy and she was sent to the country to be out of the way of the Queen. While Princess Elizabeth was Queen, William Shakespeare lived and wrote.

and advanced with their crossbows presented and began to shoot. The English archers then moved a step forward and shot their arrows with such force and quickness that it seemed as if it snowed. The fight raged furiously, and presently a knight came galloping up to the windmill and begged the king to send help to his son, as he was sore pressed.

"Is my son in danger of his life?" said the king.

"No, thank God," returned the knight, "but in great need of your help."

Then the king answered "Return to them that sent you and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs, for I am determined that, if it please God, all the glory of this day shall be given to him and to those to whose care I have entrusted him." This message cheered the prince mightily, and he and the English won the battle of Crécy, where the French lost over 4,000 men, together with the flower of the French noblesse.

And the battle of Crécy, one of the most glorious in English history, was won by the common people of England, yeomen and archers, foot soldiers against the knights and squires of France with their swords and horses, who were the most celebrated soldiers of Europe. In this battle the blind king of Bohemia took part with the French.

"I pray you," he said to his friends, "lead me into the battle that I may strike one more stroke with this good sword of mine," So they led him in and he was killed.

The battle of Poitiers was fought entirely under the



GENOESE CROSS-BOWMAN.

direction of the Black Prince, and this was another splendid victory to England; and in this battle the French king was taken. It happened in this way:

After eight years of differing and quarreling, the Prince of Wales again invaded France with an army of sixty thousand men. He went through the south of the country, burning and plundering wheresoever he went; while his father, who had still the Scottish war upon his

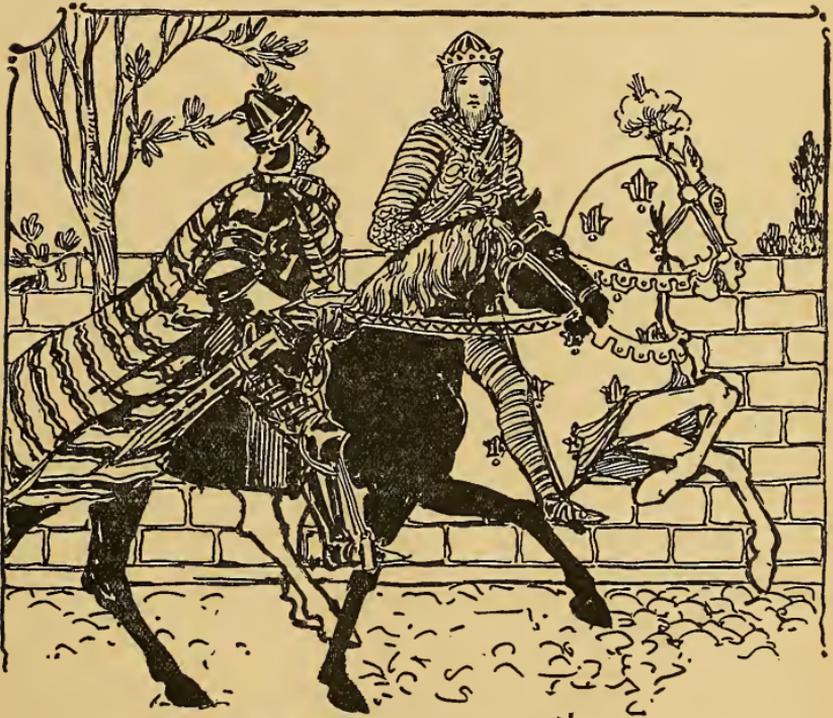


THE KING AND HIS COURT JESTER.

hands, did the like in Scotland, but was harassed and worried in his retreat from that country by the Scottish men, who repaid his cruelties with interest.

The French king, Philip, was now dead, and was succeeded by his son John. The Black Prince, called by that name from the color of the armor he wore to set off his fair complexion, continuing to burn and destroy in France, roused John into determined opposition; and so cruel had the Black Prince been in his campaign, and so severely had the French

peasants suffered, that he could not find one who for love, or money, or the fear of death, would tell him what the French king was doing, or where he was. Thus it happened that he came upon the French king's forces, all of a sudden, near the town of Poitiers, and found that the whole neighboring coun-



THE BLACK PRINCE AND HIS KNIGHT.

try was occupied by a vast French army. "God help us!" said the Black Prince; "we must make the best of it."

So on a Sunday morning, the 18th of September, the prince, whose army was now reduced to ten thousand men in all, prepared to give battle to the French king, who had sixty thousand horse alone. While he was so engaged, there came

riding from the French camp a cardinal, who had persuaded John to let him offer terms, and try to save the shedding of Christian blood. "Save my honor," said the prince to this good priest, "and save the honor of my army, and I will make any reasonable terms." He offered to give up all the towns, castles and prisoners he had taken, and to swear to make no war in France for seven years; but, as John would hear of nothing but to surrender, with a hundred of his chief knights, the treaty was broken off, and the prince said quietly, "God defend the right; we shall fight to-morrow!"

Therefore, on the Monday morning, at the break of day, the two armies prepared for battle. The English were posted in a strong place, which could only be approached by one narrow lane, skirted by hedges on both sides. The French attacked them by this lane, but were so galled and slain by English arrows from behind the hedges, that they were forced to retreat. Then went six hundred English bowmen round about, and, coming upon the rear of the French army, rained arrows on them thick and fast. The French knights, thrown into confusion, quitted their banners, and dispersed in all directions. Said Sir John Chandos to the prince, "Ride forward, noble prince, and the day is yours. The king of France is so valiant a gentleman, that I know he will never fly, and may be taken prisoner." Said the prince to this, "Advance English banners, in the name of God and St. George!" and on they pressed until they came up with the French king, fighting fiercely with his battle-axe, and when all his nobles had forsaken him, attended faithfully to the last by his youngest son Philip, only sixteen years of age. Father and son fought well; and the king had already two wounds in his face, and had been beaten down, when he at last delivered

himself to a banished French knight, and gave him his right-hand glove in token that he had done so.

The king was brought to the Black Prince as he was resting in his tent, and he behaved like the true gentleman he was. He showed the deepest respect and sympathy for his vanquished foe. He ordered the best of suppers to be served to the king, and would not sit with him to eat, but stood behind his chair and waited on him like a servant, saying—“I am only a prince. It is not fitting that I should sit in the presence of the king of France.” And King John said :

“Since it has pleased Heaven that I am a captive, I thank my God that I have fallen into the hands of the most generous and valiant prince alive.”

King John was taken a prisoner to London. They rode into the city, King John mounted on a beautiful white horse that belonged to the Black Prince, while Prince Edward himself, riding on a black pony, was ready to wait on him, and to do his bidding.

It was this generous temper which made the Black Prince beloved by all who knew him ; it was only during his last illness that his character seemed to be changed by the great sufferings that he underwent, and it was only during the last year of his life that he did anything of which a king and an Englishman need be ashamed.

He seems to have inherited his skill in war from his father, and from his mother, Queen Philippa, he inherited gentleness, goodness, and true courtesy. There are many stories told of the goodness and courage of this lady. Among others, this :

When Edward the Third had besieged Calais for a year, the good town which had held out so long was obliged to surrender, for there was no longer anything to eat in the city,

and the folks said: "It is as good to die by the hands of the English as to die here by famine like rats in a hole." So they sent to tell the king they would give up the town to him. But Edward the Third was so angry with them for having resisted him so long, that he said that they should all be hanged. Then Edward the Black Prince begged his father not to be so hard on brave men who had only done what they believed to be their duty, and entreated him to spare them.

Then said the king—"I will spare them on condition



THE SIX BURGESSES OF CALAIS.

that six of the citizens, bare-headed, bare-footed, clad only in their shirts, and with ropes around their necks, shall come to me here, and bring the keys of the city with them."

And when the men of Calais heard this, they said, "No; better to die than live a dishonored life by giving up even one of these our brothers who have fought and suffered with us." But one of the chief gentlemen of Calais—Eustace de S. Pierre—said:

"It is good that six of us should win eternal glory in this world and the sunshine of God's countenance in the next, by dying for our town and our brethren. I, for one, am willing to go to the English king on such terms as he commands."

Then up rose his son and said likewise, and four other

gentlemen, inspired by their courage, followed their example. So the six in their shirts, with ropes round their necks and the keys of the town in their hands, went out through the gates, and all the folk of Calais stood weeping and blessing them; as they went. When they came to the king, he called for the hangman, saying—"Hang me these men at once."

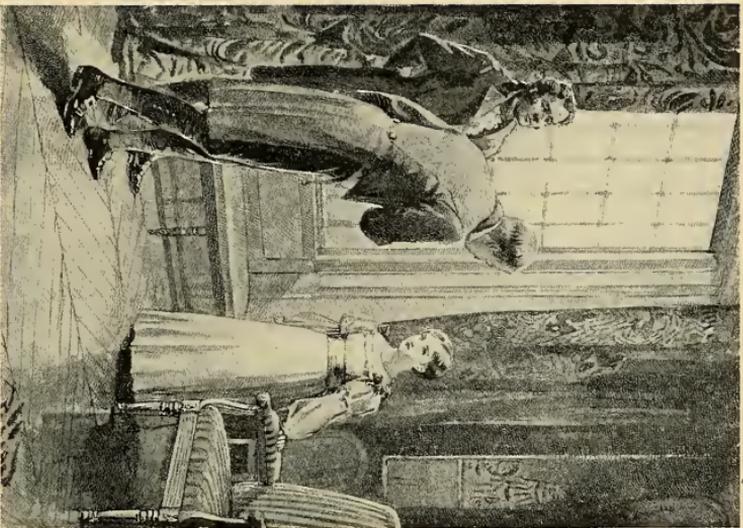
But Queen Philippa was there, and though she was ill, she left her tent weeping so tenderly that she could not stand upright. Therefore she cast herself upon her knees before the king, and spoke thus :

"Ah, gentle sire, from the day I passed over sea I have asked for nothing; now I pray you, for the love of Our Lady's son, Christ, to have mercy on these."

King Edward waited for a while before speaking, and looked at the queen as she knelt, and he said: "Lady, I had rather you had been elsewhere. You pray so tenderly that I dare not refuse you; and, though I do it against my will, nevertheless take them. I give them to you."

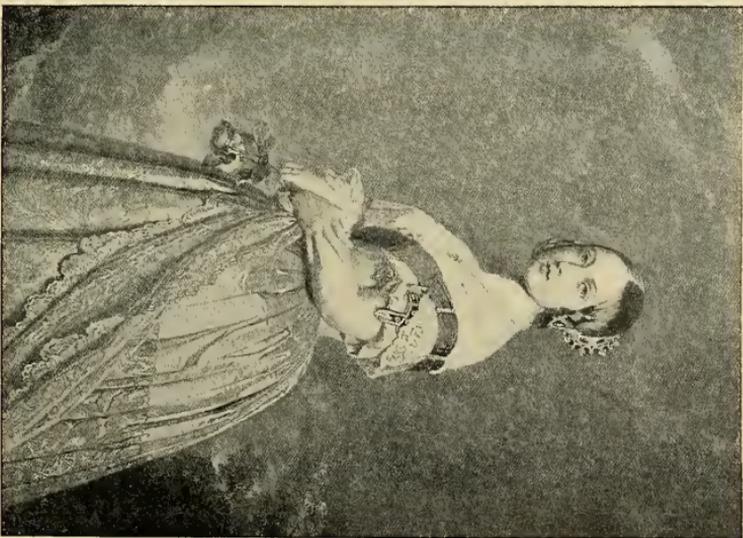
Then took he the six citizens by the halters and delivered them to the queen, and released from death all those of Calais for the love of her. She had them led away, and gave each a good dinner and a fresh suit of clothes. The king, however, turned all the French people out of Calais, and filled it with English, and it remained quite an English town for more than 200 years.





SIR WALTER SCOTT VISITS PRINCESS VICTORIA.

The great novelist and popular writer was greatly pleased with his interview with the young Princess, about whom he tells an interesting anecdote.



QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1845

Painted by F. Winterhalter



QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT.

This picture shows a trip they made to one of the beautiful parks of London, where the school children received them by singing national anthems.



EDWARD VII, PRINCE OF WALES, RECEIVING DIGNITARIES.

Queen Victoria was very desirous that the people should know her little boy, who would some day become King of England, so very early his father and mother took him to public receptions.



England Under Richard Second

RICHARD, son of the Black Prince, a boy eleven years of age, succeeded his grandfather, Edward Third, to the crown, under the title of King Richard Second. The whole English nation was ready to admire him for the sake of his brave father. As the lords and ladies about the court, they declared him to be the most beautiful, the wisest, and the best, even of princes, whom the lords and ladies about the court generally declare to be the most beautiful, the wisest, and best of mankind. To flatter a poor boy in this base manner was not a very likely way to develop whatever good was in him, and it brought him to anything but a good or happy end. Had the Black Prince lived a little longer, he would have become king to succeed his father, Edward Third. This boy king was fond of beautiful robes and rich clothing—but, as we shall see, royal robes do not make a king.

The Duke of Lancaster, the young king's uncle, commonly called John of Gaunt, from having been born at the Flemish city of Ghent, a name which the common people called Gaunt, was supposed to have some thoughts of the

throne himself; but as he was not popular, and as the memory of the Black Prince was, he submitted to his nephew.

The war with France being still unsettled, the government of England wanted money to provide for the expenses that might arise out of it; accordingly a certain tax, called the poll-tax, was ordered to be levied on the people. This was a tax on every person in the kingdom, male and female, above the age of fourteen, of three groats (or three fourpenny pieces) a year; clergymen were charged more, and only beggars were exempt.

I have no need to repeat that the common people of England had long been suffering under great oppression. They were still the mere slaves of the lords of the land on which they lived, and were on most occasions harshly and unjustly treated. But they had begun by this time to think very seriously of not bearing quite so much, and probably were emboldened by that French insurrection I mentioned in the last chapter.

The people of Essex rose against the poll-tax, and, being severely handled by the government officers, killed some of them. At this very time some one of the tax-collectors going his rounds from house to house at Dartford, in Kent, came to the cottage of one Wat, a tiler by trade, and claimed the tax upon his daughter. Her mother, who was at home, declared that she was under the age of fourteen; upon that, the collector (as other collectors had already done in different parts of England) behaved in a savage way, and brutally insulted Wat Tyler's daughter. The daughter screamed, the mother screamed. Wat, the Tiler, who was at work not far off, ran to the spot, and did what any honest father under such provocation might have done—struck the collector dead at a blow.

Instantly the people of that town uprose as one man. They made Wat Tyler their leader; they joined with the people of Essex, who were in arms under a priest called Jack Straw; they took out of prison another priest named John Ball; and, gathering in numbers as they went along, advanced in a great confused army of poor men, to Blackheath. It is said that they wanted to abolish all property, and to declare all men equal. I do not think this very likely, because they stopped the travellers on the road and made them swear to be true to King Richard and the people. Nor were they at all disposed to injure those who had done them no harm, merely because they were of high station; for the king's mother, who had to pass through their camp of Blackheath, on her way to her young son, lying for safety in the Tower of London, had merely to kiss



WAT TYLER AND THE TAX COLLECTOR

a few dirty-faced rough-bearded men who were noisily fond of royalty, and so got away in perfect safety. Next day the whole mass marched on to London Bridge.

There was a drawbridge in the middle, which William Walworth, the mayor, caused to be raised to prevent their coming into the city; but they soon terrified the citizens into lowering it again, and spread themselves, with great uproar, over the streets. They broke open the prisons; they burned the papers in Lambeth Palace; they destroyed the Duke of Lancaster's palace, the Savoy, in the Strand, said to be the

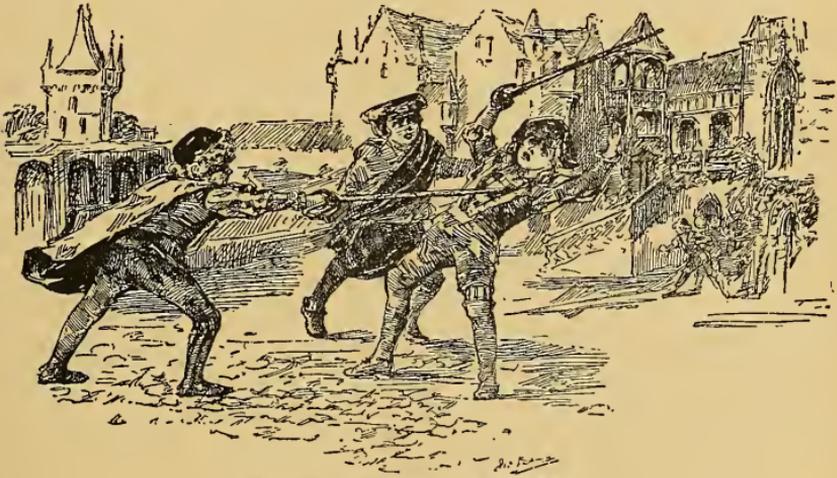
most beautiful and splendid in England; they set fire to the books and documents in the Temple, and made a great riot. Many of these outrages were committed in drunkenness, since those citizens who had well-filled cellars were only too glad to throw them open to save the rest of their property; but even the drunken rioters were very careful to steal nothing. They were so angry with one man, who was seen to take a silver cup at the Savoy palace and put it in his breast, that they drowned him in the river, cup and all.

The young king had been taken out to treat with them before they committed these excesses, but he and the people about him were so frightened by the riotous shouts that they got back to the Tower in the best way they could. This made the insurgents bolder; so they went on rioting away, striking off the heads of those who did not at a moment's notice declare for King Richard and the people, and killing as many of the unpopular persons whom they supposed to be their enemies as they could by any means lay hold of. In this manner they passed one very violent day, and then proclamation was made that the king would meet them at Mile-End and grant their request.

The rioters went to Mile-End, to the number of sixty thousand, and the king met them there, and to the king the rioters peaceably proposed four conditions. First, that neither they nor their children, nor any coming after them, should be made slaves any more. Secondly, that the rent of land should be fixed at a certain price in money, instead of being paid in service. Thirdly, that they should have liberty to buy and sell in all markets and public places, like other free men. Fourthly, that they should be pardoned for past offences. Heaven knows there was nothing very unreasonable in these proposals! The young king deceitfully pretended to think

so, and kept thirty clerks up all night writing out a charter accordingly.

Now, Wat Tyler himself wanted more than this. He wanted the entire abolition of the forest laws. He was not at Mile-End with the rest, but, while that meeting was being held, broke into the Tower of London and slew the archbishop and the treasurer, for whose heads the people had cried loudly the day before. He and his men even thrust their swords into the bed of the Princess of Wales, while the



RIOTING WENT ON THE STREETS

Princess was in it, to make certain that none of their enemies were concealed there.

So Wat and his men still continued armed, and rode about the city. Next morning the king with a small train of some sixty gentlemen—among whom was Walworth, the mayor—rode into Smithfield, and saw Wat and his people at a little distance. Says Wat to his men, "There is the king. I will go speak with him, and tell him what we want."

Straightway Wat rode up to him and began to talk. "King," says Wat, "dost thou see all my men there?"

"Ah!" says the king. "Why?"

"Because," says Wat, "they are all at my command, and have sworn to do whatever I bid them."

Some declared afterwards that as Wat said this he laid his hand on the king's bridle. Others declared that he was seen to play with his own dagger. I think, myself, that he just spoke to the king like a rough, angry man, as he was, and did nothing more. At any rate, he was expecting no attack and preparing for no resistance, when Walworth, the mayor, did the not very valiant deed of drawing a short sword and stabbing him in the throat. He dropped from his horse, and one of the king's people speedily finished him. So fell Wat Tyler. Fawners and flatterers made a mighty triumph of it, and set up a cry which will occasionally find an echo to this day. But Wat was a hard-working man, who had suffered much, and had been foully outraged, and it is probable that he was a man of much higher nature and a much braver spirit than any of the parasites who exulted then, or have exulted since, over his defeat.

Seeing Wat down, his men immediately bent their bows to avenge his fall. If the young king had not had presence of mind at that dangerous moment, both he and the mayor to boot might have followed Tyler pretty fast. But the king, riding up to the crowd, cried out that Tyler was a traitor, and that he would be their leader. They were so taken by surprise that they set up a great shouting, and followed the boy until he was met at Islington by a large body of soldiers.

The end of this rising was the then usual end. As soon as the king found himself safe he unsaid all he had said and undid all he had done; some fifteen hundred of the rioters

were tried (mostly in Essex) with great rigor and executed with great cruelty. Many of them were hanged on gibbets and left there as a terror to the country people; and, because their miserable friends took some of the bodies down to bury, the king ordered the rest to be chained up—which was the beginning of the barbarous custom of hanging in chains. The king's falsehood in this business makes such a pitiful figure that I think Wat Tyler appears in history as beyond comparison the truer and more respectable man of the two.

Richard was now sixteen years of age and married Anne of Bohemia, an excellent princess, who was called the "good Queen Anne." She deserved a better husband, for the king had been fawned and flattered into a treacherous, wasteful, dissolute, bad young man.

He was under the power of the great Duke of Gloucester for some time. But Gloucester's power was not to last forever. He held it only one year, in which the famous battle of Otterbourne, sung in the old ballad of Chevy Chase, was fought. When the year was out, the king, turning suddenly to Gloucester in the midst of a great council, said, "Uncle, how old am I?" "Your Highness," returned the duke, "is in your twenty-second year." "Am I so much?" said the king; "then I will manage my own affairs! I am much obliged to you, my good lords, for your past services, but I need them no more." He followed this up by appointing a new chancellor and a new treasurer, and announced to the people that he had resumed the government. He held it for eight years without opposition. Through all that time he kept his determination to revenge himself some day upon his uncle Gloucester in his own breast.

At last the good queen died; and then the king, desiring to take a second wife, proposed to his council that he

should marry Isabella of France, the daughter of Charles the Sixth, who, the French courtiers said (as the English courtiers had said of Richard), was a marvel of beauty and wit, and quite a phenomenon, of seven years old. The council was divided about this marriage, but it took place. It secured peace between England and France for a quarter of a century, but it was strongly opposed to the prejudices of the English people. The Duke of Gloucester, who was anxious to take the occasion of making himself popular, declaimed against it loudly, and this at length decided the king to execute the vengeance he had been nursing so long.

He went with a gay company to the Duke of Gloucester's house, Pleshey Castle, in Essex, where the duke, suspecting nothing, came out into the court-yard to receive his royal visitor. While the king conversed in a friendly manner with the duchess, the duke was quietly seized, hurried away, shipped for Calais and lodged in the castle there. His friends, the Earls of Arundel and Warwick, were taken in the same treacherous manner and confined to their castles. A few days after, at Nottingham, they were impeached for high treason. The Earl of Arundel was condemned and beheaded and the Earl of Warwick was banished. Then a writ was sent by a messenger to the Governor of Calais, requiring him to send the Duke of Gloucester over to be tried. In three days he returned an answer that he could not do that, because the Duke of Gloucester had died in prison. The duke was declared a traitor, his property was confiscated to the king, a real or pretended confession he had made in prison to one of the justices of the common pleas was produced against him, and there was an end of the matter. How the unfortunate duke died very few cared to know. Whether he really died naturally, whether he

killed himself, whether by the king's order he was strangled or smothered between two beds (as a serving-man of the governor's, named Hall, did afterwards declare), cannot be discovered. There is not much doubt that he was killed, somehow or other, by his nephew's orders. Among the most active nobles in the proceedings were the king's cousin, Henry Bolingbroke, whom the king had made Duke of Hereford to smooth down the old family quarrels, and some others who had in the family plotting times done just such acts themselves as they now condemned in the duke. They seem to have been a corrupt set of men; but such men were easily found about the court in such days.

The people murmured at all this, and were still very sore about the French marriage. The nobles saw how little the king cared for law and how crafty he was, and began to be somewhat afraid of themselves. The king's life was a life of continued feasting and excess; his retinue, down to the meanest servants, were dressed in the most costly manner, and caroused at his table, it is related, to the number of ten thousand every day. He himself, surrounded by a body of ten thousand archers, and enriched by a duty on wool, which the Commons had granted him for life, saw no danger of ever being otherwise than powerful and absolute, and was as fierce and haughty as a king could be.

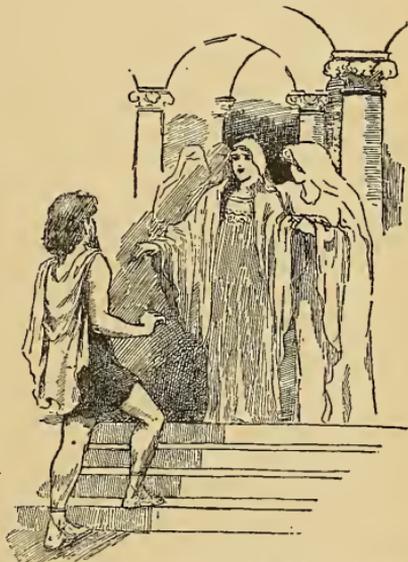
He had two of his old enemies left, in the persons of the Dukes of Hereford and Norfolk. Sparing these no more than the others, he tampered with the Duke of Hereford until he got him to declare, before the Council, that the Duke of Norfolk had lately held some treasonable talk with him as he was riding near Brentford, and that he had told him, among other things, that he could not believe the king's oath—which nobody could, I should think. For this treachery he obtained

a pardon, and the Duke of Norfolk was summoned to appear and defend himself. As he denied the charge, and said his accuser was a liar and a traitor, both noblemen, according to the manner of those times, were held in custody, and the truth was ordered to be decided by wager of battle at Coventry. This wager of battle meant that whosoever won the combat was to be considered in the right, which nonsense meant, in effect, that no strong man could ever be wrong. A great holiday was made, a great crowd assembled, with much parade and show, and the two combatants were about to rush at each other with their lances, when the king, sitting in a pavilion to see fair, threw down the truncheon he carried in his hand and forbade the battle. The Duke of Hereford was to be banished for ten years and the Duke of Norfolk was to be banished for life. So said the king. The Duke of Hereford went to France, and went no farther. The Duke of Norfolk made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and afterwards died at Venice of a broken heart.

After this the king went on faster and fiercer in his career. The Duke of Lancaster, who was the father of the Duke of Hereford, died soon after the departure of his son; and the king, although he had solemnly granted to that son leave to inherit his father's property, if it should come to him during his banishment, immediately seized it all, like a robber. The judges were so afraid of him that they disgraced themselves by declaring this theft to be just and lawful. His avarice knew no bounds. He outlawed seventeen counties at once on a frivolous pretence, merely to raise money by way of fines for misconduct. In short, he did as many dishonest things as he could, and cared so little for the discontent of his subjects—though even the spaniel favorites began to whisper to him that there was such a thing as discontent

afloat—that he took that time, of all others, for leaving England and making an expedition against the Irish.

He was scarcely gone, leaving the Duke of York regent in his absence, when his cousin, Henry of Hereford, came over from France to claim the rights of which he had been so monstrously deprived. He was immediately joined by the two great Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland; and his uncle, the regent, finding the king's cause unpopular and the disinclination of the army to act against Henry very strong, withdrew the royal forces towards Bristol. Henry, at the head of an army, came from Yorkshire (where he had landed) to London and followed him. They joined their forces—how they brought that about is not distinctly understood—and proceeded to Bristol Castle, whither three noblemen had taken the young queen. The castle surrendering, they presently put those three noblemen to death. The regent then remained there and Henry went on to Chester.



RICHARD WENT FROM CASTLE TO CASTLE

All this time the boisterous weather had prevented the king from receiving intelligence of what had occurred. At length it was conveyed to him in Ireland and he sent over the Earl of Salisbury, who, landing at Conway, rallied the Welshmen and waited for the king a whole fortnight; at the end of that time the Welshmen, who were perhaps not very warm

for him in the beginning, quite cooled down and went home. When the king did land on the coast at last he came with a pretty good power; but his men cared nothing for him and quickly deserted. Supposing the Welshmen to be still at Conway, he disguised himself as a priest and made for that place in company with his two brothers and some few of their adherents. But there were no Welshmen left—only Salisbury and a hundred soldiers. In this distress the king's two brothers, Exeter and Surrey, offered to go to Henry to learn what his intentions were. Surrey, who was true to Richard, was put into prison. Exeter, who was false, took the royal badge, which was a hart, off his shield, and assumed the rose, the badge of Henry. After this it was pretty plain to the king what Henry's intentions were, without sending any more messengers to ask.

The fallen king, thus deserted, hemmed in on all sides and pressed with hunger, rode here and rode there, and went to this castle and went to that castle, endeavoring to obtain some provisions, but could find none. He rode wretchedly back to Conway, and there surrendered himself to the Earl of Northumberland, who came from Henry in reality to take him prisoner, but in appearance to offer terms, and whose men were hidden not far off. By this earl he was conducted to the Castle of Flint, where his cousin Henry met him and dropped on his knee, as if he were still respectful to his sovereign.

"Fair cousin of Lancaster," said the king, "you are very welcome" (very welcome, no doubt; but he would have been more so in chains, or without a head).

"My lord," replied Henry, "I am come a little before my time; but with your good pleasure I will show you the reason. Your people complain, with some bitterness, that

you have ruled them vigorously for two-and-twenty years. Now, if it pleases God, I will help you to govern them better in future."

"Fair cousin," replied the abject king, "since it pleaseth you, it pleaseth me mightily."

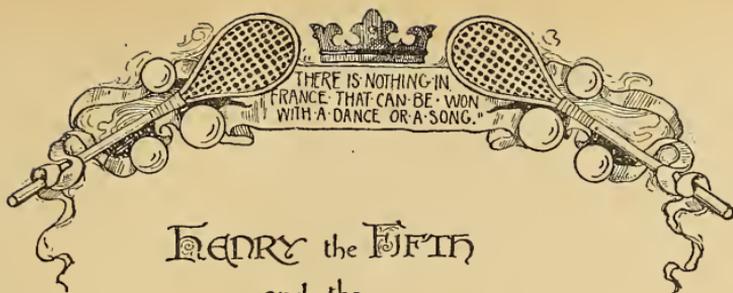
After this the trumpet sounded, and the king was stuck on a wretched horse and carried prisoner to Chester, where he was made to issue a proclamation calling a Parliament. From Chester he was taken on towards London. At Lichfield he tried to escape by getting out of a window and letting himself down into a garden; it was all in vain, however, and he was carried on and shut up in the Tower, where no one pitied him, and where the whole people, whose patience he had quite tired out, reproached him without mercy. Before he got there, it is related that his very dog left him, and departed from his side to lick the hand of Henry.

The day before the Parliament met, a deputation went to this wretched king and told him that he had promised the Earl of Northumberland at Conway Castle to resign the crown. He said he was quite ready to do it, and signed a paper in which he renounced his authority and absolved his people from their allegiance to him. He had so little spirit left that he gave his royal ring to his triumphant cousin Henry with his own hand, and said that if he could have had leave to appoint a successor that same Henry was the man of all others whom he would have named. Next day the Parliament assembled in Westminster Hall, where Henry sat at the side of the throne, which was empty and covered with a cloth of gold. The paper just signed by the king was read to the multitude amid shouts of joy, which were echoed through all the streets; when some of the noise

had died away the king was formally deposed. Then Henry arose, and, making the sign of the cross on his forehead and breast, challenged the realm of England as his right; the Archbishops of Canterbury and York seated him on the throne.

The multitude shouted again, and the shouts re-echoed throughout all the streets. No one remembered now that Richard the Second had ever been the most beautiful, the wisest and the best of princes; and he now made living a far more sorry spectacle in the Tower of London than Wat Tyler had made lying dead among the hoofs of the royal horses in Smithfield.

The poll-tax died with Wat. The smiths to the king and royal family could make no chains in which the king could hang the people's recollection of him; so the poll-tax was never collected.



HENRY the FIFTH
and the
BABY KING

England in the Year, A. D., 1400.

HENRY the Fourth was the Black Prince's nephew, and he came to be king of England. His son was Henry the Fifth, the greatest of the Plantagenet kings. When he was a young man, and only Prince of Wales, he was very wild and fond of games and jokes. They used to call him Harry Madcap.

Once, when he got into some trouble or other, his father, who was ill, sent for him, and he went at once in a fine dress that he had had made for a fancy dress party. It was of light blue satin with odd puckers in the sleeves, and at every pucker the tailor had left a little bit of blue thread and a tag like a needle. The king was very angry with the prince for daring to come into the royal presence in such a silly coat. Then Prince Harry said—

“Dear father, as soon as I heard that you wanted me, I was in such a hurry to come to you that I had no time to even think of my coat, much less change it.”

And so the king forgave him.

Another time, one of his servants got into trouble and

was taken before the Chief Judge Sir William Gascoyne. The Prince went directly to the Court where the judge was, and said—

“Lord Judge, this is my servant, and you must let him go, for I am the king’s son.”

“No,” said the judge, “I sit here in the place of the king himself, to do justice to all his subjects, and were this man the Prince of Wales himself, instead of being his servant, he should be punished in that he has offended against the law.”

The prince was so angry that he actually forgot himself so far as to strike Sir William Gascoyne. The good judge did not hesitate a minute, but said very earnestly:



THE PRINCE AND THE JUDGE.

“You have insulted the king himself, in my person, since I sit here in his place to do justice. The common folks who offend against the law offend merely against the king; but you, young

man, are a double traitor to your king and your father.”

And he sent the prince to prison.

Henry begged the good judge’s pardon afterwards, and when he came to the throne he thanked him for having behaved so justly and wisely, and gave him great honor because he had not been afraid to do his duty without respect of rank, and Henry behaved to the judge like a good son to a good father.

No king of England was ever more wise or brave or just than Henry the Fifth; and even now he is remembered with affection. One of Shakespeare’s most splendid plays is written about him, and, when you have once read that, you will

always remember and love Henry the Fifth, as all Englishmen and their kinsmen should do.

At the very beginning of his reign the wars with France began again. The king sent to France and claimed some lands that had belonged to Edward the Third; and the young prince of France sent back the message—"There is nothing in France that can be won with a dance or a song. You cannot get dukedoms in France by playing and feasting, and the prince sends you something that will suit you better than lands in France. He has sent you a barrel of tennis balls, and bids you play with them and let serious matters be." Then King Henry was very angry, and said—"We thank him for his present.



When we have matched our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.

Before I was King of England I was wild and merry because I knew not how great and solemn a state waited for me. I have played in my youth like a common man because I was only Prince of Wales; but now that I am King of England I will rise up with so full a glory that I will dazzle all the eyes of France." These words had the true royal ring in them, and won the hearts not only of his wise men, but of the common people who flocked to his standard when they heard the message their king had received.

Henry sailed to France and besieged a town called Harfleur. He spoke to the soldiers before they attacked the town.

“Break down the wall and go through,” he said, “or close the wall up with our English dead.

Bend every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war proof:
Be copy now to men of grosser blood
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;
Cry God for Harry, England, and Saint George.”

With an army in all of thirty thousand men, he besieged the town of Harfleur both by sea and land for five weeks; at the end of which time the town surrendered, and the inhabitants were allowed to depart with only fivepence each, and a part of their clothes. All the rest of their possessions was divided amongst the English army. But that army suffered so much, in spite of its successes, from disease and privation, that it was already reduced one-half. Still, the king was determined not to retire until he had struck a greater blow. Therefore, against the advice of all his counsellors, he moved on with his little force toward Calais. When he came up to the river Somme he was unable to cross, in consequence of the ford being fortified; and, as the English moved up the left bank of the river looking for a crossing, the French, who had broken all the bridges, moved up the right bank, watching them, and waiting to attack them when they should try to pass it. At last the English found a crossing, and got safely over. The French held a council of war at Rouen, resolved to give the English battle, and sent heralds to King Henry to know by which road he was going. “By the road that will take me straight to Calais!” said the king, and he sent them away with a present of a hundred crowns.

The English moved on until they beheld the French, and then the king gave orders to form in line of battle. The French, not coming on, the army broke up, after remaining in battle array till night, and got good rest and refreshment at a neighboring village. The French were now all lying in another village, through which they knew the English must pass. They were resolved that the English should begin the battle. The English had no means of retreat, if their king had any such intention; and so the two armies passed the night close together.

To understand these armies well, you must bear in mind that the immense French army had, among its notable persons, almost the whole of that wicked nobility whose debauchery had made France a desert; and so besotted were they by pride, and by contempt for the common people, that they had scarcely any bowmen (if, indeed, they had any at all) in their whole enormous number, which, compared with the English army, was at least as six to one; for these proud fools had said that the bow was not a fit weapon for knightly hands, and that



AN ARCHER.

France must be defended by gentlemen only. We shall see presently what kind of a hand these "gentlemen" made of it.

Now, on the English side, among the little force, there was a good proportion of men who were not gentlemen, by any means, but who were good stout archers for all that. Among them, in the morning, having slept little at night, while the French were carousing and making sure of victory,

the king rode, on a gray horse, wearing on his head a helmet of shining steel, surmounted by a crown of gold, sparkling with precious stones, and bearing over his armor, embroidered together, the arms of England and the arms of France. The archers looked at the shining helmet, and the crown of gold, and the sparkling jewels, and admired them all; but what they admired most was the king's cheerful face, and his bright blue eye, as he told them, that for himself, he had made up his mind to conquer there or to die there, and that England should never have a ransom to pay for *him*.

Though they were in a strange country and many times outnumbered by their foes, the knights and archers kept up a brave heart, as Englishmen have done many's the good time, all the world over. So few were they that the Earl of Westmoreland said, just before the battle:

“Oh, that we now had here,
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!”

The king came in just as he was saying this, and said:
“No, if we are marked to die, we are enough for our country to lose. If we are to live, the fewer there are of us the greater share of honor. I do not covet gold or feasting, or fine garments, but honor I do covet. Wish not another man from England. I would not lose the honor of this fight by sharing it with more men than are here, and if any among our soldiers has no desire to fight, let him go. He shall have a passport and money to take him away. I should be ashamed to die in such a man's company. We need not wish for men from England. It is the men in England who will envy us when they hear of the great crown of honor and glory that we have won this day. This is Saint Crispin's

day. Every man who fights on this day will remember it and be honored to the last hour of his life. Crispin's day shall ne'er go by from this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remembered,
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers,
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother, be he ne'er so vile.
And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhood cheap while any speaks
That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.

Lord Salisbury came in as the king was saying this.

"The French are in battle order," he said, "and ready to charge upon our men."

"All things are ready," said the king quietly, "if our minds are ready."

"Perish the man whose mind is backwark now," said Westmoreland.

"You wish no more for men from England then," said the king, smiling.

And Westmoreland, inspired with courage and confidence by the king's brave speech, answered :

"I would to God, my king, that you and I alone without more help might fight this battle out to-day."

"Why, now you have unwished five thousand men," said the king laughing, "and that pleases me more than to wish us one more. God be with you all."

So they went into battle tired as they were.

The verses we have given are taken from Shakespeare's noble play of "Henry V." Let us now go on with the story of the famous battle, as told, in his interesting way, by Charles Dickens.

So great were the numbers of the French that they were drawn up in a solid mass thirty men deep. The little English force was only three deep, and looked as if it would be quite swallowed up. The ground between the two armies was very rough and difficult, so Henry wisely waited for the French, for he knew that when they moved their compact ranks must be thrown into confusion, and then would come a good time for the English to strike.

As they did not move he sent off two parties,—one to lie concealed in a wood on the left of the French, the other



THE EARL OF WESTMORELAND

to set fire to some houses behind the French after the battle should be begun. This was scarcely done, when three of the proud French gentlemen, who were to defend their country without any help from the base peasants, came riding out, calling upon the English to surrender. The king warned those gentlemen to retire with all speed, if they cared for their lives, and ordered the English banners to advance. Upon that, Sir Thomas Erpingham, a great English general who commanded the archers, threw his truncheon into the air joyfully; and all the Englishmen, kneeling down upon the

ground, and biting it as if they took possession of the country, rose up with a great shout, and fell upon the French.

Every archer was furnished with a great stake tipped with iron, and his orders were, to thrust this stake into the ground, to discharge his arrow, and then to fall back when the French horsemen came on. As the haughty French gentlemen who were to break the English archers, and utterly destroy them with their knightly lances, came riding up, they were received with such a blinding storm of arrows that they broke and turned. As at



AT THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

Creçy, the white feathers of the arrows seemed to fill the air like snow. The proud French array was soon utterly broken. Horses and men rolled over one another, and the confusion was terrific.

Those who rallied, and charged the archers, got among

the stakes on slippery and boggy ground, and were so bewildered that the English archers—who wore no armor, and even took off their leathern coats to be more active—cut them to pieces, root and branch. Only three French horsemen got within the stakes, and those were instantly despatched. All this time the dense French army, being in armor, were sinking knee deep into the mire; while the light English archers, half naked, were as fresh and active as if they were fighting on a marble floor. This famous fight occurred in 1415.

But now the second division of the French, coming to the relief of the first, closed up in a firm mass; the English, headed by the king, attacked them; and the deadliest part of the battle began. The king's brother, the Duke of Clarence, was struck down, and numbers of the French surrounded him; but King Henry, standing over the body, fought like a lion until they were beaten off. Presently came up a band of eighteen French knights, bearing the banner of a certain French lord, who had sworn to kill or take the English king. One of them struck him such a blow with a battle-axe, that he reeled, and fell upon his knees; but his faithful men, immediately closing round him, killed every one of those eighteen knights, and so that French lord never kept his oath.

The French Duke of Alençon, seeing this, made a desperate charge, and cut his way close up to the royal standard of England. He beat down the Duke of York, who was standing near it; and when the king came to his rescue, struck off a piece of the crown he wore. But he never struck another blow in this world; for even as he was in the act of saying who he was, and that he surrendered to the king, and even as the king stretched out his hand to give him a safe and honorable acceptance of the offer, he fell dead, pierced by innumerable wounds.

The death of this nobleman decided the battle. The third division of the French army, which had never struck a blow yet, and which was, in itself, more than double the whole English power, broke and fled. At this time of the fight, the English, who as yet had made no prisoners, began to take them in immense numbers, and were still occupied in doing so, or in killing those who would not surrender, when a great noise arose in the rear of the French,—their flying banners were seen to stop,—and King Henry, supposing a great reinforcement to have arrived, gave orders that all the prisoners should be put to death. As soon as it was found that the noise was only occasioned by a body of plundering peasants, the terrible slaughter was soon stopped.



THE BABY KING.

Then King Henry called to him the French herald, and asked him to whom the victory belonged.

The herald replied, "To the King of England."

"*We* have not made this havoc and slaughter," said the king. "It is the wrath of Heaven on the sins of France. What is the name of that castle yonder?"

"The herald answered him, "My lord, it is the Castle of Azincour."

Said the king, "From henceforth this battle shall be known to posterity by the name of the battle of Azincourt."

The English historians have made it Agincourt, and under that name it will ever be famous in English annals.

The loss upon the French side was enormous. Three dukes were killed, two more were taken prisoners; seven counts were killed, three more were taken prisoners; and ten thousand knights and gentlemen were slain upon the field. The English loss amounted to sixteen hundred men, among whom were the Duke of York and the Earl of Suffolk.

There is something sweet and pitiful in the story of the death of these two noble men. As the Earl of Suffolk lay sorely wounded and dying, the Duke of York, his warm friend, also wounded to death, dragged himself to his side and took him by the beard and kissed his wounds, crying out, as Shakespeare tells us,

“ Tarry, dear Cousin Suffolk,
My soul shall keep thine company to heaven,
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry.”

Then he put his two arms around Suffolk's neck, and the two friends died together. But they had done their duty for England in life, and the battle was won.

Peace was made with France, and to seal the peace Henry married the French princess Katherine. A little son was born to them at Windsor, and was called Henry of Windsor, Prince of Wales; he was afterwards Henry the Sixth. When Henry the Fifth knew he was going to die, he called his brothers together and gave them good advice about ruling England and France, and begged them to take great care of

his little son. Henry the Sixth was not a year old when his father died, and was crowned at once.

One of the finest English poems we have, was written about the battle of Agincourt.

I.

Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.

II.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Harry then,
Though they be one to ten,
 Be not amazed.
Yet have we well begun;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raised.

III.

And for myself (quoth he)
This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
 No more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain,
Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

IV.

Poitiers and Creçy tell
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell ;
 No less our skill is
Then when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
 Lopped the French lilies.

V.

They now to fight are gone,
Armor on armor shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.

VI.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
 Stuck close together.

VII.

When down their bows they threw
And forth their bilbos drew,
And on the French they flew,
 Not one was tardy ;

Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went—
Our men were hardy.

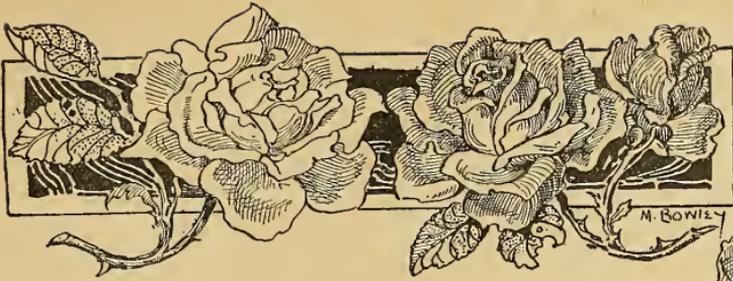
VIII.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it.
And many a deep wound lent
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel rent
Bruising his helmet.

IX.

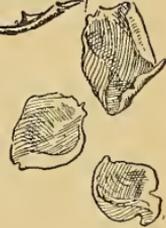
Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry.
O when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?





PRINCE EDWARD

and Queen Margaret.



In the year 1422, when King Henry Fifth died, most people in England were very ignorant. They believed in magic and witches, and anything they could not understand they at once believed to be done by magic. So when young Henry, the boy king, grew up a weak young man in mind and body, the doctors were not clever enough to find out what was the matter with him, and the people believed he had been bewitched; and the wife of his guardian, Duke Humphrey, was accused of having bewitched him. They said that this poor lady, Eleanor Cobham, had made a wax figure of the king and melted it before the fire, and that as it melted, the king's health and wits melted away with it. She was tried for this and found guilty.

She had the good luck not to be burned alive—a thing which very often happened to people who were said to be witches. But she was made to walk in a white sheet with bare head and bare feet, carrying a lighted candle, through the streets of London, to show that she was sorry for what

she had never done. Then she was sent out of England for ever, and the disgrace of this broke her husband's heart, so that he died.

During this period the wars in France began again. The English got the better of the fighting, and France had almost lost all hope of getting back the kingdom when a young shepherdess, named Joan of Arc, dreamed that she saw the angels of God, and that they told her she should be the means of winning back his kingdom for the king of France.

The remarkable adventures of this young French girl,

who won back the honor and the kingdom of France from the English, and died a terrible death after gaining immortal fame, are too wonderful and interesting to be told in a few words here. As she won her great renown by fighting against the English for the recovery of her native land, we shall tell her strange story in full in the next chapter, and confine our-



selves here to the deeds of Henry Sixth.

During all the fights of kings and barons, and French and English, which took place in these years, the poor people of England had from time to time tried to make the king and the nobles see how unhappy they were, and how much they were oppressed by the great lords.

In the reign of Richard Second, thirty or forty years before, the laborers of Kent and Essex had got together all their scythes and bill-hooks, and had made spears of poles with long knives tied at the end, and armed in this way they had marched to London to demand their rights, led by a good priest, John Ball, and by Wat Tyler, whose story we have already told.

Again in the reign of the new King Henry the people of Kent grew very angry because France had been lost, and they were also made very miserable by the wickedness of the rich people. So

they tried to call the king's attention to their wrongs, in the way they had done under Wat Tyler. The Kentish men rose up to the number of twenty thous-



THE MAKING OF WAXEN IMAGES

and, and under their leader, Jack Cade, they beat the royal army and killed its general. Then Jack dressed himself in the dead general's armor, and led his men to London.

Jack passed into the city from Southwark, over the bridge, and entered it in triumph, giving the strictest orders to his men not to plunder. Having made a show of his forces there, while the citizens looked on quietly, he went back into Southwark in good order, and passed the night. Next day, he came back again, having got hold in the meantime of

Lord Say, an unpopular nobleman. Says Jack to the Lord Mayor and judges: "Will you be so good as to make a tribunal in Guildhall, and try me this nobleman?" The court being hastily made, he was found guilty, and Jack and his men cut his head off on Cornhill. They also cut off the head of his son-in-law, and then went back in good order to Southwark again.

But, although the citizens could bear the beheading of an unpopular lord, they could not bear to have their houses pilaged. And it did so happen that Jack, after dinner—perhaps



he had drunk a little too much—began to plunder the house where he lodged; upon which, of course, his men began to imitate him. Wherefore, the Londoners took counsel with Lord Scales, who had a thousand soldiers in the Tower, and defended London Bridge and kept Jack and his people out. This advantage gained, it was resolved to divide Jack's army in the old way, by making a great many promises on behalf of the State, that they never intended to be performed. This *did* divide them. Some of Jack's men said that they ought to take the conditions which were offered, and others said that they ought not, for they were only a snare. Some went

home at once; others stayed where they were; and all quarreled among themselves.

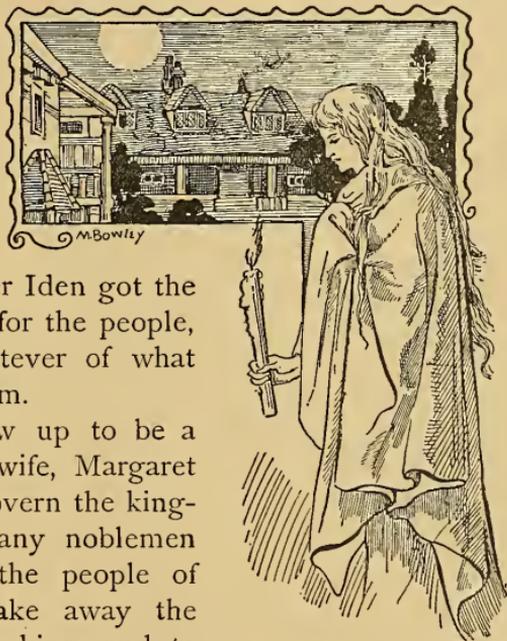
Jack Cade, seeing that all was at an end, and that his only hope for life was in flight, now mounted a good horse and galloped away into Sussex. But, there galloped after him on a better horse, one Alexander Iden, who came up

with him, had a hard fight with him, and killed him. Jack's head was set aloft on London Bridge, with the face looking towards Blackheath, where he had raised

his flag; and Alexander Iden got the thousand marks. As for the people, they got nothing whatever of what had been promised them.

Henry Sixth grew up to be a very silly man. His wife, Margaret of Anjou, wanted to govern the kingdom herself. But many noblemen and gentlemen and the people of London wished to take away the crown from the poor king, and to have the Duke of York for king. Some gentlemen were walking in the Temple garden after dinner, disputing about the king and the Duke of York. Some of the gentlemen did not like to speak out plainly and say which they preferred.

Then said Richard Plantagenet, the leader of the Yorkist party: "Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak, let him that is a true-born gentleman and stands upon the



honor of his birth, if he believes that I have spoken true, from off this briar pluck a white rose with me."

The Earl of Somerset, who wanted Henry to remain king, said :

"Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."

Then some plucked red and some plucked white roses, and those that plucked red roses said: "We have our swords here, which shall dye your white rose in a bloody red." "Meantime," said the others, "your cheeks are as pale as our roses, for you are pale with fear, in witness that the truth is on our side."

So they all quarreled and parted. The party of York was called the party of the white rose, and the party of Lancaster, who wished Henry to be king, was called the party of the red rose. And this was the beginning of the Wars of the Roses, which lasted for thirty years.

Queen Margaret got an army together to drive away the Duke of York. A battle was fought at Northampton, and Henry was taken prisoner. The queen, with the little Prince Edward, got away to Scotland, and the Duke of York ruled England with the king's consent. But the queen, who was very brave though very cruel, got together another army. She fought the Duke of York, and at last beat him at Wakefield. She cut off his head, put a paper crown upon it, and stuck it on one of the gates of York. His second son, Lord Rutland, cried out for mercy to Lord Clifford; but Lord Clifford's father had been killed in one of the other battles, and he said: "As your father killed mine, I will kill you," and he plunged his dagger into Lord Rutland's heart.

A great many battles were fought, and thousands of Englishmen were killed. Poor King Henry hid for some time in Scotland, sleeping in woods and caves, and some-



QUEEN MARGARET AND THE ROBBER

times nearly dying of hunger. The queen got another army together, but she was beaten at Hexham. King Henry was taken prisoner and sent to the Tower.

The queen and the young prince managed to get away into the woods. However, they were caught by two robbers, who took away the queen's jewels and bracelets and necklaces. The queen and prince stood trembling, feeling quite sure that the robbers would kill them. But the robbers could not agree about dividing the jewels, and while they were quarreling as to which should have the most, the queen caught up her little son in her arms and slipped quietly away among the dark bushes of the forest. There she wandered all night, hoping to meet with someone who was on her side, and who would help her to get away with her child to some safe place. At last she met a man with a spear and a sort of dagger. Seeing by her dress that she was a great lady, he spoke to her roughly and said—"Give me your jewels and money, or I will have your life."

"My jewels and money have been taken from me," cried the poor queen. "I have nothing left but this, my only treasure."

She pointed to the child and fell on her knees before the robber.

"I am Margaret, Queen of England," she said "and this is my son, the young prince. The nobles and the people of England have forgotten what they owe to their king and their queen since they have set aside the laws of England. Show me now that an outlaw can be more gentle and more noble than they."

"By my faith in God, I will," said the robber, touched by her appeal. He took her to his hut and hid her there till her enemies had ceased to look for her, and then he managed, by disguising her and the little prince, to get them safe over to Flanders.

This brave queen was not yet beaten. She got more men together and came to fight the new Duke of York, who had been made King of England. The new king had got over some German soldiers, who, instead of fighting with swords and bows and arrows, fought with strange new weapons—guns, which till then had never been used in war. He also used heavy cannon, and so it was that he beat Margaret. She lost the battle and was taken prisoner. Her young son too was found on the battlefield by the new king, who asked him how he dared to come over with an army.

“I come to recover my father’s kingdom,” said the brave youth.



HENRY SIXTH A PRISONER IN THE TOWER

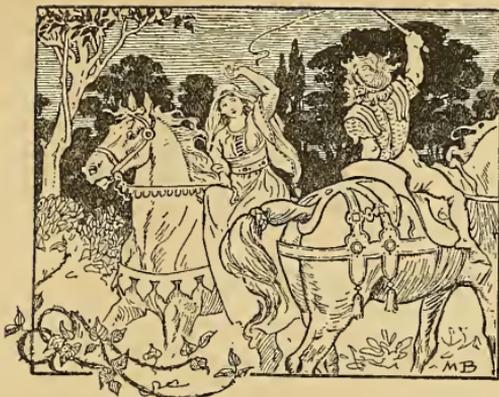
And the new king brutally struck him on his face with his glove, and one of his lords killed the boy with a dagger.

Henry Sixth died in the Tower, a prisoner, and most people think he was murdered—a sad end for the son of the great king who won the battle of Agincourt.

Margaret lived miserably for nine years after her son, Prince Edward, was killed, and for five of those years she was kept a prisoner in the Tower. Then the King of France paid money for her, and she was allowed to go to France, where she died.



Joan
of
Arc



Maid
of
Orleans

A Girl Heroine who Frightened the English Army

We have told you, in a previous story, how a brave French girl led the troops of her country against the English, and said we would give a more complete account of her life and adventures. This is the story told by Charles Dickens.

In a remote village among some wild hills in the province of Lorraine in sunny France, there lived a countryman whose name was Jacques d'Arc. He had a daughter, Joan of Arc, who was at this time in her twentieth year: She had been a solitary girl from her childhood; she had often tended the sheep and cattle for whole days where no human figure was seen or human voice heard; and she had often knelt, for hours together, in the gloomy, empty little village chapel, looking up at the altar and at the dim lamp burning before it, until she fancied that she saw shadowy figures standing there, and even that she heard them speak to her. The people in that part of France were very ignorant and superstitious; and they had many ghostly tales to tell about what

they had dreamed, and what they saw among the lonely hills when the clouds and the mists were resting on them. So they easily believed that Joan saw strange sights; and they whispered among themselves that angels and spirits talked to her.

At last, Joan told her father that she had one day been surprised by a great unearthly light, and had afterwards heard a solemn voice, which said it was St. Michael's voice, telling her that she was to go and help the dauphin. Soon after this (she said), St. Catharine and St. Margaret had appeared to her with sparkling crowns upon their heads, and had encouraged her to be virtuous and resolute. These visions had returned sometimes, but the voices very often; and the voices always said, "Joan, thou art appointed by Heaven to go and help the dauphin!" She almost always heard them when the chapel bells were ringing.

There is no doubt, now, that Joan believed she saw and heard these things. It is very well known that such delusions are a disease which is not by any means uncommon. It is probable enough that there were figures of St. Michael and St. Catherine and St. Margaret in the little chapel (where they would be very likely to have shining crowns upon their heads) and that they first gave Joan the idea of those three personages. She had long been a moping, fanciful girl; and though she was a very good girl, I daresay she was a little vain and wishful for notoriety.

Her father, something wiser than his neighbors, said, "I tell thee, Joan, it is thy fancy. Thou hadst better have a kind husband to take care of thee, girl, and work to employ thy mind!" But Joan told him in reply, that she had taken a vow never to have a husband, and that she must go, as Heaven directed her, to help the dauphin.

It happened, unfortunately for her farther's persuasions, and most unfortunately for the poor girl too, that a party of the dauphin's enemies found their way into the village, while Joan's disorder was at this point, and burnt the chapel, and drove out the inhabitants. The cruelties she saw committed touched Joan's heart, and made her worse. She said that the voices and the figures were now continually before her; that they told her she was the girl who, according to an old prophecy, was to deliver France, and she must go and help the dauphin, and must remain with him until he should be crowned at Rheims; and that she must travel a long way to a certain lord, named Baudricourt, who could, and would, bring her into the dauphin's presence.



As her father still said, "I tell thee, Joan, it is thy fancy," she set off to find out this lord, accompanied by an uncle, a poor village wheelwright and cart maker, who believed in the reality of her visions. They traveled a long way, and went on and on, over a rough country, full of the Duke of Bur-

gundy's men, and of all kinds of robbers and marauders, until they came to where the lord was.

When the servants told him that there was a poor peasant-girl named Joan of Arc, accompanied by nobody but an old village wheelwright and cart-maker, who wished to see him, because she was commanded to help the dauphin and save France, Baudricourt, burst out laughing, and bade them send the girl away. But he soon heard so much about her lingering in the town, and praying in the churches, and seeing visions, and doing harm to no one, that he sent for her and questioned her. As she said the same things after she had been well sprinkled with holy water as she had said before the sprinkling, Baudricourt began to think there might be something in it. At all events, he thought it worth while to send her on to the town of Chinon, where the dauphin was. So he bought her a horse, and a sword, and gave her two squires to conduct her. As the voices had told Joan that she was to wear a man's dress, now she put one on, and girded her sword to her side, and bound spurs to her heels, and mounted her horse, and rode away with her two squires. As to her uncle, the wheelwright, he stood staring at his niece in wonder until she was out of sight—as well he might—and then went home again. The best place, too.

Joan and her two squires rode on and on, until they came to Chinon, where she was, after some doubt, admitted into the dauphin's presence. Picking him out immediately from all his court, she told him that she came commanded by Heaven to subdue his enemies, and conduct him to his coronation at Rheims. She also told him (or he pretended so afterwards, to make the greater impression upon his soldiers) a number of his secrets known only to himself, and, furthermore, she said there was an old, old sword in the Cathedral of St.

Catherine at Fierbois, marked with five old crosses on the blade, which St. Catherine had ordered her to wear.

Now nobody knew anything about this old, old sword; but when the cathedral came to be examined, which was immediately

done, there, sure enough, the sword was found. The dauphin then required a number of grave priests and bishops to give him their opinion whether the girl derived her power from good spirits or from evil spirits; which they held prodigiously long debates about, in the course of which several learned men fell fast asleep, and snored loudly. At last,



JOAN OF ARC

when one gruff old gentleman had said to Joan, "What language do your voices speak?" and when Joan had replied to the gruff old gentleman, "a pleasanter language than

yours," they agreed that it was all correct, and that Joan of Arc was inspired from Heaven. This wonderful circumstance put new heart into the dauphin's soldiers when they heard of it, and dispirited the English army, who took Joan for a witch.

So Joan mounted horse again, and again rode on and on, until she came to Orleans. But she rode now as never peasant-girl had ridden yet. She rode upon a white war-horse, in a suit of glittering armor, with the old, old sword from the cathedral, newly burnished, in her belt, with a white flag carried before her upon which were a picture of God and the words Jesus Maria. In this splendid state, at the head of a great body of troops escorting provisions of all kinds for the starving inhabitants of Orleans, she appeared before that beleaguered city.

When the people on the wall beheld her, they cried out, "The Maid is come! the Maid of the prophecy is come to deliver us!" And this, and the sight of the Maid fighting at the head of their men, made the French so bold, and made the English so fearful, that the English line of forts was soon broken, the troops and provisions were got into the town, and Orleans was saved.

Joan, henceforth called the Maid of Orleans, remained within the walls for a few days, and caused letters to be thrown over, ordering Lord Suffolk and his Englishmen to depart from before the town according to the will of Heaven. As the English general very positively declined to believe that Joan knew anything about the will of Heaven (which did not mend the matter with his soldiers; for they stupidly said if she were not inspired she was a witch, and it was of no use to fight against a witch), she mounted her white war-horse again, and ordered her white banner to advance.

The besiegers held the bridge, and some strong towers upon the bridge; and here the Maid of Orleans attacked them. The fight was fourteen hours long. She planted a scaling-ladder with her own hands, and mounted a tower-wall, but was struck by an English arrow in the neck, and fell into the trench. She was carried away, and the arrow was taken out, during which operation she screamed and cried with the pain, as any other girl might have done; but presently she said that the voices were speaking to her, and soothing her to rest. After awhile she got up, and was again foremost in the fight. When the English, who had seen her fall and supposed her dead, saw this, they were troubled with the strangest fears; and some of them cried out that they beheld St. Michael on a white horse (probably Joan herself) fighting for the French. They lost the bridge, and lost the towers, and next day set their chain of forts on fire and left the place.

But as Lord Suffolk himself retired no further than the town of Jargean, which was only a few miles off, the Maid of Orleans besieged him there, and he was taken prisoner. As the white banner scaled the wall, she was struck upon the head with a stone, and was again tumbled down into the ditch; but she only cried all the more, as she lay there, "On, on, my countrymen! and fear nothing; for the Lord hath delivered them into our hands!" After this new success of the Maid's several other fortresses and places which had previously held out against the dauphin were delivered up without a battle; and at Patay she defeated the remainder of the English army, and set up her victorious white banner on a field where twelve hundred Englishmen lay dead.

She now urged the dauphin (who always kept out of the way when there was any fighting) to proceed to Rheims, as

the first part of her mission was accomplished ; and to complete the whole by being crowned there. The dauphin was in no particular hurry to do this, as Rheims was a long way off, and the English and the Duke of Burgundy were still strong in the country through which the road lay. However, they set forth with ten thousand men, and again the Maid of Orleans rode on and on, upon her white war-horse, and in her shining armor. Whenever they came to a town which yielded readily, the soldiers believed in her ; but whenever they came to a town which gave them any trouble, they began to murmur that she was an impostor. The latter was particularly the case at Troyes, which finally yielded, however, through the persuasion of one Richard, a friar of the place. Friar Richard was in the old doubt about the Maid of Orleans, until he had sprinkled her well with the holy water, and had also well sprinkled the threshold of the gate by which she came into the city. Finding that it made no change in her or the gate, he said, as the other grave old gentlemen had said, that it was all right, and became her great ally.

So at last, by dint of riding on and on, the Maid of Orleans, and the dauphin, and the ten thousand sometimes believing and sometimes unbelieving men, came to Rheims. And in the great Cathedral of Rheims the dauphin actually was crowned Charles Seventh in a great assembly of the people. Then the Maid, who, with her white banner, stood beside the king in that hour of his triumph, kneeled down upon the pavement at his feet, and said, with tears, that what she had been inspired to do was done, and that the only recompense she asked for was, that she should now have leave to go back to her distant home, and her sturdily incredulous father, and her first simple escort, the village

wheelwright and cart-maker. But the king said, "No!" and made her and her family as noble as a king could, and settled upon her the income of a count.

Ah! happy had it been for the Maid of Orleans if she had resumed her rustic dress that day, and had gone home to the little chapel and the wild hills, and had forgotten all these things, and had been a good man's wife, and had heard no stranger voices than the voices of little children!

It was not to be; and she continued helping the king (she did a world for him, in alliance with Friar Richard), and trying to improve the lives of the coarse soldiers, and leading a religious, an unselfish and a modest life, herself, beyond any doubt. Still, many times she prayed the king to let her go home; and once she even took off her bright armor, and hung it up in a church, meaning never to wear it more. But the king always won her back again—while she was of any use to him; and so she went on and on to her doom.

When the Duke of Bedford, who was a very able man, began to be active for England, and, by bringing the war back into France, and by holding the Duke of Burgundy to his faith, to distress and disturb Charles very much, Charles sometimes asked the Maid of Orleans what the voices said about it? But the voices had become (very ordinary voices in perplexed times) contradictory and confused, so that now they said one thing, and now said another, and the Maid lost credit every day. Charles marched on Paris, which was opposed to him, and attacked the suburb of St. Honoré. In this fight, being again struck down into the ditch, Joan was abandoned by the whole army. She lay down unaided among a heap of dead, and crawled out how she could. Then some of her believers went over to an opposition Maid, Catherine of La Rochelle, who said she was inspired to tell

where there were treasures of buried money—though she never did; and then Joan accidently broke the old, old sword, and others said that her power was broken with it. Finally, at the siege of Compiègne, held by the Duke of Burgundy, where she did valiant service, she was basely left alone in a retreat, though facing about and fighting to the last; and an archer pulled her off her horse.

O the uproar that was made, and the thanksgivings that were sung, about the capture of this one poor country girl! O the way in which she was demanded to be tried for sorcery and heresy, and anything else you like, by the Inquisitor-General of France, and by this great man, and by that great man until it is wearisome to think of! She was bought at last by the Bishop of Beauvais for ten thousand francs, and was shut up in her narrow prison—plain Joan of Arc again, and Maid of Orleans no more.

I should never have done if I were to tell you how they had Joan out to examine her, and cross-examine her, and re-examine her, and worry her into saying anything and everything; and how all sorts of scholars and doctors bestowed their utmost tediousness upon her. Sixteen times she was brought out and shut up again, and worried and entrapped and argued with, until she was heart-sick of the dreary business. On the last occasion of this kind she was brought into a burial-place at Rouen, dismally decorated with a scaffold and a stake and fagots, and the executioner, and a pulpit with a friar therein, and an awful sermon ready. It is very affecting to know that even at that pass the poor girl honored the mean vermin of a king, who had so used her for his purposes and so abandoned her; and that, while she had been regardless of reproaches heaped upon herself, she spoke out courageously for him.

It was natural in one so young to hold to life. To save her life, she signed a declaration prepared for her—signed it with a cross, for she couldn't write—that all her visions and voices had come from the Devil. Upon her recanting the past, and protesting that she would never wear a man's dress in the future, she was condemned to imprisonment for life, "on the bread of sorrow and the water of affliction."

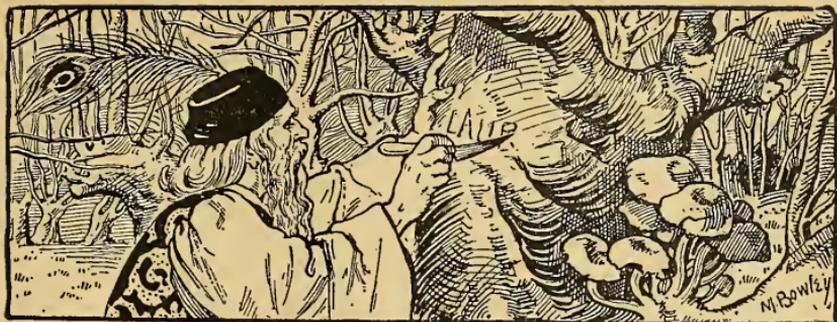
But on the bread of sorrow and the water of affliction the visions and the voices soon returned. It was quite natural that they should do so, for that kind of disease is much aggravated by fasting, loneliness, and anxiety of mind. It was not only got out of Joan that she considered herself inspired again, but she was taken in a man's dress, which had been left—to entrap her—in her prison, and which she put on in her solitude; perhaps in remembrance of her past glories; perhaps because the imaginary voices told her. For this relapse into the sorcery and heresy and anything else you like, she was sentenced to be burnt to death. And in the market-place of Rouen, in the hideous dress which the monks had invented for such spectacles, with priests and bishops sitting in a gallery looking on,—though some had the Christian grace to go away, unable to endure the infamous scene—the shrieking girl, last seen amidst the smoke and fire holding a crucifix between her hands, last heard calling upon Christ, was burnt to ashes. They threw her ashes in the river Seine; but they will rise against her murderers on the last day.

From the moment of her capture, neither the French king nor one single man in all his court raised a finger to save her. It is no defence of them that they may have never really believed in her, or that they may have won her victories by their skill and bravery. The more they pretended to be-

lieve in her, the more they had caused her to believe in herself; and she had ever been true to them, ever brave, ever nobly devoted. But it is no wonder that they who were in all things false to themselves, false to one another, false to their country, false to Heaven, false to earth, should be monsters of ingratitude and treachery to a helpless peasant-girl.

In the picturesque old town of Rouen, where weeds and grass grow high on the cathedral towers, and the venerable Norman streets are still warm in the blessed sunlight, though the monkish fires that once gleamed horribly upon them have long grown cold, there is a statue of Joan of Arc, in the scene of her last agony, the square to which she has given its present name. I know some statues of modern times—even in the world's metropolis, I think—which commemorate less constancy, less earnestness, smaller claims upon the world's attention, and much greater impostors.





The Princes in the TOWER

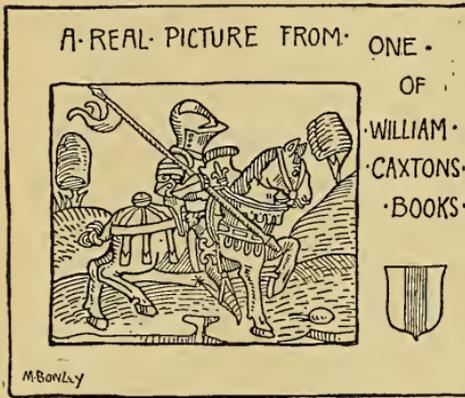
England in the Year, A. D., 1461.

THE Duke of York was now king, and was called Edward the Fourth, and during his reign England had peace, and as the people were not afraid of being robbed, they were able to turn their attention to making things, and so trade improved very much.

Edward the Fourth has been called the Merchant King, because he went into trade on his own account, and used to send ships to all parts of the world with things made in England, to exchange them for foreign goods that were wanted by the people in his kingdom.

He was a greedy, grasping man, but he took a great interest in books. It was in his reign that printing was first done in England. A man named Laurentius, of Haarlem, seems to

have been the first person to think of printing. His old servant says he went out walking in the country as the rich citizens were wont, and one day diverted himself by cutting letters on the bough of a beech tree—and, for fancy's sake, the thought struck him to take off an impression of it on paper with ink to please his grandchildren. So he inked the letters on the bough and pressed the paper on it, and there were the letters just as he had drawn them, only, of course, they were all backwards. So then Laurentius saw that, if he cut the letters backwards and inked them, the printing would



come off the opposite way and be the right way round, as letters should be. Then he and his son-in-law began to try to print words and sentences.

There is an old parchment in a library in Germany which has the Lord's Prayer printed on it, and people say

this was one of the first things done by Laurentius.

William Caxton, who was a tradesman of London, had to go to Holland on the business of his trade, and heard about printing. He thought such a wonderful thing ought to be used in England. So he learned how to print, and when he had printed a book about the history of Troy, he came to England and set up a printing press at Westminster. He put up a sign-board with a shield, and under it he said that printed matter could be had "good chepe" there.

The king and the young nobles were only too pleased to

buy his books as fast as he could print them. He printed Chaucer's poems and those of Lydgate and Gower, and many translations and other works. These, you must remember, were the earliest of English poets. We are sorry that boys and girls do not read them now. They are read in high schools and colleges. He complains in one of his books that he would like to please all men, but that some wanted him to print in French, and some in Latin, and some in English as it was spoken in Kent, and some in the English of other counties.

I dare say you have often been told that the people in Dorsetshire speak quite a different English from the people of London, and the Yorkshire people again would hardly be understood if they went into Devonshire. And in Edward the Fourth's time this difference was even greater than it is now. "Any English," Caxton says, "that is spoken in one shire differs from another so much that in my days it happened that certain merchants from another part of the country were in a ship in Thames, and went on land to refresh themselves, and one of them came into a house and asked for meat, and especially he asked for eggs. The goodwife answered that she could speak no French, and the merchant was angry, because he also could speak no French, and would have had eggs, but she understood him not. Then one of the others said he would have eyren, and then the goodwife said she understood him well,"

You see, eggs were called "eggs" in one part of the country, and "eyren" in another.

Caxton was busy translating when he died.

Among the nobles who encouraged Caxton, was the king's youngest brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester. He was a cruel and ambitious man, and when King Edward died,

Richard thought he would try to be king instead of letting his little nephew Edward the Fifth succeed to the crown.

As soon as Edward the Fourth died his widow, Queen Elizabeth Woodville, took refuge at Westminster with her second son Richard, for she was afraid to trust herself among the enemies of her sons. The Young king, Edward the Fifth, was with his uncle Richard. The first thing Richard did was



to kill as many of the nobles as he could among those who were favorable to the little prince. Archbishop Roth-erham went to see the queen at West-minster. As long as she was in sanctu-ary there, she and her son were safe and no one could touch them. The Archbishop found about the queen “much heaviness, rumble, haste and

business ; carriage and conveyance of her stuff into sanctuary; chests, coffers, packs and bundles trussed all on men’s backs ; no man unoccupied ; some lading, some going, some unload- ing, some going for more, some breaking down the wall to bring in the nearest way. The queen herself sat alone low on the ruins, all desolate and dismal.” The Archbishop tried to comfort her, but she seems to have been beyond the reach of

comfort, for she knew that with the death of her husband all safety was taken away from her and her little ones.

The Duke of Gloucester did not dare to say at once straight out that he meant to be king. He pretended to be very friendly to his little nephew, and rode before him bareheaded, saying to the people of London—"Behold your king." Two days after, he called a meeting of the little king's friends to settle the date of the coronation. So all the lords who wished him well came to the Tower and sat together waiting for the Duke of Gloucester. At last the duke came in very angry.

"I have found," he said, "that there are wicked men who have tried to enchant me and do me harm. They wish to kill me by their cruel sorceries."

Then he turned to Lord Hastings, who was a great friend to the little king, and said—"What should be done to such traitors?"

"They deserve much punishment," said Lord Hastings, "if they have done so."

"If? Dost thou answer me with 'ifs'?" roared out Gloucester. "By Saint Paul, I will not dine till your head is off."

He struck his hand on the table, and a band of soldiers rushed into the room crying, "Treason, treason!" They seized on all the young king's friends and carried them off. But Richard ordered Lord Hastings to kneel on the floor and put his head on a log that had been brought in for firewood, and his head was chopped off then and there, before Richard went to dinner.

Richard still pretended to be a friend to the young king, and said that he was only trying to protect the kingdom from traitors. He insisted that Elizabeth, the Queen, should give

up her second son, because he said it would never do for the young king to be crowned and for his little brother not to be present when they put the crown on him. The queen, with many tears and kisses, consented to let her little son go. It was a sad pity that she did, for she never saw him again.

People went on preparing for the great feast that always was held when a king was crowned. But, no doubt, there were many who knew that poor little Edward the Fifth would never wear the crown of England.

Richard persuaded a lot of the nobles that Edward the Fifth was not fit to be king, and so they asked whether he would not be king instead. He pretended that he could not think of such a thing, and said, "My love of my brother's children is greater than my love of the crown."

Then these nobles, who were all on his side, said he must be king for the good of England; and he consented, pretending all the time that he consented against his will.

But he knew very well that as long as his brother's two sons remained alive, there were many brave hearts in England that would not submit tamely to see them wronged, and many brave arms that would strike a blow to see them righted. So he hired two wicked men to go and murder the little princes in the Tower. The little brothers were there alone. You can fancy how sadly the time passed for them. They had no amusements and no playfellows. They could only sit all day and hold each other's hands, and weep for their dead father, and long for the mother they were never to see again.

And one night as they lay sleeping side by side, two wicked men crept in with knives in their hands to kill them as they slept. They were sleeping with their arms round each other, and their little faces lying close together, still wet,

perhaps, with the tears they had shed before they went to sleep. Their prayer-book was lying on the bed beside them.

When he saw them lying there so helpless and so young, one of the murderers had for a moment some better thoughts. Perhaps he thought of his own mother and of the time when he, too, was a little child, and said his prayers at night, and asked God to let the good angels take care of him.

"God forgive me," he said, "I can't kill these pretty babes."

But the other one said—"If we don't do as we have been told to do, you know that we shall both be killed."

The other man threw his knife away from him. "I can't do it," he said.

"Be not so faint-hearted," said his companion. "Let the knife lie there if you will. Turn your head away and cover them with the pillows. Then they will die quietly in their sleep, and we shall save our heads."

So they did, and when the two little princes were quite dead, they took them as they lay in each other's arms and put their bodies in a chest; and this chest was buried at the foot of some stairs in the Tower.

Two hundred years afterwards some workmen were mending a staircase in the Tower, and they found the box with the bodies of the two poor little princes. Charles the



Second, who was king at that time, ordered them to be buried in Westminster Abbey, and there you can see their tomb to this day. Some people say that this story is not true, and that the two princes lived in the Tower for many years after their uncle was king. But when one remembers how cruelly he made away with their friends, it does not seem likely that he let them live.

Richard, who had taken the throne as Richard the Third, was not allowed to enjoy his ill-gotten kingdom long, and he appears to have been very unhappy, as he deserved to be.

Sir Thomas More, writing of him, says: "He never had quiet in his mien, never thought himself sure. When he went abroad his eyes were rolled about, his hand was on his dagger. His countenance and



THE LITTLE PRINCES ASLEEP.

manner like one ever ready to strike again; he took ill-rest at night; lay long waking and musing, sore wearied with care and watching; troubled with frightful dreams; sometimes started up and ran about the chamber. So was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled."

There was another cousin of Richard's, a much better man, whose name was Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond. His mother was a lady of the family of Lancaster, which fought for the Red Rose; and many people thought that he ought to

be king instead of the wicked Richard. So he sailed from France to Wales, where he soon had an army of Welshmen. Many English nobles and soldiers also joined him. Richard also gathered an army and fought his cousin Richmond at Bosworth Field. They say he lay awake all the night before the battle, thinking over all the wicked things he had done; and the next morning he was tired and miserable, as people are who lie awake all night with only sad thoughts to keep them company. And at Bosworth field he was beaten, and died—as he deserved to die—miserably. The crown he had worn was found hanging in the branches of a hawthorne, and was set on Henry's head.

The battle of Bosworth was the end of the wars of the Roses.







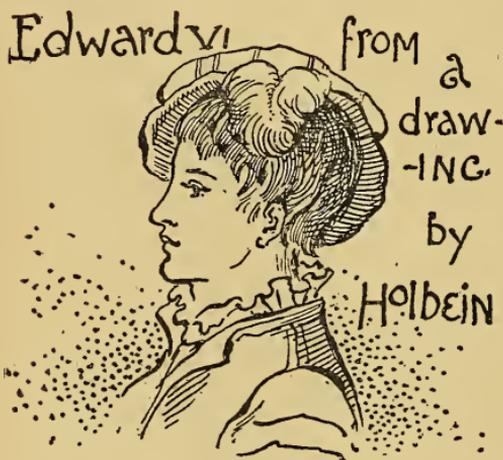
England in the Year, A. D., 1547.

WHEN the great Henry the Eighth lay dying, his chief thought was to secure the safety of his young son, Edward. So he named sixteen persons, of whom the chief were the boy's uncles, Edward and Thomas Seymour, to carry out king Edward's intentions.

The little king and his sister Elizabeth wept bitterly when they heard of their father's death. When they went to the Tower a day or two later, though Elizabeth was still very sad, Edward, who was only nine years old, clapped his hands with delight when the cannons were fired off to greet him as king. His Council received him with bent knees and kisses on his hands, and the words, "God save your Grace." The boy had been told what he must do. He took off his cap and said with pretty courtesy, "We heartily thank you, my

lords all, and hereafter, in all that you shall have to do with us for any suit or cause, ye shall be heartily welcome."

Little Edward from his infancy had been crammed with teaching. When he was six years old, he was taken from his nurses, and two tutors were appointed, who worked the poor child so hard that at eight years old he was able to write Latin letters to his father. He was capable of keeping a diary for himself from the time of his accession—"stiff, dry and



without character, as could only be expected in a mere child of nine years old, but very curious:"

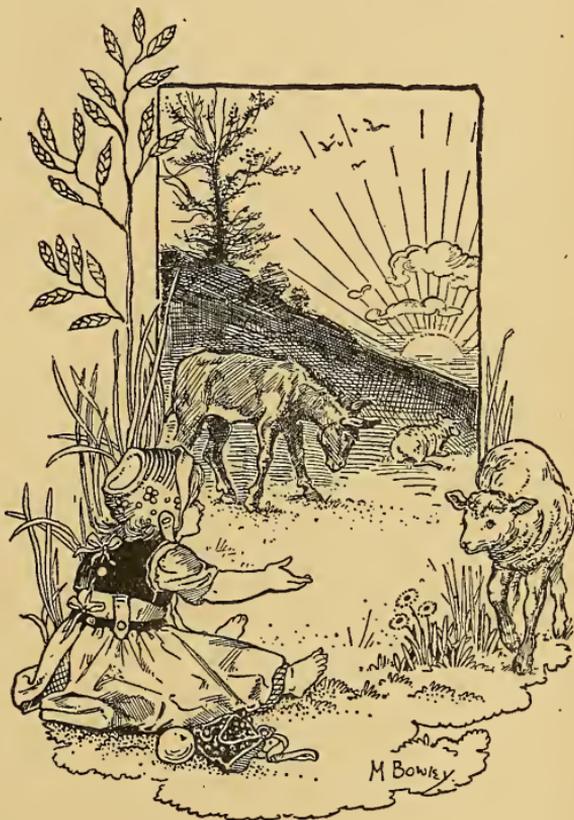
He was a beautiful boy, with blue eyes, light hair, and the fair skin of the royal line. And his nature seems to have been very docile and agreeable, though not without a certain sort of obstinacy

such as could hardly fail to be developed in a little scholar-king who would have been the "prize boy" at a grammar school. He had a mighty conception of his own dignity. His uncle Thomas Seymour kept the king hard at his books, and his uncle Edward Seymour got the king to make him duke of Somerset. This duke was a very proud and greedy man. He built a splendid palace for himself in London, destroying for its sake the parish church of St. Mary in the Strand, and pulling down the houses of several bishops. The pleasure grounds were to have reached from the Strand

to Saint Paul's Cathedral; the chapel of the dead in Saint Paul's churchyard was pulled down to make room for the pleasure grounds, and the bones of the dead were scattered to the fields.

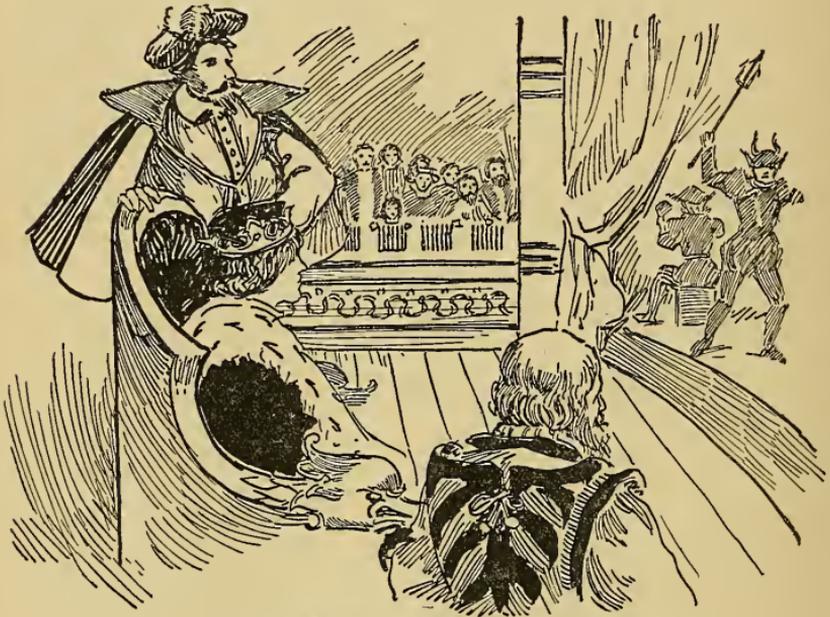
Edward's stepmother, Katherine Parr, had charge of him and his sister Elizabeth, and also of his cousin, Lady Jane Grey, who was of the same age as the little king. Edward was fond of his stepmother, who seems to have been very kind in a rough sort of way.

Edward had been brought up to be a Protestant, and in his reign a great many things that make the Church Service beautiful were declared to be unlawful; and the king commanded a new Prayer-book to be made, which was very much disliked by the people, and led to riots and fights in almost every county in England. There had not been such rebellion since the days of Wat Tyler.



The people of England were as usual being oppressed and ill-treated by the rich, who had now found out a new means of injuring them.

You must know that there had been, as far back as any one could remember, large pieces of grassland and woodland which did not belong to any particular owner, but to the com-



THE KING ATTENDS A PLAY.

mon people, and these were called commons or common lands. They were of the greatest value to the people, because any poor man who had a horse or a cow or a sheep could turn his beasts out to feed on the common lands, and his beasts got just as much food off these lands as they would have done if their owner had been able to fence in a little plot and call it his very own.

But the rich lords were greedy to have this good pasture-land for themselves. So they used to enclose a field or a wood here and there with a fence, and then say it was their own, and that the common people had no right to it.

There was a great rebellion against this theft—for it was nothing less—and it would have been well for the poor of England if that rebellion had been successful.

In Norfolk, the leader of the people was a tanner named Robert Ket, who got together quite an army, and marched with them to a place near Norwich. There was a large oak tree in that place, on a spot called Mousehold Hill, which Ket named the Tree of Reformation; and under its green boughs, he and his men sat in the midsummer weather, holding courts of justice, and debating affairs of state. They were even impartial enough to allow some rather tiresome public speakers to get up into this Tree of Reformation, and point out their errors to them in long discourses, while they lay listening (not always without some grumbling and growling) in the shade below.

At last, one sunny July day, a herald appeared below the tree, and proclaimed Ket and all his men traitors, unless from that moment they dispersed and went home; in which case they were to receive a pardon. But Ket and his men made light of the herald, and became stronger than ever, until the Earl of Warwick went after them with an army of 7,500 men, and cut them all to pieces. A few were hanged, drawn, and quartered as traitors; and their limbs were sent into various country places to be a terror to the people. Nine of them were hanged upon nine green branches of the Oak of Reformation; and so, for the time, that tree may be said to have withered away. The sad thing is that the poor people were forced to submit to be robbed of the lands which had

belonged to them since the days when the Saxons came to England, that is to say, from the fifth and sixth centuries.

The Church Catechism was written about this time. It would have been well if these idle and rich men had learned their Catechism and put it in practice, for you know the Catechism says that each man is not to covet or desire other men's goods, but to learn and labor truly to get his own living, and to do his duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call him. And a man's living should be what he earns by his own work, not what he can steal from other people by enclosing their lands, or in any other way.

The people in England were growing more and more clever in most things, and it was soon after this time that the greatest plays in the world were written. But in the reign of Edward the Sixth there were no plays such as you see now in theatres. The first kind of play was called a Miracle play. It was generally acted on a platform out of doors, and acted mostly at first by priests. They used to act some story taken out of the Old Testament, and the plays went on for many days together.

Every nobleman of distinction kept his own company of players to amuse him and his friends. After the Miracles there came what were called Mysteries, and these represented something taken out of the New Testament. Then they invented a new kind of play called a Morality, in which persons, dressed to represent virtues and vices, came in and made long speeches, which must very often have been exceedingly tiresome. But they lasted a good while in England.

Rough little plays, something like the harlequinades of the pantomimes, called Interludes, were introduced between the acts of the Miracle play or Morality, and these the people

must have liked very much, for they were full of funny scenes and speeches, and relieved the tedium of waiting.

Masques were a very gorgeous sort of play, with not much acting, but a great deal of dressing and ornament, so that they were more of a show than a play. These were



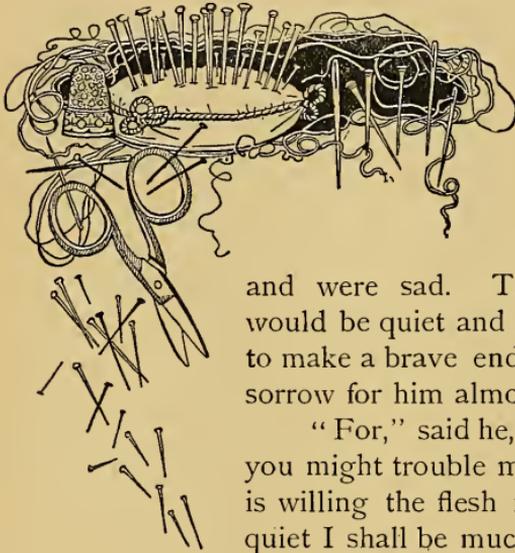
THE KING MAKING HIS WILL.

given at court and in private houses, and the young king was very fond of all these entertainments.

But all was not play. The Duke of Somerset, the Protector of the Kingdom, as he was called, had offended some great lords, and they persuaded the king that he ought to be made to die. But the poor people loved him, and the laws that were made while he was Protector were meant for

England's good. In spite of all that, his enemies got the young king to sign a warrant for his execution.

On the morning that he was to be beheaded a great many people had assembled to show their respect for him, and their grief at his death. Suddenly the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard, and the people hoped that the king had repented of his cruelty and sent a pardon to his uncle at the last



moment, and they shouted for joy. But it was not so. The king had only sent a messenger to see that the execution was carried out. Then the people groaned

and were sad. The duke begged they would be quiet and still, because he wished to make a brave end, and the sight of their sorrow for him almost unmanned him.

"For," said he, "through your tumult you might trouble me, for though the spirit is willing the flesh is weak, and if you are quiet I shall be much more quiet."

He then laid down his head on the fatal block, and had it struck off at a blow. Many of the bystanders rushed forward, and steeped their handkerchiefs in his blood, as a mark of their affection.

It is not very pleasant to know that while his uncle lay in prison under sentence of death, the young king was being vastly entertained by plays and dances and sham fights; but there is no doubt of it, for he kept a journal himself. It is pleasanter to know that not a single Roman Catholic was

burnt in this reign for holding that religion ; though two wretched victims suffered for heresy or adverse view of faith.

King Edward's health was growing worse and worse, and he was persuaded by one of the high nobles to make a will, leaving the crown not to either of his sisters, but to his cousin, Lady Jane Grey, and this foolish will cost many lives and much unhappiness.

The best thing Edward did in his reign was the founding of Grammar Schools in many parts of the country. One school you all know. It is Christ's Hospital, called the Blue Coat School, which was established to feed and clothe four hundred poor children. And the boys who are taught there now still wear the dress which boys wore in Edward's reign.

Edward the Sixth's father had taken away the lands of the monks and given them to his lords. Some of the monks had been wicked and selfish, but many of them had been kind and good, especially to the poor ; and while the monasteries or monks' houses flourished in England, poor beggars were always sure of help from the monks. But when the monks were turned out, they themselves had to become beggars, and the poor whom they had helped wandered about the country with no one to lend them a helping hand. The numbers of people who had no work, and who had in former times been helped by the monks, were so great, that later on it was necessary to make a law for the relief of the poor.

This was well meant at first, but led to a great deal of unhappiness, partly because the help given to the poor under the Poor Law was forced help, for which people had to be taxed, whereas the help that the old monks had given them had been from charity, the generous gift of love. It was to provide for the children of these poor people, who suffered so

much from the loss of the monks' charity, that Edward the Sixth founded his schools.

The chief thing that led Edward to make the will he did was that the Princess Mary, the nearest heir to the throne, had been brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, and the young king greatly feared that if she succeeded him the Protestant religion would be put down and the Catholic religion set up again. It was this trouble in the king's mind on which the Duke of Northumberland worked, and which induced him to make the will that chose Lady Jane Grey to wear the crown.

It was completed none too soon ; for Edward was now sinking in a rapid decline ; and, by way of making him better, they handed him over to a woman doctor, who pretended to be able to cure it. He speedily got worse. On the 6th of July, in the year 1553, he died, very peaceably, praying God with his last breath, to protect the reformed religion.

The king died in the sixteenth year of his age, and in the seventh of his reign. It is difficult to judge what the character of one so young might afterwards have become among so many bad, ambitious, quarreling nobles. But he was an amiable boy, of very good abilities, and had nothing coarse or cruel or brutal in his disposition, which in the son of such a father is rather surprising.

It is interesting here to recall a piece of history of a very common household article. It was during this reign or the preceding that pins were invented. But, as a matter of fact, they were introduced at a much earlier period. Before pins were invented ladies used to use little skewers of bone or wood to fasten their clothes. As for needles, they were tremendously valuable. One needle in a house was considered a precious possession, and was handed down from mother to daughter. There were not any made in England at that time.



England in the Year, A. D., 1560.

THE Duke of Northumberland persuaded Edward the Sixth to make a will saying who should reign after him. He would not name his sister Mary, because she was a Roman Catholic, and he had been brought up to be a Protestant; and people said that his sister Elizabeth, though she was a Protestant too, had no right to be queen. So he named his cousin, Lady Jane Grey, who was only sixteen years old and was married to Lord Guildford Dudley, the son of the Duke of Northumberland. She and her husband were both Protestants, and the duke hoped that the people would rather have a Protestant to be Queen than a Catholic like Mary; and then he thought that, as Lady Jane was his daughter-in-law, he would rule the country through her.

Lady Jane had been brought up very carefully. She was very learned. She knew Latin and Greek; she could speak French and Italian as well as she could English; she understood Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic, and was able to play, sing, and work embroidery. A very learned man, named Roger Ascham, went to visit her parents in Broadgate,

Leicestershire. He found all the family hunting the deer in the park except this one young girl, Lady Jane, and she sat reading a Greek book.

"I wonder that you like reading," said the visitor, "better than hunting the deer."

And she answered, "All their sport in the park is but a shadow, I wis, of the pleasure that I find in my book. Alas, good folks, they never knew what good pleasure meant,"

"And how came you," asked Roger Ascham, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure, and what did chiefly allure you to it, seeing that not many men and very few women attain thereto?"

"She answered, "Sir, God hath blessed me with sharp and severe parents and a gentle schoolmaster. For when I am in the presence of either father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be singing or dancing, or at anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure and number, even as perfectly as the world was made, or else I am so sharply taunted and cruelly threatened, yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips and bobs, and so cruelly disordered, that I think myself in hell till the time come that I go to Mr. Aylmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with so fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time is as nothing while I am with him; and thus my book hath been so much more pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure, and more that, in respect of it, all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and very troubles with me."

She did not care for rich dresses, and would have been content to live a quiet country life with her pretty garden and her many books rather than to have been Queen of England.

As soon as Edward the Sixth was dead, her father and mother and her husband's father and mother came to see her, and told her of her cousin's death, and explained to her that she must now be Queen, and they gave their reasons. Then her husband and his father, and some other lords who were present, fell on their knees and did homage to her as Queen. The poor child was so horrified at the news of her cousin's death, and by hearing that she was to be Queen of England, which was the last thing she wanted to be, that she screamed aloud and fainted away. When she came to herself again, she begged that they would not try to make her Queen, but would leave her to be happy in her own way. "I will not be Queen," she said, but her father and mother insisted that she must be, and threatened her with all sorts of punishments if she refused, and her husband and his parents persuaded her. "Don't hold back," they said, "and imperil the Protestant cause by faint-heartedness."

She yielded at last, and, as she afterwards wrote to Mary—"I turned myself to God, humbly praying and entreating Him that, if this which was given me were rightly and lawfully mine, His Divine Majesty would give me such grace



and spirit that I might govern to His glory and the welfare of this realm."

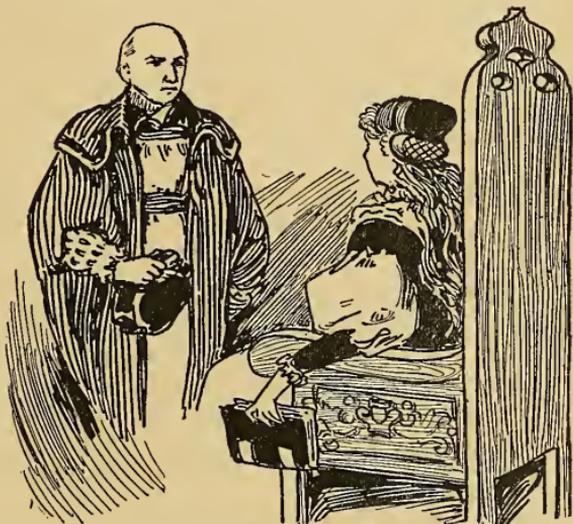
When she had recovered from the shock, and had been arrayed for the occasion, Jane was taken by water to the Tower. She entered it in state, her train being borne by her mother, and at her entrance the Lord Treasurer presented her with the crown, while her relations saluted her on their knees.

The same evening heralds proclaimed round London that Edward was dead and that Jane was Queen, but the Londoners were not pleased, for they wanted Mary or Elizabeth to be Queen. The people of London looked on Lady Jane Grey as an upstart; and though Northumberland and Lady Jane's father got together an army, it was in vain, for Queen Mary was proclaimed from Paul's Cross amid shouts of joy from all the people. There were bonfires, illuminations, and shoutings, and sounds of joy, whereas, when Lady Jane was proclaimed Queen, there had only been a miserable silence. The next day, just twenty days after they had made her Queen, Jane was taken back to her own house. Her whole time during her brief reign had been made miserable by her husband and his mother, because though she would make him a duke, she had made up her mind that she would not let him call himself King. He scolded and tormented her, and then sulked and would not speak to her, so that she was very miserable and tired of playing at being Queen, for it was only a play, and she was very glad to go back to being only Lady Jane Grey.

The Duke of Northumberland saw that his plans had failed; so he tried to save himself by pretending to be very glad that Queen Mary was proclaimed Queen. "The Queen is merciful," he said, "she will pardon me."

“Don't think of it,” answered a gentleman who was with him. “Whoever else escapes, you will not.”

The Princess Mary was at this time far from London. The crafty Duke of Northumberland had at first tried to keep the death of young King Edward a secret until he could get the two princesses into his power. But the Earl of Arundel, who knew of it, and was a friend of Princess Mary, secretly sent her word that her brother was dead and that Lady Jane Grey had been named as queen in his will. Mary was then riding to London to see her sick brother, but on hearing of his death and her own danger, she turned the head of her horse and rode at full speed into the county of Norfolk



LADY JANE AND HER TUTOR.

Here some powerful lords declared that Mary was the true queen and raised troops to support her cause. They had her proclaimed queen at Norwich, and gathered around her at the Castle of Framlingham, which belonged to the Duke of Norfolk. For she was not considered so safe as yet, but that it was best to keep her in a castle on the sea coast, from whence she might be sent abroad if necessary.

When news of this came to London, the council of the

kingdom, which felt that it must obey the king's will, wished to send Lady Jane's father, the Duke of Suffolk, as the general of the army, against this force; but as she implored that her father might remain with her, and he was known to be but a weak man, they told the Duke of Northumberland that he must take the command himself. He was not very ready to do so, as he mistrusted the council much; but there was no help for it, and he set forth with a heavy heart, observing to a lord who rode beside him through Shoreditch at the head of the troops, that, although the people pressed in great numbers to look at them, they were terribly silent.

And his fears for himself turned out to be well founded. While he was waiting at Cambridge for further help from the council, they took it into their heads to turn their backs on Lady Jane's cause, and to take up the Princess Mary's. This was chiefly owing to the Earl of Arundel, who said to the lord mayor and aldermen, in an interview with them, that, as for himself, he did not perceive the reformed religion to be in much danger—which Lord Pembroke backed by flourishing his sword as another kind of persuasion. The lord mayor and aldermen thus talked to, changed their minds very quickly, and said there could be no doubt that the Princess Mary ought to be queen. So she was proclaimed, as we have said, at the Cross by St. Paul's; and barrels of wine were given to the people, and they got very drunk, and danced round blazing bonfires, shouting and huzzahing with great joy.

It was now plain that Lady Jane's sorry dream of royalty was at an end. She very willingly gave up the crown, saying that she had accepted only in obedience to her father and mother, and went gladly enough back to her pleasant house by the river, and to her books, which she loved far more than she did power.

Mary, at this time, was coming on towards London. At Wanstead, in Essex, she was joined by her half-sister, the Princess Elizabeth. They passed through the streets of London to the Tower, and there the new queen met some eminent prisoners then confined in it, kissed them and gave them their liberty.

The Duke of Northumberland had been taken prisoner, and, together with his son, Lady Jane's husband, and five others, was quickly brought before the Council. He asked that Council, in his defence, whether it was treason to obey orders that had been issued under the great seal; and, if it were, whether they, who had obeyed them too, ought to be his judges? But they made light of these points; and, being resolved to have him out of the way, soon sentenced him to death.

He had risen into power upon the death of another man, and made but a poor show when he himself lay low. He entreated Bishop Gardiner whom Queen Mary, having ascended the throne, hastened to reward by the office of chancellor of England, to let him live, if it were only in a mouse's hole; and, when he ascended the scaffold to be beheaded on Tower Hill, addressed the people in a miserable way, saying that he had been incited by others, and exhorting them to return to



the Catholic religion, which he told them was his faith. There seems reason to suppose that he expected a pardon even then, in return for his confession; but it matters little whether he did or not. His head was struck off.

As for Lady Jane, she was not allowed to stay long in her pleasant room among her books, but was taken from there and shut up in the Tower of London, along with her husband. They were permitted to walk about in the gardens of the Tower, but they were kept close prisoners. We may be sure that Lord Dudley, her husband, no longer tormented her with his petty desire to be called king. He could not now even bear the title of duke, which she had promised him. There were those who wished Queen Mary to have her girlish rival's head cut off, as had long been the fashion in such cases, but the new queen would not consent.

"I am not afraid of Jane Grey," she said. "She has no friends powerful enough to do me any harm, and why should I take the life of that insignificant girl, who will never be anything but a mere book worm."

Soon after Mary was crowned Queen of England at Westminster. Her sister Elizabeth, who would follow her on the throne if she should die without children, carried the crown of England from the Abbey Church to Westminster Hall on a cushion. She complained to the French ambassador that the crown was very heavy.

"You will not find it so," he said, "when you are queen and you have to wear it on your own head."

Queen Mary wanted to marry a Spanish prince, he who afterwards became the cruel Philip II, but the English people hated the Spaniards, partly on account of their cruelty, partly because they were Roman Catholics; and a gentleman, named Sir Thomas Wyatt, with several other nobles, made a plot to

take the crown from Mary and make Princess Elizabeth queen. Fifteen hundred armed men assembled around Wyatt at Rochester, where he took possession of the castle, and as many as 5000 were gathered there as soon as Mary's army advanced against him.

When Mary's troops had come up to the castle, one of her captains turned round to the soldiers and said: "Will you fight and shed the blood of these brave Englishmen who want to save you

from the domination of Spain?" And they called out, "Wyatt, Wyatt!" When Sir Thomas Wyatt appeared they cheered him and went over to his side. Then Sir Thomas Wyatt and his men advanced toward London, and would have succeeded in driving Mary away if she had not bravely gone



PLAYING AT QUEEN.

down to the city, and declared that, if she were to lose her crown, she would die with the brave men who were fighting for her. This inspired her men with courage. They fought Sir Thomas Wyatt's party and defeated them.

Lady Jane Grey's relations had taken advantage of the disturbances to proclaim publicly that she ought to be queen; and Queen Mary was so angry at this, that, although Lady

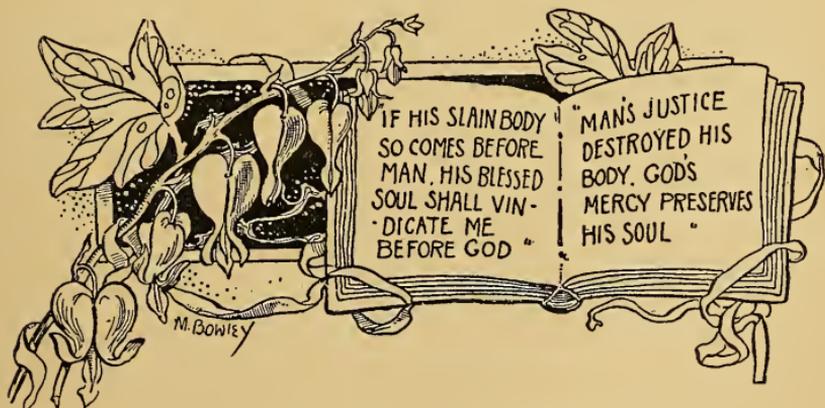
Grey knew nothing about it, Mary did one of the most cruel acts of her cruel reign. She sentenced poor Lady Jane and her husband to be executed.

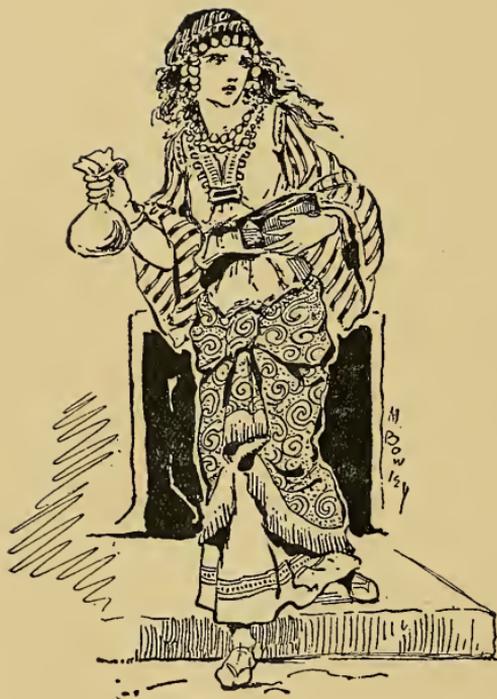
Lady Jane received the news of her sentence very bravely and quietly. She wrote a letter to her father on the blank leaves of a Greek Testament, and another letter to her sister Catherine. This was written in Greek, to prevent its being read by the guards who surrounded her. They offered to let her see her husband again for the last time before her head and his were taken off; but she refused, saying that she had need of all her courage, and she might break down if she saw him. She seems to have been fond of him, though he was so disagreeable to her when she would not agree to let him be called king.

Early in the morning, poor Lady Jane Grey stood by the iron-barred window of her prison and saw her poor young husband led out to be beheaded. About an hour later, as she still stood by the window in prayer, she saw a common cart come through the gate, and in it her husband's body, all covered with blood. She wrote in a little book in Greek—"If his slain body so comes before man, his blessed soul shall vindicate me before God." And she wrote in Latin—"Man's justice destroyed his body; God's mercy preserves his soul." And in English she wrote—"If my fault deserved punishment, my youth and imprudence were worthy of excuse." The Governor of the Tower asked her for a keepsake when he came to lead her to the scaffold, and she gave him this little book.

She came up to the scaffold with a firm step and a quiet face, and addressed the bystanders in a steady voice. They were not numerous; for she was too young, too innocent and fair, to be murdered before the people on Tower Hill, as her

husband had just been ; so, the place of her execution was within the Tower itself. She said she had done an unlawful act in taking what was Queen Mary's right ; but that she had done so with no bad intent, and that she died a humble Christian. She begged the executioner to despatch her quickly, and she asked him : "Will you take my head off before I lay me down?" He answered : "No, Madam," and then she was very quiet while they bandaged her eyes. Being blinded, and unable to see the block on which she was to lay her young head, she was seen to feel about for it with her hands, and was heard to say, confused : "Oh, what shall I do ! Where is it?" Then they guided her to the right place, and the executioner struck off her head. You know too well, now, what dreadful deeds the executioner did in England, through many, many years, and how his axe descended on the hateful block through the necks of some of the bravest, wisest and best in the land. But it never struck so cruel and vile a blow as this.







England in the Year, A.D., 1550.

HAVE you ever read the story of Henry the Eighth of England, that huge, blustering beast of a king, who married six times. Two of his wives he got rid of by divorcing, and two by the easy way of cutting off their heads? One of them died soon after he married her, and the last one was lucky enough to outlive him. Thus the whole six are accounted for.

It was Henry the Eighth who established the Protestant Church in England, but this was not that he cared anything about religion, but because the Pope refused to give him a divorce from his first wife, Catharine of Aragon. He founded a church of his own, that he might get a bishop that would do what he wanted.

The reason Henry wanted to divorce his wife Catharine was because he had fallen desperately in love with a beautiful lady of the court, named Anne Boleyn. His love for her soon wore out, however, or it was driven out of his heart by jealousy, and three years after their marriage he had her head

cut off on the headman's fatal block. But though poor Anne Boleyn was gone, she left a fine legacy to England, in the shape of a beautiful little princess, who was to become the great Queen Elizabeth, one of the most famous of all the monarchs who have been seated on England's throne.

Henry the Eighth left three children, all of whom wore the crown of England. One of them was the son of his third wife, Jane Seymour, who died when her baby boy was born. He became the boy king Edward VI, the story of his life we have given. Another was the daughter of Catharine of Aragon, Henry's Spanish wife. She came to the throne as Queen Mary—Bloody Mary she is often called, for she put many of her subjects to death by sword or fire. One of the first of these was hapless Lady Jane Grey, whose unhappy tale you have just read.

Mary was a Catholic, like her mother, and tried to do away with the Protestant faith which her father had brought in, by burning to death those who taught it. It is said that three hundred people were burned alive during her short reign of a little over five years, sixty of them being women and forty of them children. It is hard to believe that any woman could have done such dreadful work, and think that she was in this way helping the cause of Christ.

The third of Henry's children to come to the throne was Elizabeth, the daughter of Anne Boleyn, a Protestant like her mother, and who firmly established the Protestant faith in England during her long reign. For while Edward and Mary together reigned less than twelve years, Elizabeth was on the throne for forty-five years. But, great queen as she was, there were many unhappy moments in her youthful life, and she had much reason to fear that she would suffer the fate of her cousin Lady Jane Grey.

There was a gallant young nobleman named Courtenay, of whom Mary seemed very fond, and whom she made Earl of Devonshire. But just when it was thought she would marry him, she changed her mind and chose the Catholic prince, Philip of Spain. This created much bitter feeling among the people, and a plot was formed to marry Courtenay to the Princess Elizabeth, and there were tumults all over the country against the queen. In the bold old county of Kent it led to a rebellion, of which Sir Thomas Wyatt, a man of great daring, was the leader. We have told in the last chapter all that need be said about this rebellion.

Though Lady Jane Grey and her husband were killed because of the Wyatt rebellion, the hope of that rebellion was to put the Princess Elizabeth on the throne and to get rid of Queen Mary. When Mary was made



queen she took her sister to live with her; but she treated the princess very rudely and pretended to think she was not a princess at all, making her come into the room after countesses and duchesses, as if she were a person of inferior rank, whereas she ought really to have come in next after the Queen herself.

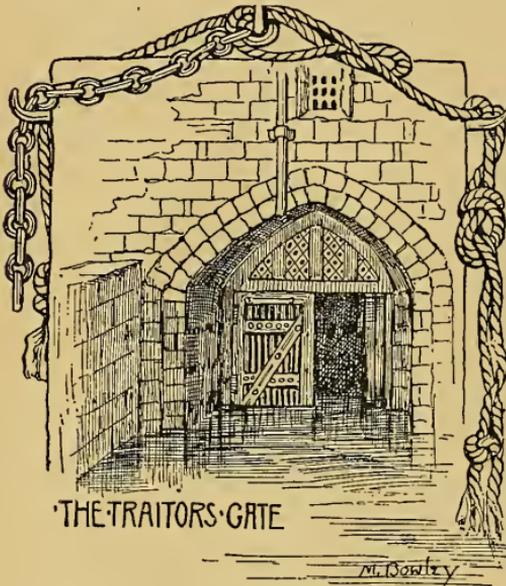
Elizabeth was a very unhappy Princess at court, and begged her sister, the queen, to let her go away and live in her country house, and at last she was allowed to go and live at Ashbridge, in Buckinghamshire.

Then came the Wyatt rebellion, and in the midst of it

Queen Mary sent for her sister. Princess Elizabeth said she was ill, and would not let anyone into her house, and the people who were in attendance on her said they would fight to the death rather than she should be taken back to Mary's Court, because they feared what might happen to their Princess. At last, after Wyatt had been taken, Elizabeth was obliged to come to London. She was really weak and ill

when she set out, but they traveled very slowly, and she got better on the way.

She entered London, dressed in white, looking very pale, grave and resolute. A hundred gentlemen in velvet marched before her, and a hundred behind, dressed in black velvet. The roads were lined with people who wept and cried because they



thought Princess Elizabeth was going to be killed. She was not allowed to see the Queen, but she sent a ring to her which the Queen had given her to send if ever there should be any quarrel between them.

She was kept at Westminster Palace with two gentlemen, six ladies, and four servants of her own, and she was not allowed to go out or receive visitors unless she had guards with her.



ALFRED THE GREAT LEARN'G TO READ.

Alfred's mother used to read to him out of a great book, with gold and precious stones on the cover, and inside were beautiful songs and poetry. He became a good and great King.



THE CORONATION OF HENRY III.

This young King was only nine years old when he was crowned at Gloucester. The Coronation Chair, which is seen in the picture, has been used at the coronation ceremonies of the Kings of England for hundreds of years. It has an interesting history.

At last the Queen decided to put her in the Tower. The Earl of Sussex went to the Princess at Westminster, and told her to have her barge got ready at once, so that the tide might carry them through London to the Tower.

It seems that Wyatt had written her several letters, which she said she had never received, and for this reason they thought she had something to do with his rebellion. She now insisted on waiting to write a letter to her sister, and by the time she had finished it, the tide had turned, so she could not go to the Tower that day. The Earl of Sussex took the letter to Mary, who was very angry on hearing that Elizabeth had not yet been shut up in the Tower.

"I wish my father were alive," she said, "you would not dare to disobey him."

The next day Elizabeth was taken to the Tower by the river. Her guards hoped that all the London people would be at dinner, and they hurried her so that they were too early for the tide, and the boatmen were afraid to go under the bridge. But the nobles who were with her insisted, and so the boatmen had to do their best, and, though it was very dangerous, it was safely done.

The barge was brought up to a low, wide arch, looking over the river. It is called the Traitors' Gate. So Elizabeth said :

"This is for traitors, and I am none," and refused to land there.

"Madam, you may not choose," said one of the lords, offering her his cloak, for it was then raining, but "she dashed it from her with a good dash," and said, as she stepped out of the barge on to the stone step, "Here lands as true a subject as ever trod. Before Thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but Thee alone."

She came up the steps where the warders were drawn up, and some of them, as she passed, knelt and prayed aloud for her safety. When she reached the Tower prison itself, she sat down on a stone and refused to go in. Then they said: "Madam, you had best come in, for it is not whole-

some to sit in the rain."

"Better sit here than in a worse place," she cried, "God knoweth whither you will bring me."

One of her gentlemen burst into crying.

"You do ill. You ought to be my support and comforter," she said.

At last she let them take her into her rooms, and the door was made fast

on her with locks and bolts. Then she gathered her servants together, called for her books, and read the prayers. She was not very strong when she came to the Tower, and being shut up in close little rooms, she began to get paler and thinner, and though many of the lords in the kingdom were



deeply considering whether they should cut off her head or not, they did not wish her health to suffer while they were making up their minds, so they gave her leave to walk in the gardens every day for her health.

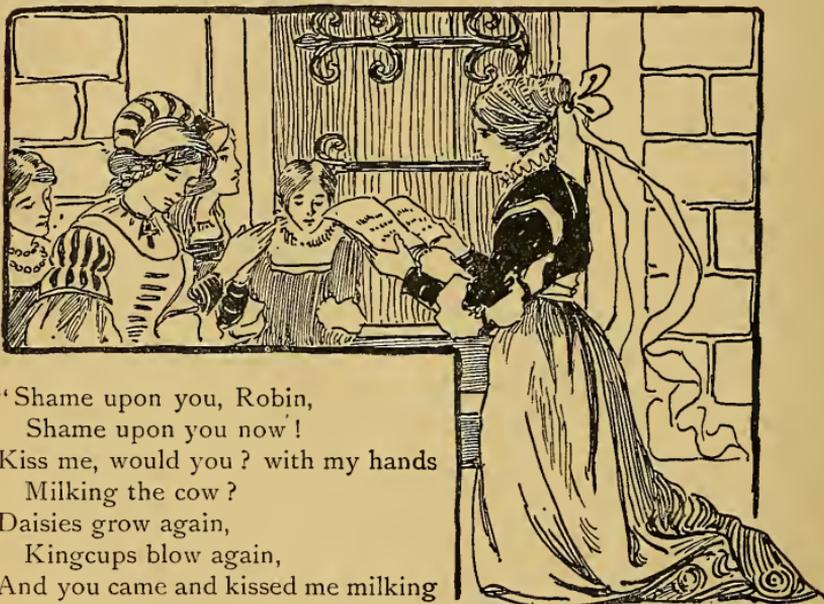
The son of one of the warders, a little boy named Martin, who was only five years old, was very much pleased with the Princess's looks, and he used to run up to her with bunches of flowers, which she received gently and quietly. She liked to talk with him and to listen to his childish chatter. One day, a little girl, named Susannah, ran up to the Princess and gave her a bunch of little keys. "Now," she said, "you can open the garden gate and walk about where you will."

This was only the child's fancy, for the keys of the Tower were very big keys, and none of these little ones could possibly have unlocked any of its doors. But the act made some persons think that perhaps little Martin's nose-gays were used to hide letters in from the people who wanted Elizabeth to be queen. So the child was sent for by the Council, and the lords asked him dozens of questions, but they could get nothing against the princess or the people out of him, so they contented themselves with forbidding him to bring his nose-gays any longer.

As soon as he got back to the Tower, he ran to the princess's room and called through the keyhole: "Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers now," and you can guess how sad the Princess Elizabeth was to hear that she was to have no more flowers from her little friend.

Sir Henry Bedingfield was appointed Governor of the Tower soon after. He arrived with a guard of one hundred men in blue coats; and Elizabeth thought her head was really going to be cut off this time; and, no doubt, she spent some very sad moments.

But instead he had come to take her away to a country home at the mansion of Woodstock, where she was kept as a prisoner, being allowed to walk out only with guards, to prevent her running away. But of course, she had much more freedom than at the Tower. Yet she was very miserable at Woodstock. Tennyson pictures her sad and lonely in her imprisonment, and as she sits grieving, she hears a milkmaid singing outside :



“Shame upon you, Robin,
 Shame upon you now!
 Kiss me, would you? with my hands
 Milking the cow?
 Daisies grow again,
 Kingcups blow again,
 And you came and kissed me milking
 the cow!”

ELIZABETH READING PRAYERS.

Princess Elizabeth sighed as she heard the song and said :

“I would I were a milkmaid,
 To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake, and die,
 Then have my simple headstone by the church,
 And all things lived and ended honestly.”

Elizabeth was kept a captive at Woodstock for some time, and was then removed to Hatfield House, where she lived a long time. At last the queen died, but first, by the advice of her husband, she named Elizabeth to succeed her. The Princess was at Hatfield House when the news of the queen's fatal illness was brought her. She was not allowed to see her sister, though she was dying; and when they brought the news of the queen's death and told her that she now was herself queen, she refused to believe them until they brought her the wedding ring, which had never before left Mary's finger. When the councillors arrived and paid their homage to Elizabeth as queen, she sank on her knees and said in Latin, "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

No time was lost in setting out for London, and when Elizabeth entered the city she was attended by a splendid company of lords and ladies; and she rode at their head, among the people, who greeted her with cries of love and delight.

On the day that Queen Elizabeth was crowned and was driven through the streets of London, the people threw flowers at her carriage and cheered and shouted for joy. One poor woman who had no flowers to give, came up to the coach with a bunch of rosemary, and the queen accepted it with a gentle smile, and held it in her hand the whole day.

Altogether, the people had greater reason for rejoicing than they usually had when there were processions in the streets; and they were happy with some reason. All kinds of shows and images were set up; Gog and Magog were hoisted to the top of Temple Bar; and (which was more to the purpose) the corporation dutifully presented the young queen with the sum of a thousand marks in gold—so heavy a present, that she was obliged to take it into her carriage with

both hands. The coronation was a great success; and on the next day one of the courtiers presented a petition to the new queen, praying that, as it was the custom to release some prisoner on such occasions, she would have the goodness to release the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and also the Apostle St. Paul, who had been for some time shut up in a strange language, so that the people could not get at them.

To this the queen replied that it would be better first to inquire of themselves whether they desired to be released or not; and, as a means of finding out, a great public discussion—a sort of religious tournament—was appointed to take place between certain champions of the two religions, in Westminster Abbey. You may suppose that it was soon made pretty clear to common sense, that for people to benefit by what they repeat or read it is rather necessary they should understand something about it. In consequence a church service in plain English was ordered. But while the Protestant religion was firmly established, the Catholics were not so harshly dealt with as the Protestants had been under Queen Mary, the ministers of the new queen showing a more wise and merciful spirit.

England was tired of the cruelties of Mary, but the new queen was far too brave and good a woman, and far too clever and strong in her own opinions, to be willing to burn other people because they had strong opinions too. So the people soon knew that they would be allowed to do what they thought right in matters of religion, and need no longer fear being burnt alive for their faith, as in Mary's time.

The reign of Elizabeth was long and prosperous, and England rose then to great glory in arms and art and song. William Shakespeare lived and wrote in her reign. Then, too, lived the noble poets Spenser, Marlowe, Ben Jonson,

Drayton (who wrote the great song about Agincourt), Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, and many other great men. For the queen was clever, and loved art and poetry as well as bravery. She rewarded a clever saying with her brightest smile, and showered her favors on men of letters.

Queen Elizabeth was very fond of show and sport, and fine processions, and grand entertainments. She liked to make journeys in great state through the country, that the loyal people might see and admire the splendor of their queen, and the nobles might have the opportunity of entertaining her at their castles. The people, no doubt, enjoyed it very much, gathering in great companies, and shouting, and clapping and hurrahing gladly and wildly when the queen and her gaily-dressed courtiers went by. But I fancy the nobles did not enjoy it so much, for the queen brought so many people with her in these royal pilgrimages that her hosts were nearly eaten out of house and home. She expected to receive rich presents, too, and got them, as her entertainers felt obliged to give them, so that many of them were almost ruined.

These journeys she called Progresses. The most famous of them was that made to Lord Leicester's castle of Kenilworth. Leicester was one of the queen's lovers, of whom she had many, but she seemed to like him more than any of the others, though he did many foolish and some wicked things. He was rich enough to feed her host of followers without feeling it, and to show his hospitality he kept the hands of the clock always at twelve, that it might seem to be always dinner time. And the fine shows and plays and costly entertainments that he provided kept the castle in a continual bustle and would have beggared any one less rich than he was.

If any of us had seen Queen Elizabeth, I am sure we would not have thought her a handsome woman. She was

anything but the beautiful creature her courtiers made her out to be in their foolish compliments. She was little, and had red hair, and a long and rather hooked nose, but her eyes were bright and could be as fierce as those of a lion when she was out of temper, and she could look very dignified.



SOLDIER OF ELIZABETH.

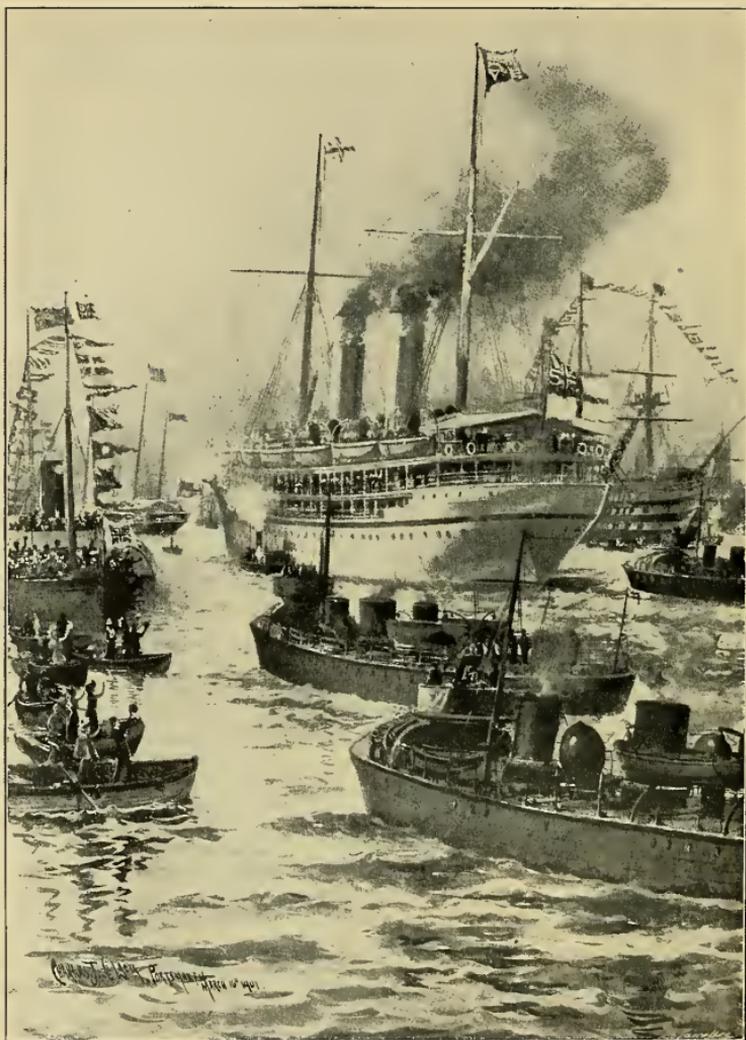
One of her great faults was her vanity. She liked to be praised and courted and to have lovers, though she would never marry any of them. She allowed foreign princes to send her their portraits, and also rings and jewels, and sometimes to come and see her, but she had no fancy for taking any of them for a husband. As to the gentlemen at her own court, she liked them to make the most absurd and ridiculous compliments to her, calling her their sun and goddess, and her hair golden beams of the morning, and the like; and the older she grew, the more she enjoyed these fine but ridiculous compliments. Her dress was a huge hoop, a tall ruff covered with lace, and jewels in the utmost profusion, all as splendid as it could be made, and in wonderful variety. She is said to have had three hundred gowns and thirty wigs. Lord Burleigh said of her that she was sometimes more than a man, and sometimes less than a woman. And in one way she was, for she did not like her ladies to wear handsome dresses and thus to compete with her in display.

One of the people who had wanted to marry Elizabeth was her brother-in-law, Philip II, of Spain, who had been



**THE KING AND QUEEN RETURNING FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY AFTER
THE CORONATION CEREMONY**

They rode to Buckingham Palace in the state coach, wearing their golden crowns for the first time in public. Large concourses of people assembled to witness the spectacle of their monarch, riding through the streets of their capital, crowned and in royal robes.



THE DEPARTURE OF THE "OPHIR" FROM PORTSMOUTH
With the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall starting on their tour around the Empire. March 16. 1901.

Queen Mary's husband. Very likely what he would have liked to do would have been to set up the Catholic religion in England and punish the Protestants, as Mary had done, and as he did himself in the Netherlands. As he could not get control of England in this way, he tried to do so in another way, fitting out a great expedition that was intended to conquer the island kingdom and make him its lord and master.

Never had such a mighty expedition sailed from the shores of Spain. It consisted of one hundred and thirty ships, some of them very great and formidable; nineteen thousand soldiers; eight thousand sailors; two thousand slaves and between two and three thousand cannon. It took several years to get ready so great a force, and England made ready to meet it. All the men between sixteen and sixty years old were trained and drilled; the national fleet of ships (in number only thirty-four at first) was enlarged by public contributions, and by private ships, fitted out by noblemen; the City of London, of its own accord, furnished double the number of ships and men that it was required to provide; and, if ever the national spirit was up in England, it was up all through the country to resist the Spaniards.

Some of the queen's advisers were for seizing the principal English Catholics and putting them to death; but the queen—who, to her honor, used to say she would never believe any ill of her subjects which a parent would not believe of her children—rejected the advice, and only confined in the fens in Lincolnshire a few of those who were the most suspected. The great body of Catholics deserved this confidence; for they behaved most loyally, nobly and bravely.

So, with all England firing up like one strong, angry man, and with both sides of the Thames fortified, and with the soldiers under arms, and with the sailors in their ships,

the country waited for the coming of the proud Spanish fleet, which was called The Invincible Armada. The queen herself, riding in armor on a white horse, and the Earl of Essex and the Earl of Leicester holding her bridle-rein, made a brave speech to the troops at Tilbury Fort, opposite Gravesend, which was received with such enthusiasm as is seldom known.

Then came the Spanish Armada into the English Channel, sailing along in the form of a half-moon, of such great size that it was seven miles broad. But the English were quickly upon it; and woe then to all the Spanish ships that dropped a little out of the half-moon, for the English took them instantly! And it soon appeared that the Armada was anything but invincible; for on a summer night, bold Admiral Drake sent eight blazing fire-ships right in the midst of it. In terrible consternation the Spaniards tried to get out to sea, and so became dispersed, while the English pursued them at a great advantage. A storm came on and drove the Spaniards among rocks and shoals, and the end of the invincible fleet was, that it lost thirty great ships and ten or twenty thousand men, and then fled home again in defeat and disgrace. Being afraid to go by the English Channel, it sailed all round Scotland and Ireland. Some of the ships were cast away on the latter coast in bad weather, and the Irish plundered those vessels and killed their crews. So ended this great attempt to invade and conquer England.

This was the greatest and most glorious warlike event in Elizabeth's reign. She lived fifteen years afterwards, and died with the reputation of being a great queen, who had gloriously upheld the honor of England. And the reign of Elizabeth is still looked on as being one of the noblest in English history, but this is more for the great men who adorned it than for the queen herself.

A
Baby
Queen



Only
Nine
Months
Old

The Unhappy Mary Queen of Scots.

IN the year 1542 there was born in the royal palace at Edinburgh, the capital of the kingdom of Scotland, a beautiful little princess, the daughter of James V, monarch of that kingdom. She was a direct descendant from Margaret, the daughter of King Henry the Seventh of England, and was the next heir to the English throne if Queen Elizabeth should die without children. This claim to the throne of England was to bring the girl child many unhappy days in her later life, and in the end to lead to her cruel death. Far better had it been for her if her cousin Elizabeth had married and left an heir to the throne.

Mary's father died a few days after she was born, and when she was only nine months old she was crowned Queen of Scotland by Cardinal Beatoun, who made himself regent of the kingdom. Has ever any other girl baby been made a queen, and at so tender an age? It would have been better

for her, as it would have been for Lady Jane Grey, if she had not been of royal blood, or never been raised to a throne.

As she grew to girlhood the kings around her entered into a contest for her hand. Henry the Eighth even sent an army to Scotland to obtain her as a wife for his son Edward, and thus bring the two countries under one crown. But in 1548, when little Mary was six years old, she was betrothed to Prince Francis, the heir to the throne of France, and she was sent to Paris to complete her education. Her mother was a French woman, Mary of Guise, and the child queen was brought up in the Roman Catholic faith.

Educated at the polite and lively court of Paris, little Queen Mary showed herself very quick and bright, and soon excelled in various accomplishments. At an early age she could talk French and Italian, and was a very good Latin scholar. When she was only fourteen she composed and read before the French king a Latin oration, for which she was highly complimented. Perhaps the compliments were as much to the queen as to the oration.

In fact, no one could help complimenting little Mary for herself. Such a rare and beautiful creature had not often been seen even at the brilliant court of France. She was a perfect vision of girlish grace and beauty, and was so admired for the graces of her mind and the fascinating charm of her manner that she became the general favorite and the chief ornament of the French court. No one who speaks of Mary of Scotland fails to grow eloquent over her great beauty of face and form, fascination of mind and manner, and wonderful powers of pleasing.

In 1558, when she was sixteen years of age, Mary was married to Francis, the Dauphin of France, and a lovely pair they made, for Francis was a handsome and engaging youth,

and they were very happy together. In the next year Henry II, King of France, died, and Francis became king in his place. Thus Mary was now a double queen, of Scotland and France. And the young couple also took the title of King and Queen of England, for the English Queen Mary was now dead, and the Catholic party held that Elizabeth was not the true heir to the throne, for they said that her mother, Anne Boleyn, had not been the legal wife of Henry Eighth, who had married her without permission of the Pope, and while his first wife was still living. All this was to make trouble in the coming years.

It happened soon that the young French king died, leaving Mary a young widow. She was then invited by her Scottish subjects to return home and reign over them; and, as she was not now happy where she was, she complied.

Elizabeth had been queen three years when Mary, Queen of Scots, embarked at Calais for her own rough, quarreling country. As she came out of the harbor, a vessel was lost before her eyes; and she said, "O good God! what an omen this is for such a voyage!" She was very fond of France,



QUEEN MARY AT THE FRENCH COURT.

and sat on the deck, looking back at it and weeping, until it was quite dark. When she went to bed, she directed to be called at daybreak, if the French coast was still visible, that she might behold it for the last time. As it proved to be a clear morning, this was done; and she again wept for the country she was leaving, and said many times, "Farewell, France! Farewell, France! I shall never see thee again!" All this was long remembered afterwards, as sorrowful and interesting in a fair young princess of nineteen. Indeed, I am afraid it gradually came together with her distresses, to surround her with greater sympathy than she deserved.

When she came to Scotland, and took up her abode at the palace of Holyrood in Edinburgh, she found herself among uncouth strangers, and wild, uncomfortable customs, very different from her experience in the court of France. She found people who were disposed to love her, and people who were not disposed to love her, and among the latter were the powerful leaders of the Reformed Church, who were bitter upon her amusements, however innocent, and denounced music and dancing as the works of the devil. John Knox, the great Scotch preacher and reformer, himself often lectured her violently and angrily, and did much to make her life unhappy. All these reasons confirmed her old attachment to the Romish religion, and caused her, there is no doubt, most imprudently and dangerously, both for herself and for England too, to give a solemn pledge to the heads of the Roman Church, that, if she ever succeeded to the English crown, she would set up that religion again. In reading her unhappy history, you must always remember this.

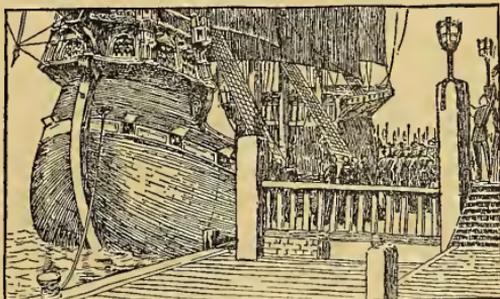
That Elizabeth was not inclined to like her is pretty certain. Elizabeth was very vain and jealous, and had an extraordinary dislike to people being married. She treated Lady

Catherine Grey, sister of the beheaded Lady Jane, with such shameful severity, for no other reason than her being secretly married, that she died and her husband was ruined; so, when a second marriage for Mary began to be talked about, probably Elizabeth disliked her more.

Aside from her being a queen, Mary was sought in marriage by many for herself alone. A lovely and attractive widow of nineteen, even without a crown as a wedding dower, might well have gained many suitors. Celebrated far and wide, as she was, for her radiant beauty, the great charm of her manners, and her gaiety and love of pleasure, it is not strange that princes as well as nobles sought to win her hand.

Queen Elizabeth and her council were opposed to Mary's marrying a Catholic

prince, for no one could say that she might not some day sit on the English throne, and if so it would be far better for her to have a Protestant husband. It was even proposed that Lord Leicester, one of the most favored lovers of Elizabeth, should marry the Scottish queen—as a matter of policy. But she at length found a lover who pleased Elizabeth in Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, who was Mary's cousin, and, like her, was descended from the royal families of Scotland and England. Elizabeth, who doubtless wanted to get this troublesome matter off her hands, consented that Darnley should go to Edinburgh and try his fortune at the palace of Holyrood.



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS EMBARKING AT CALAIS.

It was not much of a compliment to the Queen of Scots, to send her such a suitor. All that can be said in his favor was that he could dance and play the guitar. Lord Darnly soon married the queen. This marriage does not say much for her, but what followed will presently say less.

Mary had been married but a little while, when she began to hate her husband—which is not to be wondered at, considering the kind of man he was. He, in his turn, began to hate David Rizzio, with whom he had leagued to gain her favor, and whom he now believed to be her lover. He hated Rizzio to that extent, that he made a compact with Lord Ruthven and three other lords to get rid of him by murder. This they cruelly did in the queen's presence.

Soon after this Darnley was stricken with small-pox in his father's house at Glasgow, and thither went Mary, pretending to be very anxious about him, and to love him very much. If she wanted to get him in her power, she succeeded to her heart's content; for she induced him to go back with her to Edinburgh, and to occupy, instead of the palace, a lone house outside the city called the Kirk of Field. Here he lived for about a week. One Sunday night, she remained with him until ten o'clock, and then left him to go to Holyrood to be present at an entertainment given in celebration of the marriage of one of her favorite servants. At two o'clock in the morning the city was shaken by an explosion, and the Kirk of Field was blown to fragments, and so perished Darnley.

Bothwell soon afterwards seized the queen, on her return from a visit to Sterling, and carried her to Dunbar Castle, saying plainly that he intended to force her to marry him. It may be that this was another plot to which Mary was a party, for she married him willingly. When this marriage was made public the indignation of the people knew no bounds.

Such guilty unions seldom prosper. This husband and wife had lived together but a month, when they were separated forever by the successes of a band of Scotch nobles who associated against them for the protection of Mary's son James, then only a year old. Mary was sent a prisoner to Lochleven Castle; which, as it stood in the midst of a lake, could only be approached by boat. Here, one Lord Lindsay, who was so much of a brute that the nobles would have done better if they had chosen a mere gentleman for their messenger, made her sign her abdication in favor of her infant son, and appoint her brother, Murray, regent of Scotland. Mary succeeded in escaping from the castle after several attempts. On the shore of the lake remote from the castle, she was met by Earl Douglas and a few lords; and, so accompanied, rode away on horseback to Hamilton, where they raised three thousand men. Here, she issued a proclamation declaring that the abdication she had signed in her prison was illegal, and requiring the regent to yield to his lawful queen. This was to no purpose for she and her followers were defeated and she had to take shelter at Dundrennan Abbey, whence she fled for safety to Elizabeth's dominions.

Mary Queen of Scots came to England—to her own ruin, the trouble of the kingdom and the misery and death of many—in the year 1568. How she left it and the world, nineteen years afterwards, is soon told.

When Mary arrived in England, she was almost destitute of all necessaries and rashly threw herself on the generosity of Queen Elizabeth, who refused to admit her into her presence, because she was not yet cleared from the charge of murder. Treated as a prisoner, Mary was confined at Bolton Castle, Coventry and Fotheringay.

She had many adherents in England, who made several

attempts against the power and life of Elizabeth. In 1586 she was accused of complicity in Babington's conspiracy, for which she was tried by a commission and condemned almost without proof. But let us speak of this more fully.

Mary Queen of Scots arrived in England, without money and without any other clothes than those she wore, she wrote to Elizabeth, representing herself as an innocent and injured piece of royalty, and entreating her assistance to oblige her Scottish subjects to take her back again and obey her. But, as her character was already known in England to be a very different one from what she made it out to be, she was told in answer that she must first clear herself. Made uneasy by this condition, Mary, rather than stay in England, would have gone to Spain or to France, or would even have gone back to Scotland. But, as her doing either would have been likely to trouble England afresh, it was decided that she should be detained here. She first came to Carlise, and, after that, was moved about from castle to castle, as was considered necessary; but England she never left again.

There was not much that came of the trial, though letters between her and Bothwell were produced which seemed to prove that she was one of the guilty parties in the murder of Darnley. One thing came, which was that Elizabeth never let her see Scotland again, though she soon found that she had a very troublesome prisoner.

First, the Duke of Norfolk took a fancy that he would like to marry her, and acted in a way that made Elizabeth send him to the Tower of London. Then there came a conspiracy in which the Pope and some of the Catholic kings of Europe took part, to depose Elizabeth, put Mary on the throne, and bring back the old religion. Some time after that the Duke of Norfolk was set free, and he quickly began to

plot again, and wrote letters to the Pope, seeking to foment a rebellion in England which would force Elizabeth to let him marry Mary and repeal the laws against the Catholics. This time he was tried and found guilty of treason, and had his head cut off for his pains.

Years after that there arose another plot, the worst of them all, for its purpose was to murder Queen Elizabeth and thus put Mary on the throne. It was not long before this was found out, with the result that all the conspirators were taken and executed. As there was good reason to believe that Mary was concerned in this plot, she was taken to Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire, and put on trial for the crime. She denied it all, even her own letters, which were produced at the trial, but she was found guilty and declared to have incurred the penalty of death.

The Parliament met, approved the sentence, and prayed the queen to have her executed. The queen replied that she requested them to consider whether no means could be found of saving Mary's life without endangering her own. The Parliament rejoined, No, and the citizens illuminated their houses and lighted bonfires, in token of their joy that all these plots and troubles were to be ended by the death of the Queen of Scots.

She feeling sure that her time was now come, wrote a letter to the Queen of England, making three entreaties: first, that she might be buried in France; secondly, that she might not be executed in secret, but before her servants and some others; thirdly, that, after her death, her servants should not be molested, but should be suffered to go home with the legacies she left them. It was an affecting letter; and Elizabeth shed tears over it, but sent no answer. Then came a special ambassador from France, and another from Scotland,

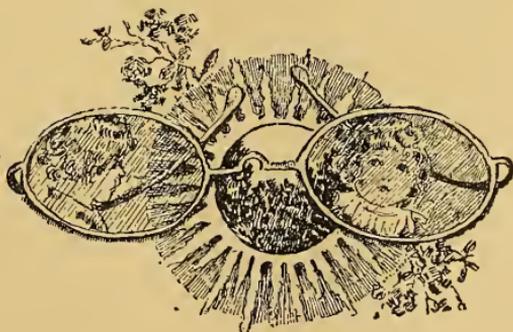
to intercede for Mary's life; and then the nation began to clamor, more and more, for her death.

What the real feelings or intentions of Elizabeth were, can never be known now, but it is strongly to be suspected that she wished only one thing more than Mary's death, and that was to keep free of the blame of it. On the 1st of February, 1587, Lord Burleigh having drawn out the warrant for the execution, the queen sent to the secretary, Davison, to bring it to her that she might sign it; which she did. Next day, when Davison told her it was sealed she angrily asked him why such haste was necessary. Next day but one she joked about it, and swore a little. Again next day but one, she seemed to complain that it was not yet done; but still she would not be plain with those about her. So, on the 7th, the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, with the sheriff of Northamptonshire, came with the warrant to Fotheringay, to tell the Queen of Scots to prepare for death.

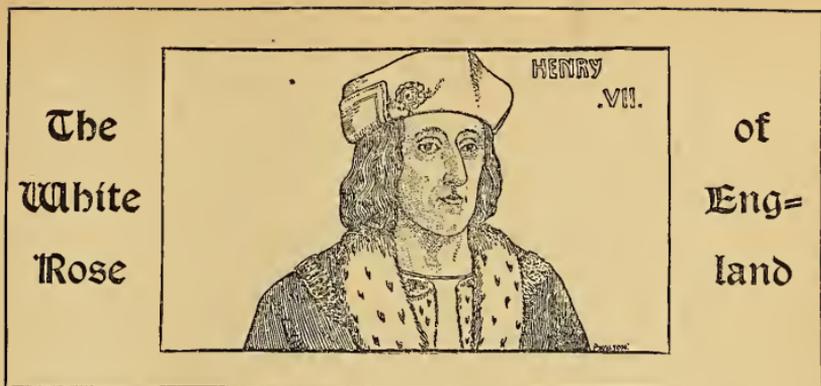
When those messengers of ill omen were gone, Mary made a frugal supper, drank to her servants, read over her will, went to bed, slept for some hours and then arose and passed the remainder of the night saying prayers. In the morning she dressed herself in her best clothes; and at eight o'clock when the sheriff came for her to her chapel, took leave of her servants who were there assembled praying with her, and went down stairs, carrying a Bible in one hand and a crucifix in the other. Two of her women and four of her men were allowed to be present in the hall, where a low scaffold was erected and covered with black; and where the executioner and his assistants stood, dressed in black velvet. The hall was full of people. While the sentence was being read, she sat upon a stool; and when it was finished, she again denied her guilt. The Earl of Kent

and the Dean of Peterborough, in their Protestant zeal, made some very unnecessary speeches to her; to which she replied she died in the Catholic religion, and they need not trouble themselves about that matter. When her head and neck were uncovered by the executioners, she said, that she had not been used to be undressed by such hands, or before so much company. Finally, one of her women fastened a cloth over her face; and she laid her neck upon the block, and repeated more than once in Latin, "Into thy hands, O Lord! I commend my spirit." Some say her head was struck off in two blows, some say in three. However that be, when it was held up, streaming with blood, the real hair beneath the false hair she had long worn was seen to be as gray as that of a woman of seventy, though she was at that time only in her forty-sixth year. All her beauty was gone.

But she was beautiful enough to her little dog, who cowered under her dress, frightened, when she went upon the scaffold, and who lay down beside her headless body when all her earthly sorrows were over.







Two Princes Want the Throne

You have read the pitiful story of how the little princes in the Tower were slain by order of their wicked uncle, Richard Third. It was then said that there were some who did not believe they were dead, but that they still lived and might come to the throne at last. We have now to tell the story of one who claimed to be the Duke of York, one of the princes in the Tower, and who had many and exciting adventures in his struggle for the throne.

This was in the reign of Henry Seventh, who became king after the death of the wicked Richard on Bosworth Field. Henry was an able monarch, and he was not a cruel one where there was nothing to be gained by it. He was cold, crafty and calculating, and loved money so greatly that he would do almost anything for it. The most famous event in his reign was the struggle of two boys for the throne. It is the story of these with which we are now concerned.

There was a priest at Oxford of the name of Simons, who had for a pupil a handsome boy named Lambert Simnel, the son of a baker. Partly to gratify his own ambitious ends,

and partly to carry out the designs of a secret party formed against the king, this priest declared that his pupil, the boy, was no other than the young Earl of Warwick, a descendant of Edward Third, who (as everybody might have known) was safely locked up in the Tower of London. The priest and the boy went over to Ireland and at Dublin enlisted in their cause all ranks of the people. The Earl of Kildare, the Governor of Ireland, declared that he believed the boy to be what the priest represented; and the boy, who had been well tutored by the priest, told them such things of his childhood and gave them so many descriptions of the royal family that they were perpetually shouting and hurraing and drinking his health, and making all kinds of noisy and thirsty demonstrations to express their belief in him.

Nor was this feeling confined to Ireland alone; for the Earl of Lincoln, whom Richard Third had named as his successor, went over to the young pretender. After holding a secret correspondence with the Dowager Duchess of Burgundy, the sister of Edward Fourth, who detested the present king and all his race, he sailed to Dublin with two thousand German soldiers provided by her. In this promising state of the boy's fortunes he was crowned with a crown taken off the head of a statue of the Virgin Mary, and was then, according to the Irish custom of those days, carried home on the shoulders of a big chieftain possessing a great deal more strength than sense. Father Simons, you may be sure, was mighty busy at the coronation.

Ten days afterwards the Germans and the Irish, and the priest and the boy, and the Earl of Lincoln, all landed in Lancashire to invade England. The king, who had good intelligence of their movements, set up his standard at Nottingham, where vast numbers resorted to him every day,

while the Earl of Lincoln could gain very few. With his small force he tried to make for the town of Newark; but the king's army getting between him and that place, he had no choice but to risk a battle at Stoke. It soon ended in the complete destruction of the pretender's forces, one-half of whom were killed; among them the earl himself.

The priest and the baker's boy were taken prisoners. The priest, after confessing the trick, was shut up in prison, where he afterwards died—suddenly, perhaps. The boy was taken into the king's kitchen and made a turnspit. Henry thought it better to make him ridiculous than to cut off his head and make him a martyr. He was afterwards raised to the station of one of the king's falconers; and so ended this strange imposition.



ON BOSWORTH FIELD

One might suppose that the end of this story would have put the Irish people on their guard; but they were quite ready to receive a second impostor, as they had received the first, and that same troublesome Duchess of Burgundy soon

gave them the opportunity. All of a sudden there appeared at Cork, in a vessel arriving from Portugal, a young man of excellent abilities, of very handsome appearance and most winning manners, who declared himself to be Richard, Duke of York, the second son of King Edward Fourth.

“O,” said some, even of those ready Irish believers, “but surely that young prince was murdered by his uncle in the tower!” “It *is* supposed so,” said the engaging young man; “and my brother *was* killed in that gloomy prison; but I escaped—it don’t matter how, at present—and have been wandering about the world for seven long years.”

This explanation being quite satisfactory to numbers of the Irish people, they began again to shout and hurrah, and to drink the handsome young fellow’s health, and to make the noisy and thirsty demonstrations all over again. And the big chieftain in Dublin began to look out for another coronation and another young king to be carried home on his back.

Now, King Henry being then on bad terms with France, the French king, Charles Eighth, saw that by pretending to believe in the handsome young man he could trouble his enemy sorely. So he invited him over to the French court and appointed him a body-guard, and treated him in all respects as if he really were the Duke of York. Peace, however, being soon concluded between the two kings, the pretended duke was turned adrift and wandered for protection to the Duchess of Burgundy. She declared him to be the very picture of her dear departed brother, gave him a body-guard at her court of thirty halberdiers, and called him by the sounding name of the White Rose of England.

The leading members of the White-Rose party in England sent over an agent, named Sir Robert Clifford, to ascertain whether the White Rose’s claims were good; the king

also sent over his agents to inquire into his history. The White Rose declared the young man to be really the Duke of York; the king's agents declared him to be Perkin Warbeck, the son of a merchant of the city of Tournay, who had acquired his knowledge of England, its language and manners, from the English merchants who trade in Flanders; it was also stated by the royal agents that he had been in the service of Lady Brompton, the wife of an exiled English nobleman, and that the Duchess of Burgundy had caused him to be trained and taught expressly for this deception.

The king required the Archduke Philip—who was the sovereign of Burgundy—to banish this new pretender or to deliver him up; but, as the archduke replied that he could not control the duchess in her own land, the king, in revenge, took the market of English cloth away from Antwerp, and prevented all commercial intercourse between the two countries.

He also, by arts and bribes, prevailed on Sir Robert Clifford, a member of the White-Rose party, to betray those who had employed him, and being told that several famous English noblemen were secretly the friends of Perkin Warbeck, the king had three of the foremost executed at once. Whether he pardoned the remainder because they were poor I do not know; but it is only too probable that he refused to pardon one famous nobleman against whom the same Clifford soon afterwards informed, because he was rich. This was no other than Sir William Stanley, who had saved the king's life at the battle of Bosworth Field. It is very doubtful whether his treason amounted to much more than his having said that, if he were sure the young man was the Duke of York, he would not take arms against him. Whatever he had done he admitted like an

honorable spirit, and he lost his head for it and the covetous king gained all his wealth.

Perkin Warbeck kept quiet for three years; but as the Flemings began to complain heavily of the loss of their trade by the stoppage of the Antwerp market on his account, and as it was not unlikely that they might even go so far as to take his life or give him up, he found it necessary to do something. Accordingly, he made a desperate sally and landed, with only a few hundred men, on the coast of Deal.

But he was soon glad to get back to the place from whence he came; for the country people rose against his followers, killed a great many, and took a hundred and fifty prisoners, who were all driven to London, tied together with ropes like a team of cattle. Every one of them was hanged on some part or other of the sea-shore, in order that, if any more men should come over with Perkin Warbeck, they might see the bodies as a warning before they landed.

Then the wary king, by making a treaty of commerce with the Flemings, drove Perkin Warbeck out of that country, and, by completely gaining over the Irish to his side, deprived him of that asylum too. The youth next wandered away to Scotland, and told his story at that court. King James Fourth of Scotland, who was no friend to King Henry, and had no reason to be (for King Henry had bribed his Scotch lords to betray him more than once, but had never succeeded in his plots), gave him a great reception, called him his cousin, and gave him in marriage the Lady Catherine Gordon, a beautiful and charming creature, related to the royal house of Stuart.

Alarmed by this successful reappearance of the Pretender, the king still undermined and bought and bribed, and kept his doings and Perkin Warbeck's story in the dark, when he might,

one would imagine, have rendered the matter clear to all England. But for all this bribing of the Scotch lords, at the Scotch king's court, he could not procure the Pretender to be delivered up to him. James, though not very particular in many respects, would not betray his guest; and the ever-busy Duchess of Burgundy so provided him with arms and good soldiers, and with money besides, that he had soon a little army of fifteen hundred men of various nations. With these, and aided by the Scottish king in person, he crossed the border into England and made a proclamation to the people, in which he called the king "Henry Tudor," offered large rewards to any who should take or distress him, and announced himself as King Richard Fourth, come to receive the homage of his faithful subjects. His faithful subjects, however, cared nothing for him, and hated his faithful troops, who, being of different nations, quarreled also among themselves. Worse than this, if worse were possible, they began to plunder the country; upon which the White Rose said that he would rather lose his rights than gain them through the miseries of the English people. The Scottish king made a jest of his scruples; but they and their whole force went back again without fighting a battle.



A LADY OF THIS PERIOD

Perkin Warbeck, doomed to wander up and down, and never to find rest anywhere—a sad fate, almost a sufficient punishment for an imposture which he seems in time to have half believed himself—lost his Scottish refuge through a truce being made between the two kings and found himself once more without a country before him in which he could lay his head. But James (always honorable and true to him, alike when he melted down his plate, and even the great gold chain he had been used to wear, to pay his soldiers in his cause, and now, when that cause was lost and hopeless) did not conclude the treaty until Perkin had safely departed out of the Scottish dominions. He and his beautiful wife, who was faithful to him under all reverses, and left her state and home to follow his poor fortunes, were put aboard ship with everything necessary for their comfort and protection, and sailed for Ireland.

But the Irish people had had enough of counterfeit Earls of Warwick and Dukes of York for one while, and would give the White Rose no aid. So the White Rose—encircled by thorns indeed—resolved to go with his beautiful wife to Cornwall as a forlorn resource, and see what might be made of the Cornish men, who had risen valiantly a little while before, and who had fought bravely at Deptford Bridge.

To Whitsand Bay, in Cornwall, accordingly came Perkin Warbeck and his wife; and the lovely lady he shut up for safety in the castle of St. Michael's Mount, and then marched into Devonshire at the head of three thousand Cornish men. These were increased to six thousand by the time of his arrival in Exeter; but there the people made a stout resistance, and he went on to Taunton, where he came in sight of the king's army.

The stout Cornish men, although they were few in number and badly armed, were so bold that they never thought of retreating, but bravely looked forward to a battle on the morrow. Unhappily for them, the man who was possessed of so many engaging qualities, and who attracted so many people to his side when he had nothing else with which to tempt them, was not as brave as they. In the night, when the two armies lay opposite to each other, he mounted a swift horse and fled. When morning dawned, the poor confiding Cornish men, discovering they had no leader, surrendered to the king's power. Some of them were hanged; and the rest pardoned and went miserably home.

Before the king pursued Perkin Warbeck to the sanctuary of Beaulieu in the New Forest, where it was soon known that he had taken refuge, he sent a body of horsemen to St. Michael's Mount to seize his wife. She was soon taken, and brought as a captive before the king. But she was so beautiful and so good, and so devoted to the man in whom she believed, that the king regarded her with compassion, treated her with great respect, and placed her at court, near the queen's person. And many years after when Perkin Warbeck was no more, and when his strange story had become like a nursery tale, *she* was called the White Rose, by the people, in remembrance of her beauty.



A DANDY OF THIS PERIOD

The sanctuary at Beaulieu was soon surrounded by the king's men; and the king, pursuing his usual dark, artful ways, sent pretended friends to Perkin Warbeck to persuade him to come out and surrender himself. This he soon did. The king, having taken a good look from behind a screen at the man of whom he had heard so much, directed him to be well mounted, and to ride behind him at a little distance, guarded, but not bound in any way. So they entered London with the king's favorite show—a procession; and some of the people hooted as the Pretender rode slowly through the streets to the Tower, but the greater part were quiet and very curious to see him. From the Tower he was taken to the palace at Westminster, and there lodged like a gentleman, though closely watched. He was examined every now and then as to his imposture, but the king was so secret in all he did that even then he gave it a consequence which it cannot be supposed to have in itself deserved.

At last Perkin Warbeck ran away and took refuge in another sanctuary near Richmond in Surrey. From this he was again persuaded to deliver himself up, and being conveyed to London, he stood in the stocks for a whole day, outside Westminster Hall, and there read a paper purporting to be his full confession, and relating his history as the king's agents had originally described it. He was then shut up in the Tower again, in the company of the Earl of Warwick, who had now been there for fourteen years—ever since his removal out of Yorkshire, except when the king had him at court, and had shown him to the people, to prove the imposture of the baker's boy.

It is but too probable, when we consider the crafty character of Henry Seventh, that these two men were brought together for a cruel purpose. A plot was soon discovered

between them and the keepers, to murder the governor, get possession of the keys and proclaim Perkin Warbeck as King Richard Fourth. That there was some such plot is likely; that they were tempted into it is at least as likely; that the unfortunate Earl of Warwick—last male of the Plantagenet line—was too unused to the world, and too ignorant and simple to know much about it, whatever it was, is perfectly certain; and that it was the king's interest to get rid of him is no less so. He was beheaded on Tower Hill, and Perkin Warbeck was hanged at Tyburn.

Such was the end of the pretended Duke of York, whose shadowy history was made more shadowy, and ever will be, by the mystery and craft of the king. That he was really the Duke of York is very unlikely, but so much mystery surrounds his story that no one can be sure that he was not the prince he claimed to be.







The Story
of
Prince Charles
———and The———
Spanish Princess

A Romance of Two Kingdoms.

IN reading about the doings of kings and princes we must bear in mind that they all began life as boys, just like the rest of us, and that many of them loved fun and were given to wild pranks. If any of you read the plays of Shakespeare you will find there the story of the jolly doings of Prince Hal, who afterwards became King Henry the Fifth. I am now going to tell you of a boyish adventure of another of the princes of England, Prince Charles, who became king as Charles the First.

Prince Charles had been shown the picture of a beautiful young girl, the daughter of the king of Spain, whom his father, James the First, wanted him to marry. The warm-hearted young man looked long at the picture, and looked long again, and said to himself, "If she is so pretty on paper, how lovely she must be in real life. How I would like to see her and learn if she is as charming as this lovely portrait makes her." The desire to meet her grew on him day by

day, and in time it led to a wild adventure, such as we do not look for in princes, who usually are watched very closely. I am sure you will all enjoy reading about this boyish prank of Prince Charles.

If any of you had been at the ferry at Gravesend, on the river Thames, on a fine morning in February, 1623, you might have seen two plainly dressed young men, wearing heavy black beards and with their caps pulled low down over their faces, talking with the old ferryman, who was delighted to receive a gold coin for his fare. They called themselves Tom and John Smith, but the shrewd old fellow looked after them cunningly as they rode away, saying: "There's mischief under those beards. Very likely these gay young bloods, who fling gold about in this way, are off for a duel or some other wild game."

On rode the travelers through the winter morning, meeting several adventures on their way, and even making a narrow escape from being arrested for two murderers whom the police were after. But at length they found themselves safely on the deck of a ship and speeding with a fresh breeze across the English Channel. On landing in France, they rode straight to Paris, and there, like schoolboys on a frolic, they amused themselves in wandering about the streets of that gay city. No doubt they were stared at by many of the people, not only for their foreign air, but for the beards, which did not seem to fit their faces very well. It is a wonder they were not taken up by the police for conspirators in disguise.

There was a royal merrymaking taking place at the king's court that night, and to this the two young Englishmen obtained admittance, on the plea of being strangers in Paris. They highly enjoyed what they saw there, especially a dance in which the queen, the princess Henrietta Maria, and many

other fair ladies took part. The prettiest of them all was the queen, who was a sister of that princess of Spain with whose picture Prince Charles had fallen in love.

Early the next morning the gay young travelers were up and riding out of the gates of Paris, on the road leading to Bayonne. They were in high spirits and pushed on at full speed, Tom Smith taking the lead and riding so fast that his comrade had some trouble to keep up with him.

"Come on, lazy bones," cried the lively cavalier. "Yonder is Spain, and there are many miles of fair France to cross before we set foot on its soil. We have no time to lag."

This lively pace brought them before many days to the banks of the small river Biadossa, the boundary between the two kingdoms. Crossing its waters, the truant lads stood on the soil of Spain, and here Tom



Smith danced with wild delight, laughing merrily at the long face of John Smith, his companion, who was quite worn out by the long and hard ride. If they had been fleeing from pursuers they could not have made greater speed, but Tom seemed as fresh and gay as if he had just set out from home. He was as merry as a schoolboy out on a holiday.

Now let us go back for a while to the school from which these truants came, the great school of life named London. Just now there was trouble in the streets and the court of that grand city. Young Prince Charles had disappeared, and no one knew where he had gone. The news had got abroad,

and people in the streets looked at one another in alarm, and wondered if any harm could have come to the heir to the throne. In the palace, among the courtiers, there was still greater fear, and the privy councillors hurried to the king and fell on their knees before him, asking him in tones of terror if the wild rumor they had heard could be true, which was that the prince had gone in disguise to Spain.

Their terror was greater when the king acknowledged that it was true, that Prince Charles and his bosom friend Buckingham had set out on a mad and merry ride to Spain, from which land the prince hoped to bring home a lovely bride. They had gone with the king's consent.

"The king of Spain is not to be trusted with England's hope?" the councillors cried out. "Suppose he seizes the heir to the throne and holds him as a hostage! Who knows how much mischief may come out of such madness!"

And as the news spread through England everybody said the same, until even the king, foolish as he was, began to fret and fume, and to fear that his "sweet boys and dear venturesome knights" might come into trouble from their truant prank.

Our readers will know now who the errant scapegraces were, in spite of their false beards and their pulled down caps. But the lads themselves knew little and cared less about the alarm they had left behind them, as they scampered on over the hills and plains of Spain, Buckingham gay from the pure love of adventure, the heart of Charles beating with merry music as he thought of the charming infanta of Spain whom he had come so far to see. So ardent were they that on the evening of March 7th, seventeen days after they had left Buckingham's villa, they were knocking at the door of the Earl of Bristol, England's minister at Madrid.

We may imagine Bristol's stare of wonder on seeing who his visitors were. He received them as serenely as though they had called on him in his London mansion, but in his heart he wished the madcaps were a thousand miles away. There was not the best of feeling at that time between the two kingdoms, and no one could tell what Philip of Spain might do. If he should hold Prince Charles as a prisoner, it might give him a great advantage in his dealings with England.

Bristol knew well that the secret would not be kept. Charles would be recognized by some one in Madrid, and he had better throw off his disguise at once. So he told Count Olivares, and Olivares told King Philip, and the mystery of Tom



THE BEAUTIFUL SPANISH PRINCESS AND HER SUITOR.

and John Smith was at an end. If the Prince of Wales had come so far to see the infanta, Philip decided it only kind to let him see her, and the next day the royal family rode through the streets of the city, with a very unconcerned

air, as if out only for exercise, while in another carriage Charles and Buckingham rode through the same streets. In this way the ardent lover caught a passing glimpse of the fair Spanish princess, and said to himself that she was more beautiful than even the portrait sent him had told.

A rumor as to who the strangers were had already got abroad, and as the carriage bearing them passed up and down through the streets all eyes were fixed upon them. Yet silence prevailed. The visit was a secret, and the loyal people of Madrid felt that they must keep the secrets of those of royal blood.

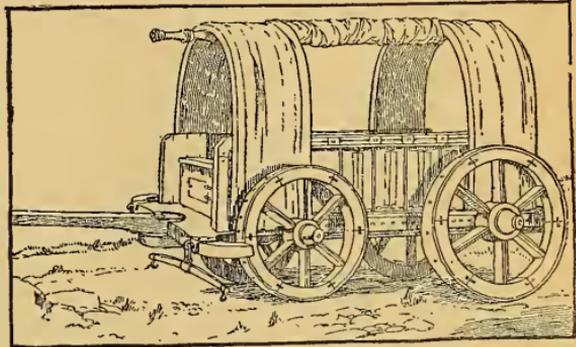
But there was one thought in all minds, a thought of triumph. The English prince would not have come so far, they said, unless he was ready to accept the national faith of Spain. King Philip, who was a devoted Catholic, felt the same. It seemed to him that Charles would never have come to Spain unless he intended to change his religion and embrace that of his longed-for bride. And he vowed that not a step towards marriage should be taken unless this was done.

Let us go on now to a week later, when the secret had ceased to be a secret, and rooms were prepared for the prince in the king's palace, and Charles and Philip rode side by side through the streets to the royal abode, the people shouting with joy and singing a song written for them by the famous poet Lope de Vega, which said that Charles had come, guided by love, to the sky of Spain to see his star Maria.

The palace was richly decorated, the streets showed many signs of public joy, and that all might join in the enjoyment all prisoners, except those held for mortal crimes, were set free. Among them were many Englishmen, who had been captured as pirates while preying on Spanish commerce. and were held as galley slaves.

Yet all this outward show did not help in the business of the marriage. The infanta may have liked the appearance of Charles, but she was a fervent Catholic and would not marry any one whom she looked on as a heretic. As for Charles, he had no idea of turning Catholic, and so it looked very bad for the match he had come so far to make. The king backed up his daughter, the pope backed up the king, and it appeared as if the prince had come to Spain in vain.

But Charles grew daily more in love with the princess. He begged to have a closer interview, and this was granted him on Easter day, April 7th. On that day the king, with a train of grandees, led the English prince to the apartments of the queen, where she sat in state with her lovely daughter.



CARRIAGE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Charles had been told what he must say. A few words of courtly ceremony had been taught him, and after greeting the queen with due respect, he turned to speak to the fair princess by her side. But the words given him were too cold for his ardent heart, and he began to address the princess in warm words of his own choice. In a moment there was a sensation, people began to whisper, the queen looked at him with angry eyes, the princess seemed sadly annoyed. Charles hesitated and stopped, seeing that something had gone wrong. The princess answered with a few cold sentences, and the

interview came to a sudden end. English ideas of love-making were not of the sort to fit the etiquette of a Spanish court.

As the days and weeks went on matters grew worse instead of better. The infanta showed a dislike for her lover. Charles refused to change his faith. Buckingham's hot temper led him to quarrel with the councillors and insult the priests. But as for the prince, his love deepened day by day, and one day, in the ardor of his feelings, he leaped into the garden in which his lady-love was walking and addressed her in words of passion. The startled girl shrieked and fled, and it was with difficulty that the ardent suitor was kept from following her.

This warmth of love led Charles to sign all the Spaniards asked for except that he would become a Catholic; but left Spain without making any more progress in his suit. He bade a loving good-bye to the king, though Buckingham's good-bye was of a different sort, taking the shape of a violent quarrel with Count Olivares, minister of state. The journey home was very different from the ride to Spain, that had been in the fashion of two knights-errant, a pair of gay youths, posing as Tom and John Smith, riding gaily through France and Spain, one filled with thoughts of love, the other with the spirit of adventure. The return journey was a stately cortege, its two leaders filled with anger and disappointment.

It was, indeed, understood that the bride was to follow the prince to England in the spring, but the farther that Charles got from Madrid the more his hot love cooled, and the less he wanted her. He remembered her coldness instead of her beauty, and his passion, which had never been much more than a fancy, heated by the obstacles he had met, fled from his heart as he left the miles behind.

Never was there a warmer welcome than that Prince Charles received on reaching London. The people, who had no fancy for the Spanish marriage, were wild with delight that he had come back unwed. On all sides the people applauded, the bells merrily rang, there were shouts of "Long live the Prince of Wales!" The day was kept as a holiday. Tables laden with food and wine were set in the streets; prisoners for debt were set free, their debts being paid by persons unknown to them; when night fell every window was lighted and bonfires blazed on all sides. No one then would have dreamed that Prince Charles, when he became king, would turn the love of the people against him by his folly, and that some of those who now shouted with joy would look on with pleasure when he was brought to London as a captive and even when he was put to death by the command of stern Oliver Cromwell.



As for the Spanish marriage, it never came off. Charles had lost his love. New obstacles arose. Before the year ended all thought of it was at an end, and Charles was looking elsewhere for a bride. He finally took for wife Princess Henrietta Maria of France, the handsome lady whom he and Buckingham had seen dancing in a royal masque, during their holiday visit in disguise to Paris.





England in the Nineteenth Century,

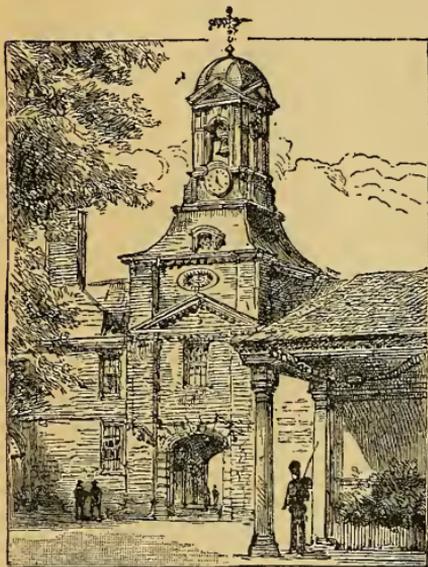
AND now we come to the history of what happened only the other day—that is, some sixty years before you children were born or thought of.

In a pleasant palace, surrounded by beautiful gardens, a little girl was brought up by her loving mother. Her teachers instructed her in music and languages, in history, and all the things that children learn at school. Her mother taught her goodness and her duty. There she grew up fresh and innocent as the flowers in her own garden, living a secluded life, like a princess in an enchanted palace.

And there one morning in early summer, when the roses were just beginning to bloom in the beautiful palace gardens, the young Princess was wakened by her mother, who told her that her uncle, the King, was dead, and now she herself, this young girl, must wear the crown. The King's Ministers were waiting to speak to her.

The young Princess jumped out of bed and put on her dressing gown. She did not even wait to put on her stockings, but went down with her little pink feet showing like rose-leaves above her slippers, and there she received the homage of the old men who had been her uncle's advisers, and who greeted the fair young girl as Queen of England.

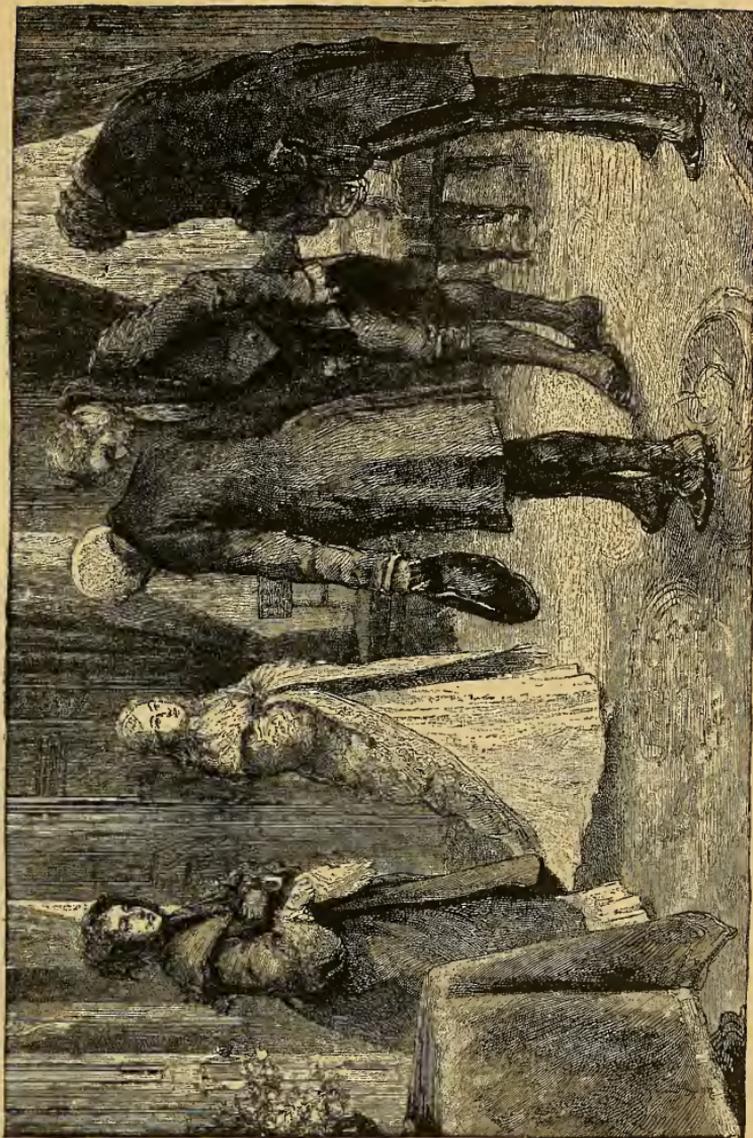
But we are sure you wish to know more of the good



GATEWAY OF KENSINGTON PALACE.

Queen Victoria than we have told you about the other queens of England. She was, as you know, the mother of King Edward VII and the grandmother of the Prince of Wales, who so recently visited Canada and other parts of the empire. So we shall go back with our story and begin from the first.

The childhood of Queen Victoria was not so full of adventure as the childhood of other kings and queens of England, yet her home life was a most interesting one, and we will learn as we go on that she was much like other little girls in what she did, and what she studied, for she had a most sensible mother, who did not allow the thought of her little daughter ever being Queen of England to influence her in the least as to her education and training. So the little Princess received as good a training as any sensible mother could have given her daughter.



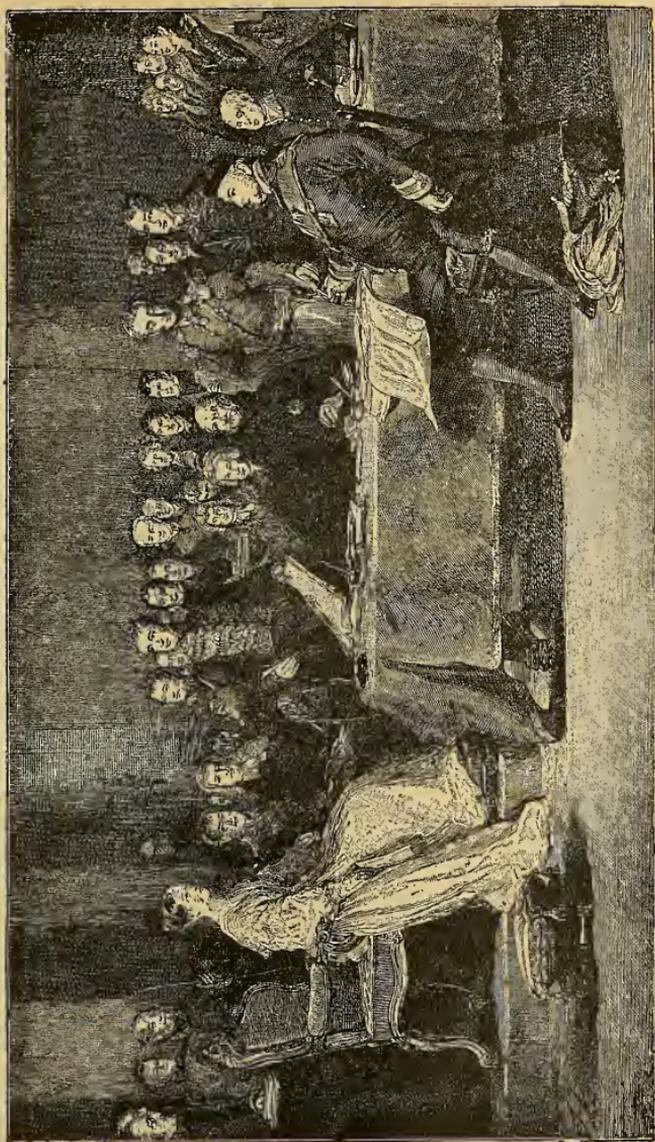
PRINCESS VICTORIA GREETED AS THE GIRL QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Victoria's father was the Duke of Kent, who was the fourth son of George III of England. Being the fourth son he, of course, did not have any idea of ever becoming King of England himself. But, as we shall learn, by the death of his older brothers, who did not leave any children, the right to become king or queen came to his family, and in this way his little daughter became the Queen of England. Her mother was a sister of Leopold I, King of the Belgians, a most lovely and sensible woman, as every one knows who knows the story of the life of the little princess.



LEOPOLD I, KING OF THE BELGIANS.

This little girl named Princess Victoria was born within the homely brick walls of Kensington Palace on May 24, 1819. At the time of her birth she had several first cousins, and almost all of them were German born. There were several of these who would have had the first chance of becoming Queen of England had they lived, so it was not really sure at the time when Princess Victoria was a baby that she would become the Queen of England, yet, when she was born in this palace, which was one of the poorest of the royal palaces, her chances were good enough to cause a great deal of interest among her relatives and friends. In fact, one of her old aunties in writing of her birth says: "Again a Charlotte destined perhaps to play a great part one day, if a brother is not born to take it out of her hands. The English like queens." This was indeed truer than people thought at the time. The English people have cause to like queens, for



THE YOUNG QUEEN VICTORIA PRESIDING AT COUNCIL OF STATE.

England has never been more famous or full of genius than when her monarchs were women, and, although George III with his many good qualities was a popular king, he was the only one of his race who had been so well thought of.

As George III, who was the grandfather of Queen Vic-



PRINCESS VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF TEN.

torial, was a German and belonged to the House of Hanover, so Victoria and her descendants are called Hanoverians. The English people never did like to have it said that their rulers came from Germany, but when the charming Princess was born in England and educated there, she won the hearts of the English people and overcame the prejudices they had towards the German family.

When the Princess Victoria was only a few months old, her father died, and soon after poor old King George, her grandfather, passed away. As we have told you before, Princess Victoria's father was the fourth son of George III so he did not come to the throne. The next king was George IV an uncle of Queen Victoria. George III did not leave

very much property to his son, the Duke of Kent, who was Victoria's father, so that she really was the daughter of a poor man, and the mother, now left a widow, had very small means with which to educate her child. Her mother, being a German princess, naturally would desire to return to her own land with her little girl and educate her there, but she was a sensible woman, and thought that the English people would like her little girl much better if Victoria stayed in England and was educated there, for she still had an idea that Victoria might some day become queen of all England. It would be much better for her in that case to be an English than a German girl.

It was very fortunate for the little princess that her mother had a good brother in Prince Leopold. He hastened over to England to help his sister, and did much to make the life of the little princess comfortable and happy. So it was in the Palace of Kensington, away from the eyes and bustle of London, in the most quiet and unpretending way, that the little princess received her early education.

When Princess Victoria was nine years old, Sir Walter Scott, the famous writer of those beautiful stories which all children enjoy reading, visited the Duchess of Kent, as the mother of Princess Victoria was called, and met the little princess. In writing of this visit he says, "This little lady is educated with much care and watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper 'You are the heir of England.' I suspect if we could dissect the little heart we should find that some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter. She is fair like the royal family." But nevertheless it was true that the little princess for many years knew nothing of the important position she was to occupy.

Her mother brought her up to practice economy, and to

be careful how she spent her pin money. In fact, there were very few children who had so little pocket money to spend. There is a story told which is very interesting, as it shows how carefully the little princess was watched. There was a bazaar, or public sale, being held near the castle, and the little princess was taken there to buy presents. After she had bought some for almost all her cousins, and had spent her



THE QUEEN AS AN OFFICER OF HER REGIMENT

last shilling, she remembered one cousin more and saw a box which pleased her. Its price was half a crown.

The shop people, as we may well believe, placed the box with the other purchases the princess had made, but the little lady's governess told them that she could not have it. "You see," she said, "the princess has not got the money; therefore, of course, she cannot buy the box." On hearing this, the shop people offered to lay the box aside until it could be paid for, and the answer was, "Oh, well, if you will be so good as to do that." On quarter day, when she received her pin money, before seven in the morning, the princess appeared on her donkey to claim her purchase. Does not this read like a story out of some fairybook. For all that, we believe it is true.

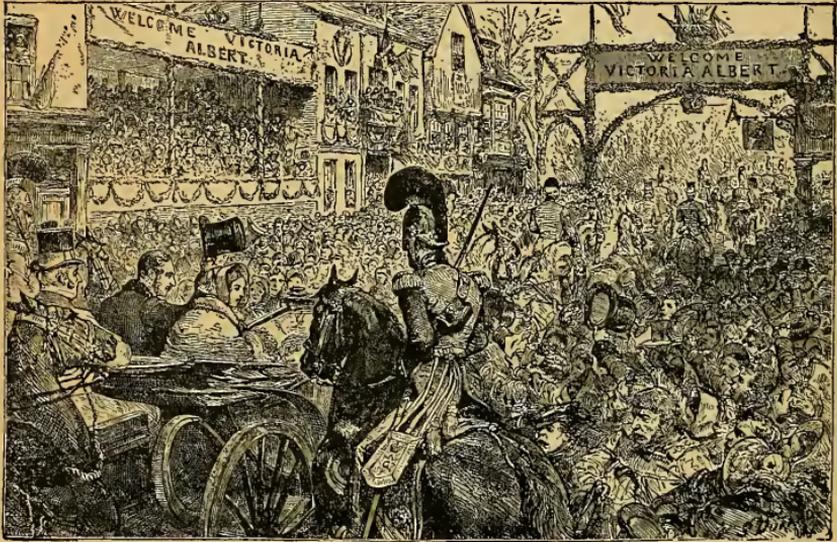
After the death of George the Fourth, William the Fourth became king. Little Victoria was only twelve years old, and as her nearest English relative was not popular in England, Parliament passed a law by which the mother of the little Princess, the Duchess of Kent, would become regent, or temporary ruler of England, if the king should die before the little princess was eighteen years old. After this law was passed, it was thought necessary to tell the little girl herself of what might happen, and make her understand that she was not merely one of an ordinary lot of princesses and princes, but that she was the first among all of them, the future head of the royal family. So, as she was in the midst of her daily lessons, somewhat surprised, it would seem, at the hard work required of her, since it was much harder than that expected from the other children, the news was broken to her. The story is told in a letter from her governess written to her after she had become queen. She said that:

“The princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, ‘I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My cousins Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished; but I understand all better now.’ And the little princess gave me her hand, repeating ‘I will be good.’”

For six years little Victoria was in training for her great life work. She was enabled to enjoy most of the pleasures of childhood, although there were many things she could not do that other children do. You remember, I told you, that her mother was a German princess, so it happened that she had many cousins who were German, but as her mother never took her out of England, she did not know them.

There was one in particular whom every one afterwards learned to love. He was her second cousin, and one she soon became very fond of. He was known later as the good Prince Albert, the husband of the queen, her wise counsellor and the good father of her children.

Albert was born within a few months of the time in which Victoria was born, and the good Prince Leopold—who



THE QUEEN AND HER CONSORT GREETED BY THE PEOPLE.

in the year 1831 was elected king of the Belgians—was his uncle, just as he was uncle to Princess Victoria. As Prince Leopold was very fond of his little nephew in Germany, it is not surprising that the thought occurred to him that if the little boy grew up to be a handsome and noble prince, the little princess in England, although his second cousin, might become fond of him, and who could tell what would be the result. So the wise Leopold took as much

care in seeing that his little German nephew received a careful education and training as was done in the case of his little English niece, the Princess Victoria.

After awhile Albert made his first trip to England to pay a visit to his aunt and cousin whom he had never yet seen. Each of the cousins, Prince Albert and Princess Victoria, was now seventeen years of age. He was fine and noble-looking, and she had a beautiful young face and charming manners. After having a good time at parties and balls given in honor of Prince Albert and his brother, who was with him, the young German princes went back to their own country. Of course, people began to talk, but no one thought there was anything unusual in this visit of the German prince.

Soon after the visit of the prince to England, there took place another event of great importance to the princess, of which I shall now tell you. When Victoria was a mere girl in her teens, her uncle, William IV, who was then king of England, was taken by his death illness, and one night, sooner than was expected, he died. This is what then happened. The king died at twenty minutes after two o'clock in the morning, and it became somebody's duty immediately to tell the young princess that she was the Queen of England. This duty was performed by the King's Councillors, who came in state to her apartments in the palace. So she was roused from slumber in the early morning to be told she was the Queen of England. She was just past her eighteenth birthday.

I am sure you wish to know what came of that first visit of the German Prince Albert to his cousin. I hardly need tell you this, for, no doubt, all of you will say at once that he afterwards married the queen. Yes, that is true, but the story of how it came about is also interesting, for it

reads almost like a romance, and you must read it when you are older in the complete story of the queen and her reign.

In the meantime the young queen went on performing her duties. She met with her lords in council and opened Parliament in state. Every one was surprised at the knowledge she had of state affairs, and the grace and ease with which she presided at the meetings of her councillors. She also had made for herself a military uniform which she wore when she reviewed her troops. She wore a cap and a sash, and the soldiers were very proud of her in her pretty uniform.

Here let me tell you of the queen's wedding day, which came very soon after the announcement of her engagement. All the preparations for the marriage had been made. The English Parliament had set aside an allowance for the young prince, who was to be known as the Prince Consort, and everything was ready for the marriage to take place on the 10th of February, 1840. Although it was a dull and cloudy day, with frequent showers, the streets were crowded with spectators, who stood throughout all the rain to see their good queen on the way to St. James, where the marriage ceremony was to take place. It wasn't real "queen's weather," as you may know, for such weather is all sunshine and pleasant breezes. On this day the bride was, as is the case with every bride, even the humblest, the centre of attraction to everybody.

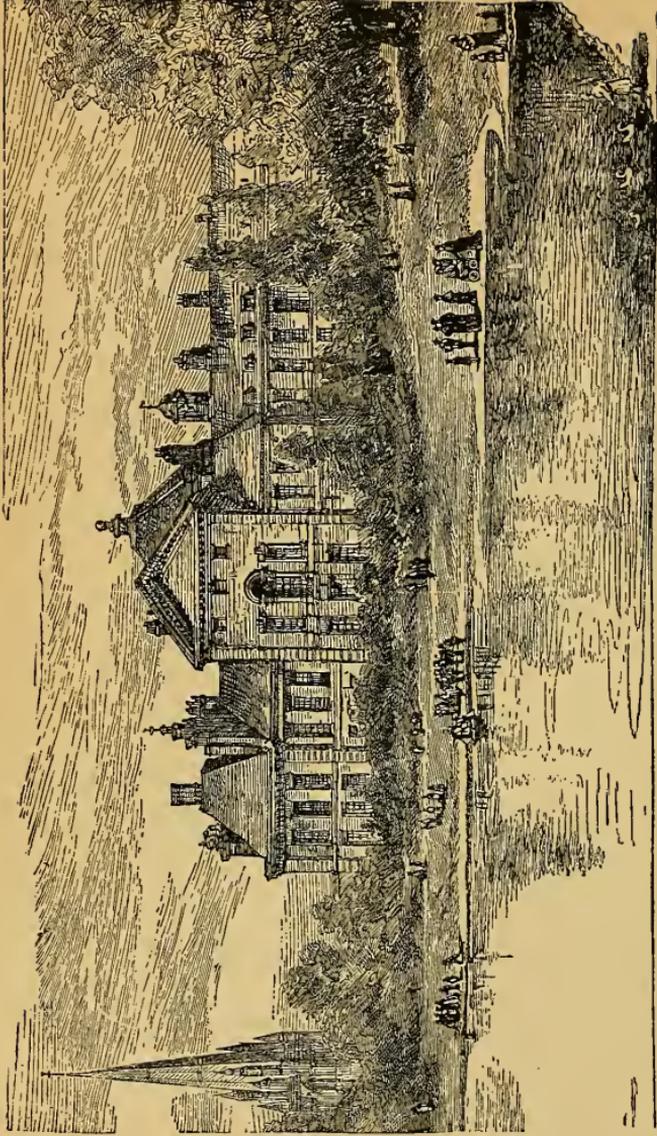
The queen, we are told, was received with tremendous shouts of applause as she drove slowly along from Buckingham Palace to St. James, through such a crowd as had seldom, if ever before, been seen in loyal England. She was very pale as she passed along under the gaze of multitudes, her mother by her side, guarded with nothing but those pure flowers which are so becoming to the marriage day, and not

even allowed a veil over her drooping face, which was left so that all might see her. Even then she belonged to her people.

After the wedding ceremony the clouds broke, and the sun, as if by magic, came out and gave London real "queen's weather." They set out in carriage for Windsor, the roadsides, for the twenty-two miles, being lined with people, who were enthusiastic and hearty in their applause as the carriage went dashing by. At Windsor, where the happy young couple spent their honeymoon, the old castle sparkled with lights, and the boys at old Eaton School turned out for a holiday to receive their young queen and her consort.

Now we have told you of how good Queen Victoria spent her childhood days. You will read in your history books of the great statesmen who lived in her time, of the great wars which were fought, and of other things, still greater than any wars, which happened in peaceful days during her reign. You will learn also of the great things which Prince Albert did, of the great exposition which he helped to hold in London, the first of all the great world's fairs. In his day it was the most wonderful event in England.

How happily the good queen and her husband, Prince Albert, lived, and the dear home which was made merry by the voices of so many children, when you grow older you will wish to know. All these things are told you in a great book, which tells all the things that happened in the life of Queen Victoria. But all boys and girls of America, who enjoy the advantages of free schools and free libraries, must be told that it was during Queen Victoria's reign that the first free school was started in England. England's greatness, no doubt, is due as much to the good schools which were founded during Queen Victoria's time as to any other one thing.



KENSINGTON PALACE, WHERE QUEEN VICTORIA WAS BORN.



England in the Twentieth Century.

“Huzza! we’ve a little Prince at last
A roaring Royal boy;
And all day long the booming bells
Have rung their peals of joy.”

THESE were the words which told of the rejoicing in London town when, on November 9, 1841, Edward VII was born. All England was glad that they would some day have a king, the son of the Queen whom they dearly loved. There had been a little girl born to the Queen two years before, and unless this little boy had come along she would have been queen to succeed her mother. But as there was a boy now the English people were delighted to think that they would have a king.

Although it was early whispered around that the little boy was in the palace, it was at noon that the people were

officially told from Buckingham Palace of the great event for which they might rejoice. Everyone wanted to join in singing the national hymn, and in the theaters and public places the audience broke out in singing and shouting, so that almost all play and business was stopped for awhile.

And what was the little Prince to be named, and what were to be his titles? Can any of you guess? I am sure you could not, for his titles were so many, and so long, that I am almost afraid to tell you. Amidst the greatest scenes of splendor, and surrounded by officials in bright uniforms, with



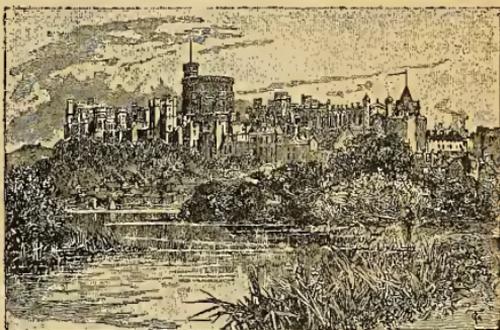
BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

ribbons and decorations shining from their coats and dresses, with princes and high officials from other countries, he was baptized on January 25, 1842, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and christened by the simple name of Albert Edward.

The first was for his father, and the second for Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent. Officially, he was to be known as the Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester; also he was given the titles of Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Duke of Saxony, Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron Renfrew, Lord of the Isles and Prince, or Great Steward of Scotland. Now, how would any of the boys who read this book like to have so many titles hitched to their names? But as you know he was called simply Albert Edward or the Prince of Wales.

For nearly six hundred years the one who was to become king was known as Prince of Wales. The first was the son of Edward I, the Black Prince of whom we have already learned, and who was probably the most famous of all the Princes who bore the title of Prince of Wales. But this little baby, afterward Edward VII, was for nearly sixty years known as the Prince of Wales. For his mother, Queen Victoria, lived to a good old age, and when he succeeded to the throne he was sixty years of age.

You will not be surprised to know that Queen Victoria was a good mother for her little boys and girls. She and Prince Albert employed the best teachers they could find, besides spending many hours themselves with their little children teaching them and playing with them. It was just such a model



WINDSOR CASTLE.

home as our boys and girls have, and although the young Prince's mother was Queen of all England, yet she did not forget her little boy.

Writing to the good Prince Leopold, who had done so much for her, the Queen said: "I wonder very much who my little boy will be like. You will understand how fervent are my prayers, and I am sure every one's must be, to see him resemble his father in every respect, both in body and mind." If you could have taken a peep into their nursery, you would have found Prince Albert playing on the floor surrounded

with all the toys you could imagine, and at other times if you visited the castle you would find him out driving with his father and mother, just as other boys and girls go out riding.

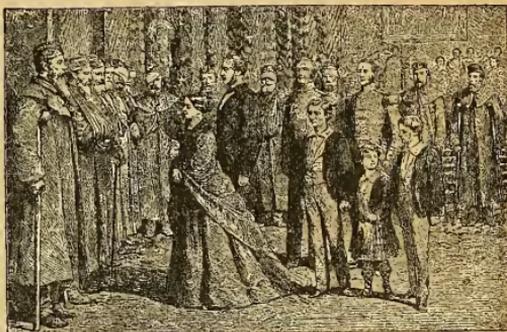
As the people were so happy to have a Prince, it was, of course, right that they should see him once in a while. So before he was one year old he was taken out to see the soldiers. His first public appearance was on February 4, 1842, when the Queen, his mother, was inspecting some troops near Windsor Castle. The baby Prince was held up by his nurse from a window of the castle so that the crowd could see him. He was an active lively babe, and the way he would raise his arms and legs amused the people and called forth as much applause as would the drilling of a regiment of soldiers.

Again in September, 1843, when the Queen and the Prince Consort were in France, the royal children were taken to Brighton in charge of Lady Lytton, who was a great friend of the Queen mother, and one she could trust with her little folks. The people used to take great delight in waiting for the daily outing on the beach of the little Prince and his sister, and every day a loyal salute would be made by the raising of hats and the waving of handkerchiefs. The little boy had been taught to raise his chubby fist to his forehead in reply to these salutes, and someone said at the time that he did it "with evident enjoyment and babylike dignity".

A little later a party of nine Indians from America were presented to the Queen at Windsor Castle. Prince Edward was toddling around the floor evidently not at all afraid of the red men from the West. The chief looking at the baby Prince very gravely spoke of him in his speech as "the very big little White Father whose eyes are like the sky that sees all things and who is fat with goodness like a winter bear."

Once when Tom Thumb, the little man who was less than three feet tall, visited England, he was invited to Buckingham Palace and the baby Prince was much entertained by seeing him. Soon after he had one of the greatest pleasures a boy can have, and he enjoyed it hugely. Can you guess what it was? It was an opportunity to go to the circus. How he clapped his hands when the clown went through all his funny pranks and jokes, and after the circus was over the clown was brought to the royal box, and the little Prince gravely shook hands with him and thanked him "for making me laugh so much."

Before he was eight years old he had traveled around with his father and mother to several places. As you know, they had a royal yacht, which they called the *Victoria and Albert*, and in which the little



THE PRINCE OF WALES VISITS A HOSPITAL.

family took a trip to the coast of Cornwall where the little Prince was formally welcomed, and the people rejoiced greatly at having him come to them, for he was called the Duke of Cornwall. At another time he went to Scotland, and then later to Ireland, and everywhere the people were delighted to see the baby Prince.

When nearly eight years old a great reception was given for him in Westminster, and he traveled with all the pomp and splendor of a royal Prince from Westminster to London. All London turned out to see the young

prince and his sister, who was called the Princess Royal. Miss Louisa Alcott, who is the author of "Little Women," which every American boy and girl has read, and who saw this wonderful procession wrote home: "The Prince was a yellow-haired laddie, very much like his mother. Fanny and I nodded and waved as he passed, and he openly winked his boyish eye at us, and Fanny, with her yellow curls waiving, looked rather rowdy, and the little Prince wanted some fun."

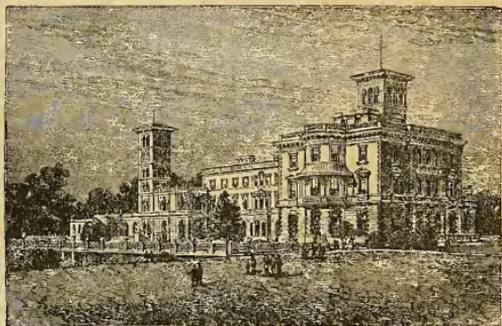
But we cannot tell you all of the happy times Prince Edward had in his boyhood days. He did not spend all of his time in playing and going to royal parties. His good father and mother saw to it that he had the best education that could be given him. As they knew he must know a great many things to be a good king, so they had in mind what he should study and employed the best teachers. Every hour of his day was planned for, and the boy was taught to mind in order that he might be a king who could teach others how to mind. So several years passed in his early education.

But we must not forget to tell you of the very happy times the children had at Windsor, or Osborne or Balmoral, whichever home they happened to be at in the winter time. Once the children were given a party where they wore masques. Prince "Bertie," as he was sometimes called, was then twelve years of age. The Prince was dressed to represent Winter, and was clad in a coat covered with imitation icicles. Princess Alice, his sister, was Spring, and his older sister, the Princess Royal, was Summer. Prince Alfred, his brother, was Autumn, while his other brothers and sisters represented other things, so they had a great time in the castle, and the rooms fairly echoed with laughter and fun.

Once his father and mother took him on a visit to France. It had been a long time since an English king and queen

had taken their family to a foreign land on a visit, but the French people were delighted to have the visitors, and a great reception was given them. Prince Edward, and his older sister, the Princess Royal, were presented at a splendid ball given in the Palace at Versailles and sat down at supper with the emperor and empress.

The young prince enjoyed his visit so much, and liked the emperor and empress so well, that he begged the empress to get leave for his sister and himself to stay a little longer. The queen and his father, he told them, had six more children at home, and they could, he thought, do without him for a while. What do you think of that? Of course, his father and mother could not agree to such a thing, for even if they did have eight children they could not spare one of them.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Yet the Prince Consort was greatly pleased with the way in which the children had behaved, and was glad they had enjoyed their visit.

After Prince Edward was fourteen years old he traveled through England, Scotland and Ireland, his teachers going with him, and also men who were well acquainted with every place. This was done in order that he might see and be seen by the people he was some time to rule, and also know all about what they were doing. He visited factories and railroads, and schools and hospitals and workshops, and his

instructors told him all they could about them. He did not claim his rights as the Prince of Wales, but traveled under one of his other titles, and people were not allowed to stop their work because he was looking on. Then again his teachers took him over to Germany and France and Italy, in order that he might see something of the outside world.

But now we come to tell you something which was very sad for Prince Edward. When he had reached the age of nineteen the first great sorrow of his life came to him. His good father, the Prince Consort, whom everybody loved, died on December 13, 1861, a loss which his son felt very deeply. From this time the young prince, who was almost a man, was obliged to learn what his mother, the good queen, had to do, and try his best to help her. He proved to be a good son, and for many, many long years after his father's death he helped her in all the ways he could.

I cannot stop to tell you all the many things which happened to him after he became a man, but there is one thing which will interest you very much, and that was the visit he made to America. It is one which every American boy and girl should know of, as their fathers and mothers can remember the story of the fervent rejoicing which took place when, in 1860, Edward, the Prince of Wales, visited this country. Great preparations were made in England for the trip, and the people of our country also went to great expense, and took a great deal of trouble to give him a royal welcome. The great Victoria Bridge across the St. Lawrence River at Montreal had just been completed, and Prince Edward was invited to come over and be present at the opening ceremony. The name of the ship which brought the prince to this country was the "Hero."

On his arrival in Newfoundland he was received by the

ringing of bells, lusty cheers, waving of flags and huge bonfires. When he visited Halifax the whole city turned out to welcome the queen's son. The streets were lined with soldiers, and were beautifully decorated by arches, lanterns and evergreens. At one place 4,000 children sang a song especially written for the occasion.

He visited many other places, including St. John, where he was also given a royal welcome. The school children crowded the streets to see the young prince. Other places he visited were Fredericton, where he attended church, and Charlottetown, where the rain fairly poured down, yet the people stood out in the midst of it all to see him and the children again sang the national hymn.

But I must tell you what a royal welcome he had at Quebec. The old-fashioned French city, built along the side of a cliff, was bright with flags and the streets were filled with arches, while crowds of happy people filled every part of the place. The governor-general welcomed the prince at the wharf, and speeches were made telling him that he was a welcome guest. He spent a very happy time in the old city, during which he visited its schools and the great universities.

From Quebec he went to Montreal, where a fleet of vessels met him as he came up the river. The mayor in scarlet robes and his officers in beautiful uniforms welcomed him to



BALMORAL CASTLE, SCOTLAND.

the city. The streets were gay with flags, banners, evergreens and eight beautiful arches. The prince, as I have told you, was invited to attend the opening of the new Victoria Bridge at that city. This he enjoyed very much. So he spent many days in Canada, going to all the large cities, and being everywhere welcomed by young and old as the greatest prince who had ever visited America.

He had been invited to make a visit to the United States and this he did on leaving Canada. He was received there with a great deal of rejoicing and pleasure. He had been invited to make this visit by President Buchanan, but it was understood when he accepted the invitation that he would travel, not as the Royal Prince of England, but under one of his other titles, Lord Renfrew. However, this did not matter, for his cousins in the United States insisted upon giving him a royal welcome. He visited Chicago and saw that wonderful city, which was not one-fourth the size it is now. He also visited St. Louis, which was then a place of only 17,000 people, and while there a State fair was being held, which he visited. Of course, it was nothing like the great fair which took place there in 1904. Many people came to the fair because it was known that the royal prince would be there.

When the prince reached Washington he was welcomed to the Capital by the distinguished American, General Cass, and taken to the White House, where he was presented to the President. A great reception was given in his honor, and thousands of people came to see him. From Washington he passed through Baltimore and Philadelphia and on to New York, where he was received by the people with a great deal of joy and pleasure. Everybody wanted to do honor to him and to give him special attention. But after a short stay in New York and Boston he left the American shores,

accompanied by a British squadron, for home, and on November 9th arrived at Plymouth, after an absence of many months from his native land.

And now I am sure you have enjoyed learning so much of our good King Edward VII, and no doubt, you know the rest very well, but there are a few things I must tell you of the kind which interest every boy and girl. First is the story

of the good and beautiful young princess who became the wife of Prince Edward, and whom we know now as Queen Alexandra. She was born a Princess, but in a humble home in Copenhagen, Denmark. Her father afterwards became King of Denmark, where he is known as King Christian IX. The mother of the little princess was a sensible woman, very fond of her home and her children whom she gave



THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

a careful education. She was also fond of music, and at the same time loved to keep her home neat and tidy; so her girls were trained not only to be good musicians but also to be good housekeepers. One of her daughters became Empress of Russia and the other one the Queen of Great Britain.

Princess Alexandra, as she was called, was one of the most beautiful girls in Europe. Prince Albert happened to see her portrait, and was so well pleased with it that he wanted

to see the girl herself. By chance he met her in a cathedral in Europe while he was traveling, and again met her several times during his tour. It was not long before the young people were engaged to be married, and there was great rejoicing both in England and Denmark. The Danish people, although they were very poor, were so delighted that they made a purse of 8,000 pounds (nearly \$40,000 in our money) to give to the princess on her marriage. But the good princess, although she was delighted with the love of her people as shown by this present, asked that a large portion of it should be given to six poor girls whose weddings would take place on the same day, for she knew that she would have all she needed when she became Crown Princess of England.

In this country when a girl is to be married her lover comes to her town for the wedding, but in the case of the Crown Prince of England it was thought best for the princess, whom he was to marry, to come to England for the marriage, so, accompanied by her parents, and brothers and sisters, the princess left Denmark for her new home. The streets were strewn with flowers and crowded with the people who loved her so much. She came to England on board the "Victoria and Albert," which had been sent for her, and accompanied by a squadron of ships. A great time indeed it was when she arrived, for the people were delighted to welcome the bride of their prince.

The dense crowds which lined the shores where the boat landed saw a sight which someone has well described as pretty, "A timid girlish figure, dressed entirely in white, who appeared on the deck at her mother's side and then, retiring to the cabin, was seen first at one window, then at another, the bewildering face framed in a little white bonnet, the work of her own hands."

Of course, the prince went in his yacht to meet her. As the royal couple landed girls strewed flowers under their feet. Then came the procession from Gravesend to London and thence to Windsor, through long lines of decorated houses covered with garlands of flowers, and on both sides of the streets were crowds of people and soldiers. Tennyson, the poet Laureate of England, wrote a beautiful poem on the coming of Princess Alexandra, which all of you should read, and speaking of her welcome, said :

“ Welcome her ; thunders of fort and of fleet !
Welcome her ; thundering cheer of the street !
Welcome her ; all things youthful and sweet !
Scatter the blossoms under her feet.”

In Saint George's Chapel, Windsor, the young people were married with great pomp and splendor. One who saw it said: “It was a very magnificent sight—rich, gorgeous and imposing. Beautiful women were arrayed in the richest attire, in bright colors, blue, purple, red, and were covered with diamonds and jewels. As each of the royal persons, with their attendants, walked up the aisle of the Chapel, at a certain point each stopped and made an obeisance to the queen. The bride, with her bridesmaids, made the best and most beautiful scene. The princess looked very charming and graceful in her appearance and demeanor. After the wedding the happy wedded pair took their departure for Osborne, on the Isle of Wight, where they spent their honeymoon. A new home had been prepared for them at Sandringham where they began housekeeping, as happy as any two people ever were.

For nearly sixty years, which is a long time indeed, Albert Edward was Prince of Wales ; but on the death of his mother,

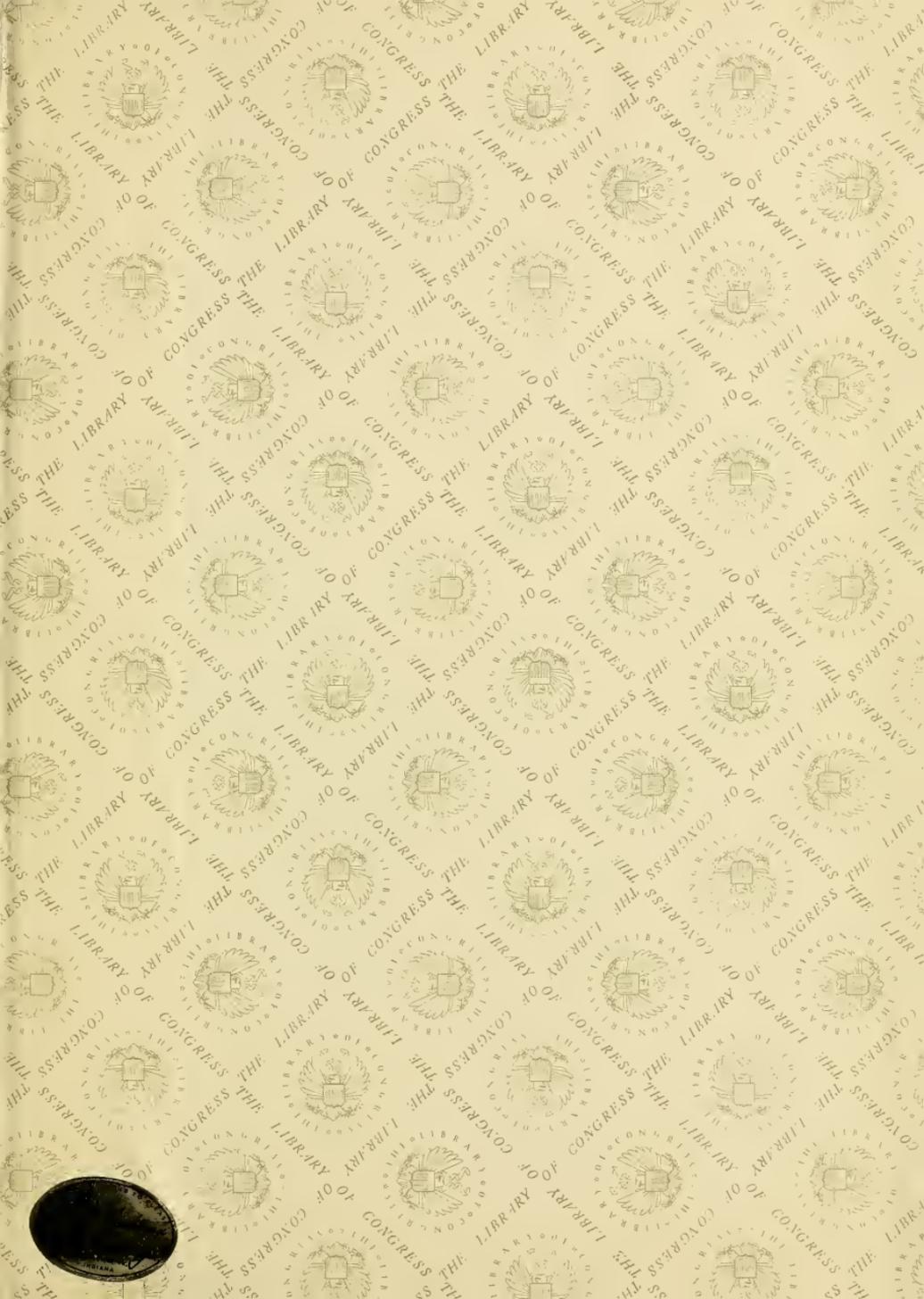
the good Queen Victoria, which happened on January 22, 1901, he became King of England and took the title of Edward the Seventh.

And now I shall end this story, for I am sure you all know what has happened since he became king, and how much he is loved wherever the English flag waves. You will well remember that his son, the present Prince of Wales, visited this country on his way around the world in 1902, and that a royal reception was given him. It was very much like the tour that his father had taken many years before, and of which I have already told you. The Prince of Wales has also boys and girls of his own, one of whom will, no doubt, in his turn be known as the Prince of Wales and finally become King of England. We shall learn more of them by-and-by.



*In folioing this book the full-page half-tone illustrations are not counted.
There are in all 300 pages in this book





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